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A DEFENSE OF AMERICAN PARTIES.

IN every national election the American voter has three things to consider. He must make his choice among rival candidates, among contrary programmes, among embattled parties. He must take into account men, policies, and historical organizations. In most cases his choice will be determined by the third consideration. It is a liberal estimate to say that one American in five votes for a person, and that one in ten votes for a platform. The great mass of Americans vote for parties.

It is unnecessary to prove the fact, for no one denies it. Only professional agitators and implacable reformers ever disregard it. To the foreigner it is puzzling; to the independent it is baffling and perplexing; to the men who make their living by politics it is entirely satisfactory. And yet, undeniable and important as the fact is, one seldom hears a serious attempt to explain it. On the contrary, one can scarcely turn to a single recent criticism of our party system without finding some expression to the effect that our party divisions are meaningless. We are told that neither of our great parties stands for any principle whatever. If we seek a definition of the terms "Democrat" and "Republican," we learn little more than that one is a member of the party founded by Jefferson and which once stood for States' Rights, and the other of the party that saved the Union and freed the slaves.

It is noteworthy that neither de Tocqueville nor Mr. Bryce, though one

wrote fifty years before the other, could find in America any proper party divisions. "America," said de Tocqueville, who was here in 1831-32, "has already lost the great parties which once divided the nation; and if her happiness is considerably increased, her morality has suffered by the extinction. . . . In the absence of great parties, the United States abound with lesser controversies; and public opinion is divided into a thousand minute shades of difference upon questions of very little moment." Mr. Bryce, writing in the eighties, makes his denial of the existence of party principles almost as elaborate as his analysis of party machinery. "Neither party," he declares, "has any principles, any tenets. Both have traditions. Both claim to have tendencies. Both have certainly war cries, organizations, interests, enlisted in their support. But those interests are in the main the interests of getting or keeping the patronage of the government. Tenets and policies, points of political doctrine and points of political practice, have all but vanished." He, too, believes that there was a time when the organizations were animated by principles; but now, he avers, "they continue to exist, because they have existed. The mill has been constructed, and its machinery goes on turning, even when there is no grist to grind." The only difference that is "perceptible even by a stranger" is "a difference of spirit or sentiment," less marked than the like difference be-

tween English Liberals and Conservatives.

Was the observant and fair-minded Englishman of the eighties, was the profoundly discerning Frenchman of the thirties, right in this severe arraignment of American parties? Certainly they are not without ample corroboration in the speeches and writings of American independents. Mr. John Jay Chapman, for example, whose essays seem for the moment to have the first place among independent utterances, finds that commercialism, pure and simple, has dominated both parties, and in fact the whole political life of the Republic, ever since the civil war. Mr. Schurz, who has had far more experience in public life, and whose admirable studies of Clay and Lincoln would seem to indicate that he is not without historical perspective, is nowadays almost constantly busy denouncing the leading policy, first of one party, and then of another, as the most heretical and dangerous ever proposed. Nevertheless, both parties persist in speaking of their "principles;" and these they do not merely promulgate, but "re-affirm." What is the truth of the matter? Have we, in fact, no proper and intelligible party system? Is there no real and permanent difference between Democrats and Republicans? If such is the case, then why have the organizations survived, and why have they gone on elaborating their machinery to a perfection never attained elsewhere? Are our parties to be classed with the circus factions of Byzantium, or have they any claim to be compared with the "Right" and "Left" of Continental politics, and with the Liberals and Conservatives of Great Britain? If there is an intelligible difference, then is it an affair of principles, of interests, or of sentiment? Is it based on classes, or on contrary theories of government, or on original sin? To attempt an answer that shall be other than merely negative is hazardous, no

doubt, but to one who goes about it seriously and candidly much should be forgiven; for the inquiry goes to the very root of one's faith in the Republic.

Such an attempt would best begin by admitting that a foreigner, familiar with the political systems of compact and homogeneous communities, where most questions that are debated in the legislature or submitted to the voters affect the whole mass of the people alike, where tradition and usage are stronger political forces than in America, and where classes are more clearly defined, may quite naturally expect of American parties a stability of character and a fixedness of purpose which our federal plan, our mixed and unclassified population, and our diversity of material environment conspire to prevent. Even in de Tocqueville's day, the United States were to such a country as France almost as the Roman Empire was to the Athens of a former age. France was the most homogeneous and centralized great power of Europe, while in America the remoteness, in space and in character, of the Southwestern pioneers from the New Englanders was scarcely less notable than the remoteness of the Briton and the Gaul from the impassive Roman. The triumphal entry into Washington of the Tennesseans and western Pennsylvanians, shouting for Jackson, and the discomfiture of Adams's sedate supporters, may very well have suggested one of the acutest of de Tocqueville's distinctions, — the distinction, namely, between parties which stand merely for contrary views and policies and parties which, like separate nations, are in perpetual antagonism over conflicting interests. The justice of the comparison was vindicated when the Southern Rights Associations stiffened into the military array of the Southern Confederacy. It is true that by becoming sectional American parties have sometimes lost their proper character, and taken on the character of hostile communities. That was

the true character of the New England Federalists during the war of 1812, of the Nullifiers, of the Abolitionists and the Southern Rights men. Even the Republican party, in its beginnings, had somewhat of that aspect. The Whigs and Tories of Revolutionary times, though their division was not sectional, were "rival peoples," to use de Tocqueville's phrase, and their peculiarly virulent methods have reappeared in organizations not in any sense their successors.

In more recent times, while sectional interests have seldom given rise to new parties, they have often subverted to their uses the machinery of the old. Alexander Johnston has pointed out that when the Southerners persuaded the Democratic National Convention of 1868 to declare against the enfranchisement of freedmen, they put the party on record against its cardinal tenet of manhood suffrage. For many years, and in fact to this day, the dominant party in the South has been the white man's party, and the other the black man's party. The two organizations have stood, in that quarter, for an opposition of races far more clearly than for any division of opinion on national questions. In other corners of the Union, and even in particular states, local antagonisms have often controlled conventions, nominated candidates, and written platforms. Certainly a great number, perhaps a majority, of the local contests waged by Democrats against Republicans are fought out on issues not at all related to those debated in national campaigns, though of course success or failure in local elections is often of vital importance to the national organizations. In general, the vastness of the country and the multiplicity of state and local governments operate continually to distract both the great parties from their larger purposes, to weaken the control of broad principles, to subordinate ends to means.

And these things have their effect not only directly, but also indirectly through

their effect on the personnel of the party leaders. Power gained in the politics of a state or a city, where national questions are not properly agitated at all, is exercised in the politics of the nation. National conventions are largely composed of men whose views are bounded by narrow horizons, whose very names are synonymous with faction. The prominence of such men in the newspapers is probably the circumstance most of all responsible for the widespread belief that neither party is controlled by any general views of government or by any large purposes. What reason is there, one naturally inquires, to expect that such men will entertain one theory rather than another, of the nature and scope of government? How should prominence in the Chicago board of aldermen fit a man for determining the true Democratic view of the authority of Congress over territory acquired by treaty? What is the connection between the scheme of municipal potato patches and any particular theory of constitutional limitations? Why should the leader of Tammany Hall, rather than the leader of a German orchestra, sit in consultation over a difficult question in public finance?

The rise of the professional politicians has had a similar effect on both parties. Foreign and independent critics probably exaggerate the number and the power of the class, but that there is such a class, and that it is distressingly large and dangerously powerful, can scarcely be denied. It is quite probable, too, that it is relatively larger in America than in other countries, because there are more politics in America than elsewhere. To be a professional politician — that is to say, to adopt politics as a bread-winning occupation — is of course to renounce the guidance of theories and principles. The professional may have opinions of his own concerning public questions; but his real concern is to ascertain the opinions and desires of other men and manipulate them to his profit, not to advance his

own. He favors the platform that will attract votes, the candidate whose success will enable him to dictate appointments and distribute contracts. He need not be in any positive sense a bad man or a bad citizen. It is merely that what in other men is patriotism or ambition or fanaticism is to him business. He may conform in all he does to the ordinary business standards of morality. His prominence in the party councils is not necessarily unfavorable to any particular principle; on the contrary, his skill in campaign work may be of great value whenever his party happens to be making a campaign of principle. Nevertheless, his presence is a sort of protest against principles in general, and if he and his fellows had absolute control the party would cease to have any principles whatever. It is, however, worth while to remember that no hard and fast line can be drawn between the professionals and those whom, for want of a better word, we may call the amateurs in politics. Foreigners like Mr. Bryce speak as if the classes were quite separate, but as a matter of fact few professionals live up to the professional standard of indifference to principle, any more than the ordinary amateur lives up to his standard of indifference to profit. So far, however, as professionalism prevails in either party, it tends to become a business enterprise rather than the organized expression of a political faith.

It is also true that the composition of the two parties is appreciably affected by many other circumstances that may best be set down as accidental. Men are joined to each from causes that have nothing to do with their political opinions. A capitalist, having large vested interests in a particular state, finds it advisable to connect himself with the party that rules it. A Catholic Irishman is pretty sure to be a Democrat. A German or a Swede, living in contact with Irish Democrats, is apt to be a Republican. In the South, the poor whites of

the mountain regions have usually been hostile to the party dominant among the richer planters of the neighboring lowlands, whether it chanced to be the Democratic or the Whig.

There is yet another characteristic of American politics which goes to sustain the criticisms of our party system. The rapidity of our growth, the constant development and frequent expansion of the country, the shifting of population, the new material problems that keep arising, — in a word, the changefulness of American life, — could not fail to have a marked effect on politics. Nowhere do issues appear and disappear so swiftly. The "paramount issue" of one decade is remotely historical in the next. When the polls close on one election, no man can predict what men or questions will be uppermost in the public mind when they are opened again. After the second election of President Cleveland, chiefly on the issue of tariff reform, who could foresee that four years later many of the forces that bore him into power would be arrayed behind the extreme advocate of high protective tariffs on the issue of gold and silver? Who, after the exciting campaign of 1896, dreamed that to-day we should be debating the best way to deal with two dependent islands in the Atlantic and a thousand in the Pacific? Even the most steadfast adherent of a general principle cannot apply it with infallible accuracy to new conditions so swiftly brought about, to new questions so suddenly thrust before the voters. Inevitably, from the limitations of human intelligence and the inextricable tangle of human motives, parties will hesitate, divide, advance too rapidly, halt, march backwards. The consistency possible to the exceptional few who always reason calmly and forecast shrewdly is beyond the great majority of men; and in American parties, whatever may be true of the distribution of nominations and the management of campaigns, it is the majority that in the long run

determines the main lines of the programme. The majority must frequently decide in haste, without any adequate study of new conditions or any careful comparison with the old; and superficial reasoning, no less than passion and impulse, leads it astray from the path of its political faith. Theories and principles are neglected for the practical requirements of an emergency. No party that ever existed in any country has been so exceptional in its composition or so inspired in its leadership as to apply its professed principles with perfect logic to every task it had to discharge and every question it had to meet. The test of consistency is, in America, an exceptionally hard one, and here, as elsewhere, the human nature of parties has often been unequal to it.

Let us also admit, in order that we may, so far as possible, account for the attitude of the critics, that many of the questions with which our parties attempt to deal, even when they are not local or sectional questions, do not clearly involve the principles which either was formed to maintain. They are questions of expediency alone, and sometimes of a merely temporary expediency, — of the best means to attain an end whose desirability is not questioned at all. There have been whole periods, in fact, during which the prevalence of such issues has thrown the permanent divisions of opinion into the background, — periods which Mr. Bryce characterizes as times of pause and quiescence, but which in fact have been times of great business activity and material progress. Intense political excitement, the imminence or crisis of constitutional change, revolutions, wars, — these are interruptions of a people's ordinary activities, though they bring new parties to life and transform or destroy the old. Peace, prosperity, contentment, a smooth working of the government, — these things make citizens neglectful of their differences, and may even mislead an observer into the notion that none ex-

ist. The circumstance that both Bryce and de Tocqueville happened to get their views of American society during just such periods of industrial activity and comparative political quiescence should be taken into account. It is hardly probable that either of those trained observers would have reached, say in 1860 or in 1896, the conclusion which one reached at the end of the Era of Good Feeling, and the other on the eve of those developments which led up to the extraordinary campaign of 1896. Of all the foreigners who visited America before 1860, only one, Sir Charles Lyell, seems to have foreseen the specific process by which slavery was finally rooted out. After the compromise of 1850, nine Americans out of ten were confident that Clay had really averted forever the danger that ten years later made the same men despair of the Union. It is not unreasonable to suppose that even the two most perspicacious foreign students of American institutions were misled by temporary aspects of affairs.

Bearing in mind, then, these characteristics of American politics which militate against party consistency, which tend to weaken the hold of permanent principles on party machinery and to lessen their ascendancy over party spirit, does a reasonable and broad view of our political history sustain the main criticism of our parties? On the contrary, I believe it will establish for them as good a character for adherence to their several theories of government as can be claimed, let us say, for the two historical English parties. Further, I maintain that a fair-minded examination of the present aspect of our two great parties leads to the conclusion that they still represent, with reasonable consistency, the two great ideals of government, the two great sets of interests, and the two great types of character, which in modern self-governing communities have usually lain at the base of party systems. One, I believe, has stood and still stands in the main

for an effective government, the other for a free government. One seeks an equalization of welfare and opportunity; the other bulwarks the historical rights of property. One is responsive to the changeful voice of the popular will; the other follows the intelligent guidance of successful men of affairs. One is the party of ideas and ideals, the party of liberty; the other is the party of practical achievement, the party of authority and order. Aspiration and Utopianism against purpose and opportunism, genius and eccentricity against common sense and self-interest, the universal and the visionary against the practical and the questionable, the kingdom of the air against the kingdom of the earth, — such I conceive to be the perpetual antagonism of parties; and the great lines of battle, now straight and clear, now twisted by lesser conflicts or obscured by temporary distortions of the surface of society, do yet run unceasing, if not unbroken, through the whole course of our history.

If we limit our view to the period covered by the life of the Republican party, it will be less satisfying than if we went back to the beginning, but it will exhibit with sufficient clearness those permanent and essential characteristics of both the great parties which a single brief period might not reveal. The most misleading period of all is perhaps the period covered by the birth and the swift ascendancy of the younger organization. The Democratic party had already vanquished two successive rivals, and, as usually happens in the case of a party left without an equal antagonist, it was torn asunder by the sectional interests which sought to use its power for special ends, and so a question arose as to which faction had the better right to the machinery and the name. However, when the Southern Confederacy was formed, the Southern wing ceased to be in any proper sense a party under the Constitution, and the Douglas Democrats of the North were

left in undisputed possession of the old organization. We may, therefore, with little fear of controversy, treat them as the true Democratic party throughout the period of secession and civil war.

But what better instance, the critics cry out, could anywhere be found of apostasy to principle than the platforms and the attitude of the Northern Democrats in those years? Was not liberty the very pole star of Jefferson's statesmanship, the sum and total of his political philosophy? And did not the Douglas men go for acquiescence in the Dred Scott decision, for that makeshift theory of "squatter sovereignty" which threw the territories open to slavery? Did they not to all intents and purposes stand for slavery itself? And the party which you now characterize as the party of authority and order, — did it not owe its very existence to the instinct of liberty? Was it not built up to make war on slavery?

Such is indeed the common view, and certainly, in that crisis, the party of Jefferson would seem to have abandoned one of its fundamental principles to its youthful rival. I conceive, however, that on the question then dividing the Democracy and the country it was necessary to choose between the two conceptions of freedom which together made up the Jeffersonian idea of liberty. Those were, the freedom of individuals and the freedom of communities; the right of men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and the right of communities to self-government. In that inscription which Jefferson himself wrote for his tomb at Monticello, and which no doubt sets forth his own deliberate estimate of his life work, he mentions but one of his deeds, — the founding of the University of Virginia, — and but two of his writings, — the Declaration of Independence and the Virginia Statute of Religious Liberty. One of these famous documents applied the doctrine of liberty more especially to a community; the other ap-

plied it to individuals. In all his teaching, and throughout the history of the party he founded, these two conceptions of liberty are clearly set forth. The party of manhood suffrage was the party which asserted the right of the several states to control their own suffrage laws. The party that rebelled against the alien and sedition laws made no protest when Georgia maintained against John Marshall that she had a right to treat the Cherokees as she chose. In 1860, when nobody but a few extreme Abolitionists talked of interfering with slavery in the Southern states, when the main question was of the power and duty of Congress in reference to the territories, one set of that party's precedents and traditions pointed clearly to the squatter sovereignty position, while the other set favored, but far less clearly, the contention of the free-soilers. The former was certainly the strict construction view of the matter, it was certainly maintaining the party's ancient attitude toward the federal government, while the inconsistency involved in its attitude toward slavery was chargeable to the whole country, and not to one party alone. It was an inconsistency imbedded in the fundamental law of the Republic.

On the other hand, only a superficial view can fail to discern in the course of the Republicans the programme of a true strong government party; of a party bent on using for a perfectly specific purpose all the powers with which the most liberal construction of the Constitution could endow the national government. Hamilton himself never brushed aside the sticklings of his associates more impatiently than the early Republicans brushed aside the misgivings of the old-school public men who did not see how the great Northern majority was going to have its way in the territories. The desire of the Northern majority was for free soil, and it had been so for many years. The peculiarity about the new party was, not that it represented the

common Northern feeling about the matter, but that it went to work in a practical way to do what the old parties had not dared to undertake.

When the issue shifted from the territories to secession, and Buchanan the unready made way for Lincoln and Seward, the essential unlikeness of the two parties appeared more plainly. "No state," said Buchanan, "has a right to secede from the Union;" but he could find in the Constitution no warrant for coercing a state back into the Union, and he declared that the enforcement of the laws by the Executive had been rendered impracticable in South Carolina. The emergency, and the leadership of a man who, like Washington himself, was greater than any party, did indeed give the Republicans a position somewhat like that of the early Federalists, so that they could for a time speak of themselves with some reason as the defenders of the government, and not merely the advocates of one theory of its nature. Nevertheless, their course was quite in keeping with that view of the government which their predecessors, the Federalists and Whigs, had taken. They gave little time to academic discussions, and never did formulate their theory as the secessionists and the Douglas men formulated theirs. On the contrary, they set to work organizing regiments and building battleships. In order that the Constitution might be obeyed to the letter, the Douglas Democrats let the Union be endangered. In order that the Union might be saved, the Republican leaders did not hesitate, if occasion arose, to violate the Constitution. The immense service which they were thus enabled to render should not blind us to the fact that even Lincoln's inspired opportunism *was* opportunism, and nothing else. Nothing is plainer than that the overthrow of slavery as it actually came about was a means to the main end he was seeking, and not itself the end. The theorists in the Republican ranks, the Abolitionists and ex-

tremists generally, never did commit the party to their crusade against slavery. From first to last, during the war period, the sane, conservative, practical men of the North had the upper hand, and they felt their way, step by step, as has always been the wont of successful English and American leaders, through war and emancipation, to the rescue of the Union. They gave their party the character which it still retains, and which repels from it the fanatic and the enthusiast, and attracts to it the successful man of affairs. They made it, above all things, businesslike. The slavery controversy and the war, important as they were, appear now, nevertheless, as an episode in our history, and when the Republican party turned from them to questions of a more abiding sort it had already arrayed behind it the wealth and the business interests which in America correspond to the class interests and vested rights upon which the conservative parties of Europe have always relied. It was already the strong government party in respect of the interests it represented no less than in respect of its policies and its unformulated principles.

The Reconstruction question, while it still forced the Democrats to choose whether they would go for the freedom of individuals or the right of communities to manage their own affairs, did yet throw into a clearer light the antagonism of interests and motives which makes two parties necessary. In that period Thaddeus Stevens was the leader of the Republicans in Congress, and an expression of his concerning the status of the Southern states after the war should be set beside Buchanan's utterance concerning their status after secession. The Southern states, said Stevens in effect, are out of the Union for all the purposes for which it is necessary to consider them out of the Union. Such an emergence from the chaos of theory was not only characteristic of Republican leadership; it was a true statement of the

Republican standard of values. It was the effective party's contempt for theory when theory might stand in the way of results. In the discussion of the theory of reconstruction, Stevens and his associates were no match for the opposition. Thurman and Bayard were at home on that ground, and easily demolished every attempt to justify the reconstruction scheme from the Constitution. It so happened, moreover, that reconstruction, unlike the war, was an enterprise that imperatively demanded fidelity to the great principles of our government and of all free government, and particularly to that principle of local self-government for which the Democrats had so long neglected its twin principle of individualism. It was disregarded this time not in dealing with an emergency, but in a wrestle with conditions that have persisted, and in an experiment of governmental devices that were meant to be permanent. The party of the main chance was misled by its too practical impulses, just as, a few years before, the party of general principles had entangled itself to the point of absolute helplessness in the meshes of its theories.

No doubt we must concede to the critics that there was here more than a conflict of views and of general interests. The Republicans were not bent solely on solidifying the Union and securing the great results of the war. They also meant to make sure of negro votes, to replace those they were already losing from a reaction in the North. To that sort of expediency—to party expediency—the Democrats also were quite sufficiently alive. But for the vision, since realized, of a solidly Democratic South, they might have hesitated longer before deciding which aspect of human liberty they loved the more devotedly. In the main, however, the history of reconstruction is a good instance of the inadequacy of opportunism to the highest sort of governmental enterprises.

The period following reconstruction cannot be designated with the name of any one question or of any one event. It was characterized by a gradual subsidence of sectionalism, though many questions raised by the war and reconstruction were still debated. The issues which soon came to the top, however, were more like those to which the country turned after the second war with Great Britain. They were mainly due to the enlarged life of the Republic, to its immensely increased business activities, and to the changed and changing methods of industry. They were questions not clearly contemplated by the founders either of the government or of the parties; but the division of the two parties on them came about quite naturally, and in accordance with the character of each. The Republican party accepted the new developments with less question, adapted itself to them, and commended itself to successful business men as by far the more effective instrument for getting what they wanted from the government. The war tariff, an emergency measure, was shaped into a satisfactory protective law. Encouragement and help were freely given to the Union Pacific Railroad and other enterprises which the tariff did not aid. Declaring that, as a result of its patriotic work, the United States were now a nation, and not a league, the dominant party acted on the theory, which in the last of the legal tender decisions was formulated by the Supreme Court, that nationality meant the right of the general government to do whatever a nation ordinarily finds it necessary and proper to do. Boasting itself the party of achievement, of prosperity, of national success and well-being, it kept the control of affairs until the failure and undoing of reconstruction gave the Democrats the votes of the Southern states, and in the North the reaction against sectionalism was followed by a reaction against centralism. Then the opposition,

purified by long adversity, and at last intelligently led, came forward as the party of protest against sectionalism, centralism, and paternalism. It had more than the advantage which an opposition ordinarily derives from instances of corruption in high places. Tilden in 1876 owed his great popular majorities chiefly to the feeling in the North that the Southerners had been too harshly treated. Cleveland in 1884 was elected chiefly as a protest against the undue influence of business interests in Washington, particularly as exemplified in tariff legislation and in the public record of his opponent. The Democratic party was once more advocating both of its cardinal tenets, and for some years it continued to advocate them in such conservative ways that it acquired a character of respectability and moderation not always associated with the championship of liberty. Towards the end of the period it drew largely from an intelligent class of citizens whose political activity has been notable for a sincere but timid independence. Such was the state of parties when two swift changes of issues apparently revolutionized our whole political system.

First came an exceptionally violent outbreak of discontent, distinctly agrarian, with recent industrial and financial tendencies; then the Spanish war and the self-revelation of America as a world power. The first swept over the Democratic party like the Jacksonian wave of an earlier period, and made it more like the "Left" of Continental politics than any American party had ever been before. The second added the semblance of militarism and imperialism to those other isms — centralism and paternalism — which were already firmly established in the domestic policy of the Republican party. Nevertheless, these changes have not deprived either party of its essential characteristics. Each still maintains its historical attitude toward the government, each still represents the same set of interests, and each in its com-

position still exhibits the same type of citizenship, as before the changes came.

The *tertium quid*, the entirely human element in the characters of the two parties, is the most permanent, the least changeful, of all. It was this, no doubt, that Mr. Bryce had in mind when he spoke of "a difference of spirit or sentiment perceptible even by a stranger." To an American it is palpable: but when it comes to defining it the American is hardly in better case than the stranger. The art of the novelist, the dramatist, the student of human nature, is here more needful than the intellectual equipment of the political scientist. When all is said that can be said of principles and interests, there is still a connotation of the terms "Democrat" and "Republican" which baffles the lexicographer. Matthew Arnold succeeds in giving his reader a pretty clear notion of what he means by the great style in poetry without defining it, and perhaps it may be possible to get into words, though not into any formal definition, what we mean by the two party names applied to individuals.

The Republican party, in its composition quite as clearly as in its policies, is the true successor of the Federalist and Whig parties. It bears to-day the stamp of Hamilton's purpose, of Marshall's constructive bent, of Clay's fertility in makeshifts, even more legibly than of Lincoln's profound insight into the popular mind or of Stevens's Cromwellian thoroughness. The reason is that the men who followed Hamilton and Clay, and who listened most readily to Marshall's teaching, would to-day be in its ranks. However justly the West may claim its birthplace, its spiritual descent is from that New England party which saw with disgust the French ideas at work in the first Democratic clubs, and held a treaty of commerce with England preferable to any amount of brotherhood with the French revolutionists. The Northeast is still the fountain head of its inspiration, though

the West may be more prolific of leaders and of specific policies. Of the two historical types of American character, the New England Puritan and the Virginian, the former is by far the more prevalent among its members. The salient marks of that type are intelligence and thrift. In America, intelligence and thrift mean success and wealth even more surely than elsewhere; but it should also be said that wealth in America does not imply in its possessor the same qualities and the same attitude toward society which it does in older countries. It does not imply a stolid and phlegmatic conservatism. Stolidity is here far commoner among people of moderate means and frugal lives. Most wealthy men on this side the water have made their own fortunes, or at least are so close to the beginnings of their families' importance that they are still without any great family pride, without traditional rules of conduct and traditional views of public questions. Wealthy Americans are apt to be very practical and very alert persons. They are seldom idealists or visionaries. They look straight at actual conditions, at the immediate future. They are alive to fresh opportunities. The party which draws its leadership largely from our aristocracy of wealth can command far more executive ability, far more skill in business, far more knowledge of affairs, than its rival. For all practical enterprises of government, it has more than its share of that sort of ability which conquered this material continent.

No wonder, therefore, that it always goes before the people with a list of its practical achievements. Its orderly conventions are not unlike meetings of stockholders; its committees are like boards of directors. Here, one might say at almost any Republican gathering in the North, are American energy, American shrewdness, American business correctness, concerned with political work. These men will go at the matter directly,

they will reconcile or compromise their differences, they will waste no time with meaningless oratory, they will certainly get something done. Then each of them will go about his business. Such, for example, is the impression an observer would have got at Philadelphia in June.

At Kansas City in July, at Chicago four years ago, one would have seen a different sort of Americans going at their work in a different way. Here, one might have said, is the American idea still militant, the American character not yet smoothed out of its angularity by contact with the larger world. Here is no business association, but a debating society, and none of the most orderly at that. What was energy yonder is enthusiasm here; what was there compromise and agreement is here compromise and disagreement or a pitched battle for supremacy. Here is less work and more oratory, less forethought of to-morrow and more questioning of the coming age, less correctness and more simple honesty of purpose, less intelligence and more hospitality to great ideas. This is the political aspect, not of America the materially successful, but of America still revolutionary, still trying out the world's ideals.

In such phrases a stranger might roughly characterize almost any Democratic gathering, except in certain cities and states where professional politicians do most of the party work; and the characterization would have been true in Jackson's time or in Jefferson's. The men who at the beginning of the century distrusted the elder Adams would in Jackson's time have distrusted the younger, and the men who believed Jackson's charges against the National Bank would in our day cry out against Wall Street and the "square mile" in London. Or, to consider the Democratic character in a more positive aspect, the men who in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions set forth their faith in free speech and their sense of

brotherhood with the alien driven to our shores, would have helped in 1824 to overthrow King Caucus and set up the American nominating convention instead. To-day the same men would look favorably on the plan of choosing Senators by popular vote, and might even attempt to reconstruct the financial system of the world in accordance with the popular conception of money.

The dominant impulse of such Americans in their relations with government is the spirit not merely of liberty, but of liberty and equality. "Give every man a chance" is the way they phrase their conception of that justice which is the health of the state. In Jefferson's time, the chance they fought for was a chance to vote and hold office whether they owned property or not. In Jackson's time, it was a chance to take the initiative by naming candidates and making platforms, — privileges until then reserved to a few trained men at Washington. Under Mr. Bryan's leadership, it seems to mean not merely more political power, but better industrial opportunities and a larger share of the fruits of prosperity.

To distrust all power that is in any wise hidden, to seek to put one's hands on the secret springs of the great machine, to set public opinion above the wisdom of the experienced and the skill of the expert, to project the common man into government, and so make it altogether human, — this is the instinct and passion of American Democracy. This is the force that has played upon our institutions and constitutions from the beginning, after the intermittent and wavelike fashion of all forces that proceed from the depths of the human nature of the multitude. It sent Jefferson, most inspired of political philosophers, least effective of public officials, to try and substitute his gunboats and his embargo for the sterner enginery of national defense which grown-up nations use, much as a child, with his toy weapons, might try to fight the battles of

grown-up men. It waned as the ministers and successors of Jefferson learned the necessities and forgot the vaster opportunities of their high station, but with a fiercer uprising it bore Jackson into the White House, to have his will upon the enemies whom he fancied to be the betrayers of the people's trust, to tear down much that had been patiently builded, and to lay the foundations of a rougher but firmer edifice of popular government. It recoiled from the immediate sharp consequences of his ignorant though essentially right-purposed use of his tremendous power, and waned again before the new issue of slavery, because only an instructed benevolence, not a primary instinct of human brotherhood, ever made the white man rebel against the Ethiopian's wrongs. Lulled by the prosperity of later years, it has seldom shown its might until, at Chicago in 1896, it again seized upon the party always readiest to accept its control and hurried it along new paths towards the same unknown goal.

So far as Bryanism is a definite programme, it is contrary to many Democratic precedents, it antagonizes many interests which have looked to the Democratic party for defense. But so far as it is a popular movement, so far as it is a matter of impulse, so far as it reflects character, it does not essentially differ from any confessedly Democratic uprising of the past. To cry out against inequalities, whether of wealth or power, and to try, by some such device as an income tax or cheap money, to shift the burden on to the shoulders of the rich; to look with suspicion upon that department of government, the judiciary, which is least responsive to popular moods; to entertain wild ideas about public finance, which of all governmental work is the hardest to make plain to the popular comprehension, — these are all genuinely Democratic impulses. They may be all dangerous, all unwise as policies, but they are all Jeffersonian and Jacksonian, they

are all manifestations of the same spirit that won us our independence as a community and our large freedom as individuals. To resist them may be a duty, but to despair because of them is apostasy to Democracy itself.

It is equally true that the present foreign and colonial policy of the Republican party, however the administration may have seemed to drift into it, is yet in keeping with its past, while the cry against imperialism and a large standing army, however naturally any opposition might have taken it up, would have rung less true from Republican lips. Democratic administrations have waged wars and annexed territory; but a vigorous foreign policy, a colonial system, is no more characteristic of the Democratic party here than it is of the Liberal party in Great Britain. It is the strong government party in both countries which most readily sins against the principle of independence in order to spread the benefits of liberty. The mass of the Northern Democrats never were in sympathy with the Southern enterprise that secured Texas and California and aimed at Cuba, and that is the only truly aggressive foreign policy for which the party can be held responsible. As to militarism, even our miniature armaments of former times were enough to arouse Democratic hostility. The Democratic partiality for the militia as against the regular military establishment is older than John Randolph's historical encounter with the soldiers in the playhouse, and it will survive its latest unfortunate champion in Congress.

On the other hand, the Republican party is no more military, no more imperialistic, than the Federalists were, or the Whigs; but it is ready, as they were ready, to employ the fittest available instrument for whatever work actual conditions and things done seem obviously to demand, and it is loath, as they were loath, to relinquish an unfinished task for fear of a remote disaster or for reverence of a vague generality. To use

military force freely, and to have no fear of it, was characteristic of Alexander Hamilton, who left the treasury and personally accompanied the army that put down the Whiskey Rebellion; and it is just as characteristic of the Hamilton party of to-day, whose candidate for the vice presidency and prospective heir to the presidency is equally at home planning a campaign of naval strategy and leading a regiment into battle. That party is never lacking in the statesmanship of the winds and the tides; the statesmanship of the compass and the stars is more apt to be Democratic.

If these things are true, then our great political parties, reckoning Populists as extreme and errant Democrats, soon to be absorbed in the greater mass their revolt has quickened, do in fact stand for a right and necessary division of the American people. That criticism, that reform, which attacks the whole system overleaps itself. Just and valuable criticism will point out faults and specific inconsistencies. Intelligent and candid reform will fight against that sordid commercialism which, though it avail itself of party loyalty, is yet utterly deadening to true party spirit. In so far as the independent movement proceeds on the notion that a different sort of party division can be deliberately accomplished, or that any future division, however brought about, will be essentially unlike the present, it can get little comfort from history. In so far, however, as it remains truly independent, emphasizing the right and duty of

every citizen to make the best possible use of his ballot, it will tend to keep each party truer to itself, to make each play better its proper part in the working out of our great experiment.

A citizen so minded to use his vote will be governed in his conscientious, patriotic trimming by a consideration not merely of the men and the questions uppermost for the time being, but also of those permanent characteristics of the two parties which a longer view discloses. He will support the strong government party when he must, the free government party when he dares. In time of peril from without, he will naturally look to the party which is readiest in emergencies. When there is merely a difficult work to do, he will again look to the party which is intelligently led and which includes so large a proportion of successful Americans in its membership. In fine, he will be wise to choose that party on all questions of immediate expediency. But whenever the essential character of the Republic is truly involved, when the question is of tendencies rather than conditions, of ideas rather than things, he will oftener turn to the teaching of Jefferson; when there is need of tearing down and building again, he will invoke the spirit of Andrew Jackson. For there be two Jinn, two slaves of the lamp, that serve the Republic. One, the nimbler and the more intelligent, is best employed in the care of its material interests, its bodily welfare. The other, a turbulent, huge, and mighty demon, guards with ferocious jealousy the two-fold liberty which is its soul.

William Garrott Brown.

THE TORY LOVER.

I.

THE last day of October in 1777, Colonel Jonathan Hamilton came out of his high house on the river bank with a handsome, impatient company of guests, all Berwick gentlemen. They stood on the flagstones, watching a coming boat that was just within sight under the shadow of the pines of the farther shore, and eagerly passed from hand to hand a spyglass covered with worn red morocco leather.

The sun had just gone down; the quick-gathering dusk of the short day was already veiling the sky before they could see the steady lift and dip of the long oars, and make sure of the boat's company. While it was still a long distance away, the gentlemen turned westward and went slowly down through the terraced garden, to wait again with much formality by the gate at the garden foot.

Beside the master of the house was Judge Chadbourne, an old man of singular dignity and kindness of look, and near them stood General Goodwin, owner of the next estate, and Major Tilly Haggens of the Indian wars, a tall, heavily made person, clumsily built, but not without a certain elegance like an old bottle of Burgundy. There was a small group behind these foremost men, — a red cloak here and a touch of dark velvet on a shoulder beyond, with plenty of well-plaited white ruffles to grace the wearers. Hamilton's young associate, John Lord, merchant and gentleman, stood alone, trim-wigged and serious, with a look of discretion almost too great for his natural boyish grace. Quite the most impressive figure of all was the minister, a man of high ecclesiastical lineage, very well dressed in a three-cornered beaver hat, a large single-breasted coat sweeping down with am-

ple curves over a long waistcoat with huge pockets and lappets, and a great white stock that held his chin high in air. This was fastened behind with a silver buckle to match the buckles on his tight knee breeches, and other buckles large and flat on his square-toed shoes; somehow he looked as like a serious book with clasps as a man could look, with an outward completeness that mated with his inner equipment of fixed Arminian opinions. Here was a figure that could dignify the best occasions.

As for Colonel Hamilton, the host, a strong-looking, bright-colored man in the middle thirties, the softness of a suit of brown, and his own hair well dressed and powdered, did not lessen a certain hardness in his face, a grave determination, and maturity of appearance far beyond the due of his years. He had easily enough won the place of chief shipping merchant and prince of money-makers in that respectable group, and until these dark days of war almost every venture by land or sea had added to his fortunes. The noble house that he had built was still new enough to be the chief show and glory of a rich provincial neighborhood. With all his power of money-making, — and there were those who counted him a second William Pepperrell, — Hamilton was no easy friend-maker like that great citizen of the District of Maine, nor even like his own beautiful younger sister, the house's mistress. Some strain of good blood, which they had inherited, seemed to have been saved through generations to nourish this one lovely existence, and made her seem like the single flower upon their family tree. They had come from but a meagre childhood to live here in state and luxury beside the river.

The broad green fields of Hamilton's estate climbed a long slope behind the

house, hedged in by stately rows of elms and tufted by young orchards; at the western side a strong mountain stream came down its deep channel and over noisy falls and rapids to meet the salt tide in the bay below. This broad sea inlet and inland harborage was too well filled in an anxious year with freightless vessels both small and great: heavy seagoing craft and lateen-sailed gundelows for the river traffic; idle enough now, and careened on the mud at half tide in picturesque confusion.

The opposite shore was high, with farmhouses above the fields. There were many persons to be seen coming down toward the water, and when Colonel Hamilton and his guests appeared on the garden terraces, a loud cry went alongshore, and instantly the noise of mallets ceased in the shipyard beyond, where some carpenters were late at work. There was an eager, buzzing crowd growing fast about the boat landing and the wharf and warehouses which the gentlemen at the high-urned gateway looked down upon. The boat was coming up steadily, but in the middle distance it seemed to lag; the long stretch of the water was greater than could be measured by the eye. Two West Indian fellows in the crowd fell to scuffling, having trodden upon each other's rights, and the on-lookers, quickly diverted from their first interest, cheered them on, and wedged themselves closer together to see the fun. Old Cæsar, the majestic negro who had attended Hamilton at respectful distance, made it his welcome duty to approach the quarrel with loud rebukes; usually the authority of this great person in matters pertaining to the estate was only second to his master's, but in such a moment of high festival and gladiatorial combat all commands fell upon deaf ears. Major Tilly Haggens burst into a hearty laugh, glad of a chance to break the tiresome formalities of his associates, and being a great admirer of a skillful fight. On any

serious occasion the major always seemed a little uneasy, as if with unspoken jokes.

In the meantime the boat had taken its shoreward curve, and was now so near that even through the dusk the figures of the oarsmen, and of an officer, sitting alone at the stern in full uniform, could be plainly seen. The next moment the wrestling Tobago men sprang to their feet, forgetting their affront, and ran to the landing place with the rest.

The new flag of the Congress with its unfamiliar stripes was trailing at the boat's stern; the officer bore himself with dignity, and made his salutations with much politeness. All the gentlemen on the terrace came down together to the water's edge, without haste, but with exact deference and timeliness; the officer rose quickly in the boat, and stepped ashore with ready foot and no undignified loss of balance. He wore the pleased look of a willing guest, and was gayly dressed in a bright new uniform of blue coat and breeches, with red lapels and a red waistcoat trimmed with lace. There was a noisy cheering, and the spectators fell back on either hand and made way for this very elegant company to turn again and go their ways up the river shore.

Captain Paul Jones of the *Ranger* bowed as a well-practiced sovereign might as he walked along, a little stiffly at first, being often vexed by boat-cramp as he now explained cheerfully to his host. There was an eager restless look in his clear-cut sailor's face, with quick eyes that seemed not to notice things that were near by, but to look often and hopefully toward the horizon. He was a small man, but already bent in the shoulders from living between decks; his sword was long for his height and touched the ground as he walked, dragging along a gathered handful of fallen poplar leaves with its scabbard tip.

It was growing dark as they went up the long garden; a thin white mist was

gathering on the river, and blurred the fields where there were marshy spots or springs. The two brigs at the moorings had strung up their dull oil lanterns to the rigging, where they twinkled like setting stars, and made faint reflections below in the rippling current. The huge elms that stood along the river shore were full of shadows, while above, the large house was growing bright with candlelight, and taking on a cheerful air of invitation. As the master and his friends went up to the wide south door, there stepped out to meet them the lovely figure of a girl, tall and charming, and ready with a gay welcome to chide the captain for his delay. She spoke affectionately to each of the others, though she avoided young Mr. Lord's beseeching eyes. The elder men had hardly time for a second look to reassure themselves of her bright beauty, before she had vanished along the lighted hall. By the time their cocked hats and plainer head gear were safely deposited, old Cæsar with a great flourish of invitation had thrown open the door of the dining room.

II.

The faces gathered about the table were serious and full of character. They wore the look of men who would lay down their lives for the young country whose sons they were, and though provincial enough for the most part, so looked most of the men who sat in the House of Parliament at Westminster, and there was no more patrician head than the old judge's to be seen upon the English bench. They were for no self-furtherance in high matters, but conscious in their hearts of some national ideas that a Greek might have cherished in his clear brain, or any citizen of the great days of Rome. They were men of a single-hearted faith in Liberty that shone bright and unassailable;

there were men as good as they in a hundred other towns. It was a simple senate of New England, ready and able to serve her cause in small things and great.

The next moment after the minister had said a proper grace, the old judge had a question to ask.

"Where is Miss Mary Hamilton?" said he. "Shall we not have the pleasure of her company?"

"My sister looks for some young friends later," explained the host, but with a touch of coldness in his voice. "She begs us to join her then in her drawing-room, knowing that we are now likely to have business together and much discussion of public affairs. I bid you all welcome to my table, gentlemen; may we be here to greet Captain Paul Jones on his glorious return, as we speed him now on so high an errand!"

"You have made your house very pleasant to a homeless man, Colonel Hamilton," returned the captain, with great feeling. "And Miss Hamilton is as good a patriot as her generous brother. May Massachusetts and the Province of Maine never lack such sons and daughters! There are many of my men taking their farewell supper on either shore of your river this night. I have received my dispatches, and it is settled that we sail for France to-morrow morning at the turn of tide."

"To-morrow morning!" they exclaimed in chorus. The captain's manner gave the best of news, and there was an instant shout of approval and congratulation. His own satisfaction at being finally ordered to sea after many trying delays was understood by every one, since for many months, while the Ranger was on the stocks at Portsmouth, Paul Jones had bitterly lamented the indecisions of a young government, and regretted the slipping away of great opportunities abroad and at home. To say that he had made himself as vexing as a wasp were to say the truth, but he had

already proved himself a born leader with a heart on fire with patriotism and deep desire for glory, and there were those present who eagerly recognized his power and were ready to further his best endeavors. Young men had flocked to his side, sailors born and bred on the river shores, and in Portsmouth town, who could serve their country well. Berwick was in the thick of the fight from the very beginning; her company of soldiers had been among the first at Bunker's Hill, and the alarm at Lexington had shaken her very hills at home. Twin sister of Portsmouth in age, and sharer of her worldly conditions, the old ease and wealth of Berwick were sadly troubled now; there was many a new black gown in the parson's great parish, and many a mother's son lay dead, or suffered in an English prison. Yet the sea still beckoned with white hands, and Paul Jones might have shipped his crew on the river many times over. The ease of teaching England to let the colonies alone was not spoken of with such bold certainty as at first, and some late offenses were believed to be best revenged by such a voyage as the *Ranger* was about to make.

Captain Paul Jones knew his work; he was full of righteous wrath toward England, and professed a large readiness to accept the offered friendliness of France.

Colonel Jonathan Hamilton could entertain like a prince. The feast was fit for the room in which it was served, and the huge cellar beneath was well stored with casks of wine that had come from France and Spain, or from England while her ports were still home ports for the colonies. Being a Scotsman, the guest of honor was keen for his claret, and now set down his fluted silver tumbler after a first deep draught, and paid his host a handsome compliment.

"You live like a Virginia gentleman,"

sir, here in your Northern house. They little know in Great Britain what stately living is among us. My friend, the Countess of Selkirk, thought that I was come to live among the savages, instead of gratifying my wishes for that calm contemplation and poetic ease which, alas, I have ever been denied."

"They affect to wonder at the existence of American gentlemen," returned the judge. "When my father went to Court in '22, and they hinted the like, he reminded them that since they had sent over some of the best of their own gentlefolk to found the colonies it would be strange if none but boors and clowns came back."

"In Virginia they consider that they breed the only gentlemen; that is the great pity," said Parson Tompson. "Some of my classmates at Cambridge arrived at college with far too proud a spirit. They were pleased to be amused at first, because so many of us at the North were destined for the ministry."

"You will remember that Don Quixote speaks of the Church, the Sea, and the Court," said Major Tilly Haggens, casting a glance across at the old judge. "We have had the two first to choose from in New England, if we lacked the third." The world was much with the major, and he was nothing if not eager spoken. "People forget to look at the antecedents of our various colonists; 't is the only way to understand them. In these Piscataqua neighborhoods we do not differ so much from those of Virginia; 't is not the same pious stock as made Connecticut and the settlements of Massachusetts Bay. We are children of the Norman blood in New England and Virginia, at any rate. 'T is the Saxons who try to rule England now; 't is the cause of all our troubles. Norman and Saxon never yet have learned to agree."

"You give me a new thought," said the captain.

"For me," continued the major, "I am of fighting and praying Huguenot

blood, and here comes in another strain to our nation's making. I might have been a minister myself if there had not been a stray French gallant to my grandfather, who ran away with the saintly Huguenot maiden; his ghost still walks by night and puts the devil into me so that I forget my decent hymns. My family name is Huyghens; 't was a noble house of the Low Countries. Christian Huyghens, the author of the Cosmotheoros, was my father's cousin, and I was christened for the famous General Tilly of the stern faith, but the gay Frenchman will ever rule me. 'T is all settled by our antecedents," and he turned to Captain Paul Jones. "I'm for the flower-de-luce, sir; if I were a younger man I'd sail with you to-morrow! 'T is very hard for us aging men with boys' hearts in us to stay decently at home. I should have been born in France!"

"France is your country's friend, sir," said Paul Jones, bowing across the table. "Let us drink to France, gentlemen!" and the company drank the toast. Old Cæsar bowed with the rest as he stood behind his master's chair, and smacked his lips with pathetic relish of the wine which he had tasted only in imagination. The captain's quick eyes caught sight of him.

"By your leave, Colonel Hamilton!" he exclaimed heartily. "This is a toast that every American should share the pleasure of drinking. I observe that my old friend Cæsar has joined us in spirit," and he turned with a courtly bow and gave a glass to the serving man.

"You have as much at stake as we in this great enterprise," he said gently, in a tone that moved the hearts of all the supper company. "May I drink with you to France, our country's ally?"

A lesser soul might have babbled thanks, but Cæsar, who had been born a Guinea prince, drank in silence, stepped back to his place behind his master, and

stood there like a king. His underlings went and came serving the supper; he ruled them like a great commander on the field of battle, and hardly demeaned himself to move again until the board was cleared.

"I seldom see a black face without remembering the worst of my boyish days when I sailed in the Two Friends, slaver," said the captain gravely, but with easy power of continuance. "Our neighbor town of Dumfries was in the tobacco trade, and all their cargoes were unloaded in Carsethorn Bay, close by my father's house. I was easily enough tempted to follow the sea; I was trading in the Betsey at seventeen, and felt myself a man of experience. I have observed too many idle young lads hanging about your Portsmouth wharves who ought to be put to sea under a smart captain. They are ready to cheer or to jeer at strangers, and take no pains to be manly. I began to follow the sea when I was but a child, yet I was always ambitious of command, and ever thinking how I might best study the art of navigation."

"There were few idlers along this river once," said General Goodwin regretfully. "The times grow worse and worse."

"You referred to the slaver, Two Friends," interrupted the minister, who had seen a shadow of disapproval on the faces of two of his parishioners (one being Colonel Hamilton's) at the captain's tone. "May I observe that there has seemed to be some manifestation of a kind Providence in bringing so many heathen souls to the influence of a Christian country?"

The fierce temper of the captain flamed to his face; he looked up at old Cæsar who well remembered the passage from his native land, and saw that black countenance set like an iron mask.

"I must beg your reverence's kind pardon," said Paul Jones, with scornful bitterness. "When I was first aboard

the Two Friends, slaver, I took the work like any other, and did my poor duty to my owners like any thoughtless sailor. We bought our freight when we must, and stole it when we could, — most of them were poor, gay-hearted children pleased with their beads and trinkets, and when we easily coaxed them on board they sang their foolish songs and played their tricks for us, and laughed until the very last; 't was a place where slavers had never come before. We weighed anchor, but they had no thought we should not bring them back. There was a mother with a good human face, who tended a hunchbacked boy that could not step alone; she had brought him, a heavy weight in her arms, to get some gifts with the rest. The captain had them take him from her to carry to the last boat that went ashore to fetch some sailors off; she stood on deck, laughing, for to wait her own turn, but the light went out of her eyes; she stood like stone, and saw them throw the poor creature out upon the beach . . . they took her down quick between decks, and she shrieked all night above the rest, and in the morning she had bit the cords in two that bound her, and flew to the deck, leaped over the side and sank; we were almost out of sight of land. 'God helping me, a sinner,' says I, 'I shall never set my foot on board a hellish slaver again.' I had supped too full of horrors. I left the Two Friends when we came to the Barbadoes, and forfeited all my share of gain."

There was a murmur of protest about the table, but the anecdote was not counted to be in the best of taste. Society resents being disturbed at its pleasures, and the man who had offended was now made conscious of his rudeness. He looked up, however, and saw Mary Hamilton standing in the open doorway that led into the hall. She was gazing at him with no relic of that indifference which had lately distressed his

heart, and smiled at him through the shining tears that filled her eyes; then colored deeply, and disappeared.

The captain took on a more spirited manner than before, and began to speak of politics, of the late news from Long Island, where a son of old Berwick, General John Sullivan, had taken the place of Lee, and was now next in command to Washington himself. This night Paul Jones seemed to be in no danger of those fierce outbursts of temper with which he was apt to startle his more amiable and prosaic companions. There was some discussion of immediate affairs, and one of the company, Mr. Wentworth, fell upon the inevitable subject of the Tories; a topic sure to rouse much bitterness of feeling. Whatever his own principles, every man present had some tie of friendship or bond of kindred with those who were Loyalists for conscience' sake, and could easily be made ill at ease.

The moment seemed peculiarly unfortunate for such trespass, and when there came an angry lull in the storm of talk, Mr. Lord somewhat anxiously called attention to a pair of great silver candlesticks which graced the feast, and by way of compliment begged to be told their history. It was not unknown that they had been brought from England a few summers before in one of Hamilton's own ships, and that he was not without his fancy for such things as gave his house a look of rich ancestry; a stranger might well have thought himself in a good house of George the First's time near London. But this placid interlude did not rouse any genuine interest, and old Judge Chadbourne broke another awkward pause and harked back to safer ground in the conversation.

"I shall hereafter make some discrimination against men of color. I have suffered a great trial of the spirit this day," he began seriously. "I ask the kind sympathy of each friend present. I had promised my friend, President

Hancock, some strong young elms to plant near his house on Boston Common; he has much admired the fine natural growth of that tree in our good town here, and the beauty it lends to the high ridges of land. I gave directions to my man Ajax, known to some of you as a competent but lazy soul, and as I was leaving home he ran after me, shouting to inquire where he should find the trees. 'Oh, get them anywhere!' said I, impatient at the detention, and full of some difficult matters which were coming up at our term in York. And this morning on my return from court I missed a well-started row of elms, which I had selected myself and planted along the outer border of my gardens. Ajax had taken the most accessible, and they had all gone down river by Varney's packet. I shall have a good laugh with Hancock by and by. I remember that he once praised these very trees and professed to covet them."

"'T was the evil eye," suggested Mr. Hill, laughing; but the minister slowly shook his head, contemptuous of such superstitions.

"I saw that one of our neighbor Madam Wallingford's favorite oaks was sadly broken by the recent gale," said Mr. Wentworth unguardedly, and this was sufficient to make a new name fairly leap into the conversation, — that of Mr. Roger Wallingford, the son of a widowed lady of great fortune, whose house stood not far distant, on the other side of the river in Somersworth.

General Goodwin at once dropped his voice regretfully. "I am afraid we can have no doubt now of the young man's sympathy with our oppressors," said he. "I hear that he has been seen within a week coming out of the Wentworth mansion in Portsmouth, late at night, as if from a secret conference. And a friend of mine heard him say openly on the Parade that Mr. Benjamin Thompson of old Rumford had been fairly driven to seek Royalist protection, and

to flee his country, leaving wife and infant child behind him; that 't was all from the base suspicions and hounding of his neighbors, whose worst taunt had ever been that he loved and sought the company of gentlemen. 'I pity him from my heart,' says he in a loud voice; as if pity could ever belong to so vile a traitor!"

"But I fear that this was true," said Judge Chadbourne, the soundest of patriots, gravely interrupting. "They drove young Thompson away in hot haste when his country was in sorest need of all such naturally chivalrous and able men. He meant no disloyalty until his crisis came, and proved his rash young spirit too weak to meet it. He will be a great man some day, if I read men aright; we shall be proud of him in spite of everything. He had his foolish follies, and the wrong road never leads to the right place, but the taunts of the narrow-minded would have made many an older man fling himself out of reach. 'T is a sad mischance of war. Young Wallingford is a proud fellow, and has his follies too; his kindred in Boston thought themselves bound to the King; they are his elders and have been his guardians, and youth may forbid his seeing the fallacy of their arguments. Our country is above our King in such a time as this, yet I myself was of those who could not lightly throw off the allegiance of a lifetime."

"I have always said that we must have patience with such lads and not try to drive them," said Major Haggens, the least patient of all the gentlemen. Captain Paul Jones drummed on the table with one hand and rattled the links of his sword hilt with the other. The minister looked dark and unconvinced, but the old judge stood first among his parishioners; he did not answer, but threw an imploring glance toward Hamilton at the head of the table.

"We are beginning to lose the very last of our patience now with those who

cry that our country is too young and poor to go alone, and urge that we should bear our wrongs and be tied to the skirts of England for fifty years more. What about our poor sailors dying like sheep in the English jails?" said Hamilton harshly. "He that is not for us is against us, and so the people feel."

"The true patriot is the man who risks all for love of country," said the minister, following fast behind.

"They have little to risk, some of the loudest of them," insisted Major Haggens scornfully. "They would not brook the thought of conciliation, but fire and sword and other men's money are their only sinews of war. I mean that some of those dare-devils in Boston have sometimes made matters worse than there was any need," he added, in a calmer tone.

Paul Jones cast a look of contempt upon such a complaining old soldier.

"You must remember that many discomforts accompany a great struggle," he answered. "The lower classes, as some are pleased to call certain citizens of our Republic, must serve Liberty in their own fashion. They are used to homespun shirt sleeves and not to lace ruffles, but they make good fighters, and their hearts are true. Sometimes their instinct gives them to see farther ahead than we can. I fear indeed that there is trouble brewing for some of your valued neighbors who are not willing to be outspoken. A certain young gentleman has of late shown some humble desires to put himself into an honorable position for safety's sake."

"You mistake us, sir," said the old judge, hastening to speak. "But we are not served in our struggle by such lawlessness of behavior; we are only hindered by it. General Washington is our proper model, and not those men whose manners and language are not worthy of civilization."

The guest of the evening looked

frankly bored, and Major Tilly Haggens came to the rescue. The captain's dark hint had set them all staring at one another.

"Some of our partners in this struggle make me think of an old Scottish story I got from McIntire in York," said he. "There was an old farmer went to the elders to get his tokens for the Sacrament, and they propounded him his questions. 'What's your view of Adam?' says they: 'what kind of a mon?' 'Well,' says the farmer, 'I think Adam was like Jack Simpson the horse trader. Varra few got anything by him, an' a mony lost.'"

The captain laughed gayly as if with a sense of proprietorship in the joke. "'T is old Scotland all over," he acknowledged, and then his face grew stern again.

"Your loud talkers are the gadflies that hurry the slowest oxen," he warned the little audience. "And we have to remember that if those who would rob America of her liberties should still prevail, we all sit here with halters round our necks!" Which caused the spirits of the company to sink so low that again the cheerful major tried to succor it.

"Shall we drink to The Ladies?" he suggested, with fine though unexpected courtesy; and they drank as if it were the first toast of the evening.

"We are in the middle of a great war now, and must do the best we can," said Hamilton, as if he wished to make peace about his table. "Last summer when things were at the darkest, Sam Adams came riding down to Exeter to plead with Mr. Gilman for money and troops on the part of New Hampshire. The Treasurer was away, and Madam Gilman saw his great anxiety and the tears rolling down his cheeks, and heard him groan aloud as he paced to and fro in the room. 'O my God!' says he, 'and must we give it all up!' When Madam Gilman told me there were tears in her own eyes, and I vow that I was

fired as I had never been before, — I have loved the man ever since ; I called him a stirrer up of frenzies once, but it fell upon my heart that, after all, 't is men like Sam Adams who hold us to our duty."

"I cannot envy Sam Curwen his travels in rural England, or Gray that he moves in the best London society, but Mr. Hancock writes me 't is thought all our best men have left us," said Judge Chadbourne.

"'T is a very genteel company now at Bristol," said John Lord.

"I hear that the East India Company is in terrible difficulties, and her warehouses in London are crammed to bursting with the tea that we have refused to drink. If they only had sense enough to lift the tax, we should soon drink all their troubles dry," said Colonel Hamilton.

"'T is not because we hate England, but because we love her that we are hurt so deep," said Mr. Hill. "When a man's mother is jealous because he prospers, and turns against him, it is worst of all."

"Send your young men to sea !" cried Captain Paul Jones, who had no patience with the resettling of questions already left far behind. "Send me thoroughbred lads like your dainty young Walingford ! You must all understand how little can be done with this poor basket of a Ranger against a well-furnished British man-of-war. My reverend friend here has his heart in the matter. I myself have flung away friends and fortune for my adopted country, and she has been but a stingy young stepmother to me. I go to fight her cause on the shores that gave me birth ; I trample some dear recollections under foot, and she haggles with me all summer over a paltry vessel none too smart for a fisherman, and sends me to sea in her with my gallant crew. You all know that the Ranger is crank built, and her timbers not first class, — her thin sails are

but coarse hessings, with neither a spare sheet, nor stuff to make it, and there's not even room aboard for all her guns. I sent four six-pounders ashore out of her this very day so that we can train the rest. 'T is some of your pretty Tories that have picked our knots as fast as we tied them, and some jealous hand chose poor planking for our decks and rotten red-oak knees for the frame. But, thank God, she's a vessel at last ! I would sail for France in a gundelow, so help me Heaven ! and once in France I shall have a proper man-of-war."

There was a chorus of approval and applause ; the listeners were deeply touched and roused ; they all wished to hear something of the captain's plans, but he returned to the silver tumbler of claret, and sat for a moment as if considering ; his head was held high, and his eyes flashed with excitement as he looked up at the high cornice of the room. He had borne the name of the Sea Wolf ; in that moment of excitement he looked ready to spring upon any foe, but to the disappointment of every one he said no more.

"The country is drained now of ready money," said young Lord despondently ; "this war goes on, as it must go on, at great sacrifice. The reserves must come out, — those who make excuse and the only sons, and even men like me, turned off at first for lack of health. We meet the strain sadly in this little town ; we have done the best we could on the river, sir, in fitting out your frigate, but you must reflect upon our situation."

The captain could not resist a comprehensive glance at the richly furnished table and stately dining room of his host, and there was not a man who saw it who did not flush with resentment.

"We are poorly off for stores," he said bitterly, "and nothing takes down the courage of a seaman like poor fare. I found to-day that we had only thirty gallons of spirits for the whole crew." At which melancholy information Ma-

jor Haggens's kind heart could not forbear a groan.

General Goodwin waved his hand and took his turn to speak with much dignity.

"This is the first time that we have all been guests at this hospitable board in many long weeks," he announced gravely. "There is no doubt about the propriety of republican simplicity, or our readiness to submit to it, though our Berwick traditions have taught us otherwise. But I see reason to agree with our friend and former townsman, Judge Sullivan, who lately answered John Adams for his upbraiding of President Hancock's generous way of doing things. He insists that such open hospitality is to be praised when consistent with the means of the host, and that when the people are anxious and depressed it is important to the public cheerfulness."

"T is true. James Sullivan is right," said Major Haggens; "we are not at Poverty's back door either. You will still find a glass of decent wine in every gentleman's house in old Berwick and a mug of honest cider by every farmer's fireside. We may lack foreign luxuries, but we can well sustain ourselves. This season has found many women active in the fields, where our men have dropped the hoe to take the old swords again that were busy in the earlier wars."

"We have quelled the savage, but the wars of civilization are not less to be dreaded," said the good minister.

"War is but war," said Colonel Hamilton. "Let us drink to Peace, gentlemen!" and they all drank heartily; but Paul Jones looked startled; the war might really end without having served his own purpose.

"Nature has made a hero of him," said the judge to his neighbor, as they saw and read the emotion of the captain's look. "Circumstances have now given him the command of men and a great opportunity. We shall see the result."

"Yet 't is a contemptible force of ship and men, to think of striking terror along the strong coasts of England," observed Mr. Hill to the parson, who answered him with sympathy; and the talk broke up and was only between man and man, while the chief thought of every one was upon the venison, — a fine saddle that had come down the week before from the north country about the Saco intervalles.

III.

"Your friend General Sullivan has had his defamers, but he goes to prove himself one of our ablest men," said Paul Jones to Hamilton. "I grieve to see that his old father, that lofty spirit and fine wit, is not with us to-night. Yes, Sullivan is a great man and soldier."

"There is something in descent," said Hamilton eagerly. "They come of a line of fighting men famous in the Irish struggles. John Sullivan's grandfather was with Patrick Sarsfield, the great Earl of Lucan, at Limerick, and the master himself, if all tales are true, was much involved in the early plots of the old Pretender. No, sir, he was not out in the '15; he was a student at that time in France, but I dare say ready to lend himself to anything that brought revenge upon England."

"Commend me to your ancient sage the master," said the captain. "I wish we might have had him here to-night. When we last dined here together he spoke not only of our unfortunate King James the Third, but of the great Prince of Conti and Louis Quatorze as if he had seen them yesterday. He was close to many great events in France."

"You speak of our old Master Sullivan," said Major Haggens eagerly, edging his chair a little nearer. "Yes, he knew all those great Frenchmen as he knows his Virgil and Tully; we are all

his pupils here, old men and young; he is master of a little school on Pine Hill; there is no better scholar and gentleman in New England."

"Or Old England either," added Judge Chadbourne.

"They say that he had four countesses to his grandmothers, and that his grandfathers were lords of Beare and Bantry, and princes of Ireland," said the major. "His father was banished to France by the Stuarts, and died from a duel there, and the master was brought up in one of their great colleges in Paris where his house held a scholarship. He was reared among the best men of his time. As for his coming here there are many old stories; some say 't was being found in some treasonable plot, and some that 'twas for the sake of a lady whom his mother would not let him stoop to marry. He vowed that she should never see his face again; all his fortunes depended on his mother, so he fled the country."

"With the lady?" asked the captain, with interest, and pushing along the decanter of Madeira.

"No," said the major, stopping to fill his own glass as if it were a pledge of remembrance. "No, he came to old York a bachelor, to the farm of the McIntires, Royalist exiles in the old Cromwell times, and worked there with his hands until some one asked him if he could write a letter, and he wrote it in seven languages. Then the minister, old Mr. Moody, planted him in our grammar school. There had been great lack in all this region of classical teaching for those who would be college bred, and since that early year he has kept his school for lads and now and then for a bright girl or two like Miss Mary Hamilton, and her mother before her."

"One such man who knows the world and holds that rarest jewel, the teacher's gift, can uplift a whole community," said the captain, with enthusiasm. "I see now the cause of such difference between

your own and other early planted towns. Master Sullivan has proved himself a nobler prince and leader than any of his ancestry. But what of the lady? I heard many tales of him before I possessed the pleasure of his acquaintance, and so heard them with indifference."

"He had to wife a pretty child of the ship's company, an orphan whom he befriended, and later married. She was sprightly and of great beauty in her youth, and was dowered with all the energy in practical things that he had been denied," said the judge. "She came of plain peasant stock, but the poor soul has a noble heart. She flouts his idleness at one moment, and bewails their poverty, and then falls on her knees to worship him the next, and is as proud as if she had married the lord of the manor at home. The master lacked any true companionship until he bred it for himself. It has been a solitary life and hermitage for either an Irish adventurer or a French scholar and courtier."

"The master can rarely be tempted now from the little south window where he sits with his few books," said Hamilton. "I lived neighbor to him all my young days. Not long ago he went to visit his son James, and walked out with him to see the village at the falls of the Saco. There was an old woman lately come over from Ireland with her grandchildren; they said she remembered things in Charles the Second's time, and was above a hundred years of age. James Sullivan, the judge, thinking to amuse his father, stopped before the house, and out came the old creature, and fell upon her knees. 'My God! 't is the young Prince of Ardea!' says she. 'Oh, I mind me well of your lady mother, sir; 't was in Derry I was born, but I lived a year in Ardea, and yourself was a pretty man busy with your courting!' The old man burst into tears. 'Let us go, James,' says he, 'or this will break my heart!' but he stopped and said a few words to her in a whisper, and gave

the old body his blessing and all that was in his poor purse. He would listen to her no more. 'We need not speak of youth,' he told her; 'we remember it only too well!' A man told me this who stood by and heard the whole."

"'T was most affecting; it spurs the imagination," said the captain. "If I had but an hour to spare I should ride to see him once more, even by night. You will carry the master my best respects, some of you."

"One last glass, gentlemen, to our noble cause! We may never sit in pleasant company again," he added, and they all rose in their places and stood about the table.

"*Haud heigh*, my old auntie used to say to me at home. Aim high 's the English of it. She was of the bold clan of the MacDuffs, and 't is my own motto in these anxious days. Good-by, gentlemen all!" said the little captain. "I ask for your kind wishes and your prayers."

They all looked at Hamilton, and then at one another, but nobody took it upon himself to speak, so they shook hands warmly and drank their last toast in silence and with deep feeling. It was time to join the ladies; already there was a sound of music across the hall in a great room which had been cleared for the dancing.

IV.

While the guests went in to supper, Mary Hamilton, safe in the shelter of friendly shadows, went hurrying along the upper hall of the house to her own chamber. The coming moon was already brightening the eastern sky, so that when she opened the door, the large room with its white hangings was all dimly lighted from without, and she could see the figure of a girl standing at one of the windows.

"Oh, you are here!" she cried, with sharp anxiety, and then they leaned out

together, with their arms about each other's shoulders, looking down at the dark cove and at the height beyond where the tops of tall pines were silvered like a cloud. They could hear the gentlemen's voices, as if they were all talking together, in the room below.

Mary looked at her friend's face in the dim light. There were some who counted Miss Elizabeth Wyat as great a beauty as Mary Hamilton.

"Oh, Betsey dear, I can hardly bear to ask, but tell me quick now what you have heard! I must go down to Peggy; she has attempted everything for this last feast, and I promised her to trim the game pie for its proud appearing, and the great plum cake. One of her maids is ill, and she is in such a flurry!"

"'T was our own maids talking," answered Betsey Wyat slowly. "They were on the bleaching green with their linen this morning, the sun was so hot, and I was near by among the barberry bushes in the garden. And Thankful Grant was sobbing, in great distress. She said that her young man had put himself in danger; he was under a vow to come out with the mob from Dover any night now that the signal called them, to attack Madam Wallingford's house and make Mr. Roger declare his principles. They were sure he was a Tory fast enough, and they meant to knock the old nest to pieces; they are bidden to be ready with their tools; their axes, she said, and something for a torch. Thankful begged him to feign illness, but he said he did not dare, and would go with the rest at any rate. She said she had fronted him with the remembrance how madam had paid his wages all last summer when he was laid by, though the hurt he got was not done in her service, but breaking his own colt on a Sunday. But nothing changed him; he said he was all for Liberty, and would not play the sneak now."

"Oh, how cruel! when nobody has been so kind and generous as Madam

Wallingford, so full of thought for the poor!" exclaimed Mary. "And Roger" —

"He would like it better if you thought first of him, not of his mother," said Betsey Wyat reproachfully.

"What can be done? It may be this very night," said Mary in a voice of despair.

"The only thing left is to declare his principles. Things have gone so far now, they will never give him any peace. Many have come to the belief that he is in close league with our enemies."

"That he has never been!" said Mary hotly.

"He must prove it to the doubting patriots, then; so my father says."

"But not to a mob of rascals, who will be disappointed if they cannot vex their betters, and ruin an innocent woman's home, and spoil her peace only to show their power. Oh, Betty, what in the world shall we do? There is no place left for those who will take neither side. Oh, help me to think what we shall do; the mob may be there this very night! There was a strange crowd about the Landing just now, when the captain came. I dare not send any one across the river with such a message but old Cæsar or Peggy, and they are not to be spared from the house. I trust none of the younger people, black or white, when it comes to this."

"But he was safe in Portsmouth to-day; they will watch for his being at home; it will not be to-night, then," said Betsey Wyat hopefully. "I think that he should have spoken long ago if only to protect his mother."

"Get ready now, and make yourself very fine," said Mary at last. "The people will all be coming for the dance long before supper is done. My brother was angry when I told him I should not sit at the table, but I could not. There is nobody to make it gay afterward with all our beaux gone to the camp at Cambridge; but Captain Paul Jones begged

hard for some dancing, and all the girls are coming, — the Hills and Hights, and the Lords from Somersworth. I must manage to tell my brother of this danger, but to openly protect Madam Wallingford would be openly taking the wrong side, and who will follow him in such a step?"

"I could not pass the great window on the stairs without looking out in fear that madam's house would be all ablaze," whispered Betsey Wyat, shuddering. "There have been such dreadful things done against the Tories in Salem and Boston!"

"My heart is stone cold with fear," said Mary Hamilton; "yet if it only does not come to-night there may be something done."

There was a silence between the friends; they clung to each other; it was not the first time that youth and beauty knew the harsh blows of war. The loud noise of the river falls came beating into the room, echoing back from the high pines across the water. "We must make us fine, dear, and get ready for the dancing; I have no heart for it now, I am so frightened," said Mary sadly. "But get you ready; we must do the best we can."

"You are the only one who can do anything," said little Betsey Wyat, holding her back a moment from the door. They were both silent again as a great peal of laughter sounded from below. Just then the moon came up, clear of the eastern hill, and flooded all the room.

V.

An hour later there was a soft night wind blowing through the garden trees, flavored with the salt scent of the tide and the fragrance of the upland pastures and pine woods. Mary Hamilton came alone to a great arched window of the drawing-room. The lights were bright, the house looked eager for its

gayeties, and there was a steady sound of voices at the supper, but she put them all behind her with impatience. She stood hesitating for a moment, and then sat down on the broad window seat to breathe the pleasant air. Betsey Wyat in the north parlor was softly touching the notes of some old country song on the spinet.

The young mistress of the house leaned her head wearily on her hand as she looked down the garden terraces to the river. She wished the long evening were at an end, but she must somehow manage to go through its perils and further all the difficult gayeties of the hour. She looked back once into the handsome empty room, and turned again toward the quiet garden. Below, on the second terrace, it was dark with shadows; there were some huge plants of box that stood solid and black, while the rose-bushes and young peach trees were but a gray mist of twigs. At the end of the terrace were some thick lilacs with a few leaves still clinging in the mild weather to shelter a man who stood there, watching Mary Hamilton as she watched the shadows and the brightening river.

There was the sharp crying of a violin from the slaves' dwellings over beyond the house. It was plain to any person of experience that the brief time of rest and informality after the evening feast would soon be over, and that the dancing was about to begin. The call of the fiddle seemed to have been heard not only through the house, but in all its neighborhood. There were voices coming down the hill and a rowboat rounding the point with a merry party. From the rooms above, gay voices helped to break the silence, while the last touches were being given to high-dressed heads and gay-colored evening gowns. But Mary Hamilton did not move until she saw a tall figure step out from among the lilacs into the white moonlight and come quickly along the lower terrace and up the steps

toward the window where she was sitting. It was Mr. Roger Wallingford.

"I must talk with you," said he, forgetting to speak softly in his eagerness. "I waited for a minute to be sure there was nobody with you; I am in no trim to make one of your gay company to-night. Quick, Mary; I must speak to you alone!"

The girl had started as one does when a face comes suddenly out of the dark. She stood up and pushed away the curtain for a moment and looked behind her, then shrank into a deep alcove at the side, within the arch. She stepped forward next moment, and held the window sill with one hand as if she feared to let go her hold. The young man bent his head and kissed her tense fingers.

"I cannot talk with you now. You are sure to be found here; I hoped you were still in Portsmouth. Go,—'t is your only safety to go away!" she protested.

"What has happened? Oh, come out for a moment, Mary," he answered, speaking quietly enough, but with much insistence in his imploring tone. "I must see you to-night; it is my only chance."

She nodded and warned him back, and, tossing aside the curtain, turned again toward the lighted room, where sudden footsteps had startled her.

There were several guests coming in, a little perplexed, to seek their hostess, but the slight figure of Captain Paul Jones in his brilliant uniform was first at hand. The fair head turned toward him not without eagerness, and the watcher outside saw his lady smile and go readily away. It was hard enough to have patience out there in the moonlight night, until the first country dances could reach their weary end. He stood for a moment full in the light that shone from the window, his heart beating within him in heavy strokes, and then, as if there were no need of prudence, went straight along the terrace to the broad grassy

court at the house's front. There was a white balustrade along the farther side, at the steep edge of the bank, and he passed the end of it and went a few steps down. The river shone below under the elms, the tide was just at the beginning of its full flood, there was a short hour at best before the ebb. Roger Wallingford folded his arms, and stood waiting with what plain patience he could gather. The shrill music jarred harshly upon his ear.

The dancing went on, there were gay girls enough, but little Betsey Wyat, that dear and happy heart, had only solemn old Jack Hamilton to her partner, and pretty Martha Hill was coquetting with the venerable judge. These were also the works of war, and some of the poor lads who had left their ladies, to fight for the rights of the colonies, would never again tread a measure in the great room at Hamilton's. Perhaps Roger Wallingford himself might not take his place at the dancing any more. He walked to and fro with his eyes ever upon the doorway, and two by two the company came in turn to stand there and to look out upon the broad river and the moon. The fiddles had a trivial sound, and the slow night breeze and the heavy monotone of the falls mocked at them, while from far down the river there came a cry of herons disturbed in their early sleep about the fishing weirs, and the mocking laughter of a loon. Nature seemed to be looking on contemptuously at the silly pleasantries of men. Nature was aware of graver things than fiddles and the dance; it seemed that night as if the time for such childish follies had passed forever from the earth.

There must have been many a moment when Mary Hamilton could have slipped away, and a cold impatience vexed the watcher's heart. At last looking up toward the bright house, his eyes were held by a light figure that was coming round from the courtyard that lay between the house and its long row

of outbuildings. He was quickly up the bank, but the figure had already flitted across the open space a little way beyond.

"Roger!" he heard her call to him. "Where are you?" and he hurried along the bank to meet her.

"Let us go farther down," she said sharply; "they may find us if they come straying out between the dances to see the moon," and she passed him quickly, running down the bank and out beyond the edge of the elm trees' shadow to the great rock that broke the curving shore. Here she stood and faced him, against the wide background of the river; her dress glimmered strangely white, and he could see the bright paste buckle in one of her dancing shoes as the moonlight touched her. He came a step nearer, perplexed by such silence and unwonted coldness, but waited for her to speak, though he had begged this moment for his own errand.

"What do you want, Roger?" she asked impatiently; but the young man could not see that she was pressing both hands against her heart. She was out of breath and excited as she never had been before, but she stood there insistent as he, and held herself remote in dignity from their every-day ease and lifelong habit of companionship.

"Oh, Mary!" said young Roger, his voice breaking with the uncertainty of his sorrow, "have you no kind word for me? I have had a terrible day in Portsmouth, and I came to tell you;" but still she did not speak, and he hung his head.

"Forgive me, dear," he said, "I do not understand you; but whatever it is, forgive me, so we may be friends again."

"I forgive you," said the girl. "How is it with your own conscience; can you find it so easy to forgive yourself?"

"I am ashamed of nothing," said Wallingford, and he lifted his handsome head proudly and gazed at her in wonder. "But tell me my fault, and I shall do my best to mend. Perhaps a man in such love and trouble as I —

"You shall not speak to me of love," said Mary Hamilton, drawing back; then she came nearer with a reckless step, as if to show him how little she thought of his presence. "You are bringing danger and sorrow to those who should count upon your manliness. In another night your mother's house may be in flames. Do not speak to me of your poor scruples any more, and as for love" —

"But it is all I have to say!" pleaded the young man. "It is all my life and thought! I do not know what you mean by these wild tales of danger. I am not going to be driven away from my rights; I must stand my own ground."

"Give me some proof that you are your country's friend and not her foe. I am tired of the old arguments! I am the last to have you cry upon patriotism because you are afraid. I cannot tell you all I know, but, indeed, there is danger; I beg you to declare yourself now; this very night! Oh, Roger, *it is the only way!*" and Mary could speak no more. She was trembling with fright and passion; something shook her so that she could hardly give sound to her voice; all her usual steadiness was gone.

"My love has come to be the whole of life," said Roger Wallingford slowly. "I am here to show you how much I love you, though you think that I have been putting you to shame. All day I have been closeted with Mr. Langdon and the officers in Portsmouth. I have told them the truth, that my heart and my principles were all against this war, and I would not be driven by any man living; but I have come to see that since there is a war and a division my place is with my countrymen. Listen, dear! I shall take your challenge since you throw it down," and his face grew hard and pale. "I am going to sail on board the *Ranger*, and she sails to-morrow. There was a commission still in Mr. Langdon's hands, and he gave it me, but your noble captain took it upon

himself to object. I have been ready to give it up at every step when I was alone again, riding home from Portsmouth; I could not beg any man's permission, and we parted in a heat. Now I go to say farewell to my poor mother, and I fear 't will break her heart. I can even make my own peace with the commander if 't is your pleasure. Will this prove to you that I am a true American? I came to tell you this."

"To-morrow, to sail on board the *Ranger*," she repeated under her breath. She gave a strange sigh of relief, and looked up at the lighted house as if she were dreaming. Then a thought came over her and turned her sick with dread. If Paul Jones should refuse; if he should say that he dared not risk the presence of a man who was believed to be so close to the Tory plots! The very necessities of danger must hold her resolute while she shrank, womanlike, from the harsh immediateness of decision. For if Paul Jones should refuse this officer, and being in power should turn him back at the very last, there lay ready the awful opportunity of the mob, and Roger Wallingford was a ruined man and an exile from that time.

"You shall not give one thought to that adventurer!" cried the angry lover, whose quick instinct knew where Mary's thoughts had gone. "He has boldness enough, but only for his own advance. He makes light jokes of those" —

"Stop; I must hear no more!" said the young queen coldly. "It would ill befit you now. Farewell for the present; I go to speak with the captain. I have duties to my guests," but the tears shone in her eyes. She was for flitting past him like a fawn, as they climbed the high bank together. The pebbles rattled down under their hurrying feet, and the dry elm twigs snapped as if with fire, but Wallingford kept close at her side.

"Oh, my darling!" he said, and his changed voice easily enough touched her

heart and made her stand still. "Do not forgive me, then, until you have better reason to trust me. Only do not say that I must never speak. We may be together now for the last time; I may never see you again."

"If you can bear you like a man, if you can take a man's brave part" — and again her voice fell silent.

"Then I may come?"

"Then you may come, Mr. Wallingford," she answered proudly.

For one moment his heart was warm with the happiness of hope, — she herself stood irresolute, — but they heard heavy footsteps, and she was gone from his vision like a flash of light.

Then the pain and seizure of his fate were upon him, the break with his old life and all its conditions. Love would now walk ever by his side, though Mary Hamilton herself had gone. She had not even given him her dear hand at parting.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(To be continued.)

THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA.

THE part which the great powers are now compelled to play in the far East recalls with new urgency the important question of the future of Russia. It is a question the answer to which involves the consideration of many complex elements. Chief among these are the ethnic differentia which make Russia more or less of a mystery even for experts. In the Indo-European theory she belongs anthropologically to the modern civilizations. Yet her affinities with Asia hold her apart from the West by removes which even her prodigious efforts to become modern cannot obliterate. Still more isolated from the rest of Europe is she by her historical experiences, as well as by those peculiar geographical conditions which have exerted so decisive an influence upon the character and development of her political system. It is thus worth while to glance for a moment at some of the secular causes which, while not preventing the "Europeanization" of her cultured classes, have none the less seriously delayed the assimilation of her people as a whole to those world powers with which, for the settlement of planetary

problems, it is now her ambition to co-operate.

Among the potent influences of contour and condition which have presided over the development of Russia are those which, excluding her from every form of oceanic empire, have restricted her colonizing activities to a process of expansion over land. The map shows her everywhere in sight of the ocean without possessing any real control over it. The Black and Caspian seas are to-day inland lakes, the latter being absolutely isolated, the former accessible only through a difficult channel open or closed at the will of the power dominant in Constantinople. Ice makes the upper Baltic unnavigable nearly eight months of every year: the passage through it, moreover, into the North Sea is at any time at the mercy of the nation commanding the straits between Denmark and Sweden. So far as the Pacific outlet is concerned, we may estimate its strategic value by remembering its northern situation and extreme distance from the heart of the empire. Russia thus finds herself separated from the sea almost as completely at the end of her

expanding movement as she did at the beginning of her national life more than a thousand years ago. Nor has she failed to benefit from the isolation. Is not her greatness itself partly due to the fact that she has been enabled to accumulate her resources, not only with little resistance from the first-class fighting nations of the world, but also at a distance from the contending states of modern Europe? That she has no ocean frontage has for ages been her bulwark. Bounded on the north by the inaccessible polar sea; on the east by the Pacific, long unfurrowed by hostile fleets; on the west by the Baltic and the Gulf of Bothnia; on the southwest by the Carpathians and her natural ally, the composite Austro-Hungarian empire; on the south by the Black Sea, the Sick Man of Europe, the hordes of Central Asia and the Chinese civilization, Russia has been almost as safe from the aggression of any one power as if her lot had been cast in another planet.

Yet her lack of maritime experience — the chief result of her isolation from the sea — has an inner meaning of great significance. For the peoples of the West the open ocean was either an irresistible lure, perpetually stimulating to enterprise and adventure, or a rude assailant whose destructive moods schooled men to the temper while it trained them to the habit of resistance. To southern Europe nature gave the deeply indented shore lines whose connecting Mediterranean waters have had so fateful an influence, not only upon the course of history, but also upon the development of human thought. Some, at least, of the Western peoples drew from a mountainous surrounding, with its altitude, its variety, its inaccessibility, not only independence of spirit, but also originality of mind. What might not be expected from nations nurtured by the "mighty voices," as Wordsworth calls them, of sea and mountain? But the Russians were not thus favored.

With the same nature for a nurse, another cradle was theirs; they were crooned over by another music. Their home for centuries was the boundless plain, with its far-off horizons; amid the sighing of the forests, the sighing of the steppe, they were to come to their maturity as a people. But they were not to be in any considerable degree a sessile race. Their early experiences as a people had implanted within their veins the migrating instinct: it had needed only the magic touch of the Varyágs to start them on the march. Westward they could not go; a West already settled forbade it. But to the East there were tribes and *peuplades* with but slight tenure upon the soil, — agricultural races like the Finns, who lent themselves easily to absorption, or nomad peoples that needed only the thrust of a virile nationality to be pushed back into Central Asia, if not swept from the map altogether. The stimulus to expansion would come no less from the tree-clad north than from the open steppes of the south land; the forest enabled them to hold against all comers the territories they won; the unobstructed plain provided facilities for movement which made it the historic marching ground of the nation. And so complete a use was made of the opportunities afforded that the Russians reached the Pacific in a little over seventy years.

But the movement used up energies some of which an equally enterprising people, occupying a smaller country, would have spent in urban and institutional development. It is to some extent because of the lateness and rapidity of her expansion, thus consummated overland, that we look to Russia in vain for any considerable urban life. A people constantly on the move cannot pause often or long enough by the way to build up that splendid array of cities which constitutes so characteristic a feature of west-European civilization.

Yet it was conditions more potent than the horizontality of her plains, than the migrating tendencies of her people, which for so many centuries held Russia a stage nearer than her western neighbors to the nomad life which it was her destiny to displace. The presence of an enormous extent of soil suited to agriculture, the economic needs of an increasing population fitted only to gain its livelihood from the soil, the plentiful supply of slaves taken in war, and the sum total of the conditions which, perpetuating the peasant class, isolated it permanently from the culture, as well as from the state of well-being which cities make possible, if they do not always insure, — it is causes like these which have helped to deprive Russia of those opportunities of a well-developed urban life that are indispensable to the growth of free institutions. And it is this deprivation which must have had far more influence in accustoming the masses of the Russian people to the idea of political subjection, in extending their tolerance of autocratic power, than any which could be exerted by the local circumstances of a personal lot, however difficult, or by the tyranny of an impersonal climate, however rigorous or long continued.

The conditions which retarded the culture development of Russia are also significant. That a nation continually expanding eastward should have had her face continually turned in that direction goes without the saying. But the Russian Slavs were looking also toward Byzantium, from which they had received not only their faith, but also their secular instruction: in adopting a religious system antipathetic to their Slav congeners of Polish nationality, who were of the Roman Catholic faith, they closed up the main line of the road which western culture would otherwise have taken. Some part of the intellectual estrangement of the Russian mind from Europe must be attrib-

uted to geographical position; the larger effect was undoubtedly produced not only by religion, but also by language. The influence of Russian speech was wholly isolating. Even when its words have been transliterated into Latin equivalents, the elements disclosed are found, on the whole, and with the exception of a few simple terms, to present few of those likenesses which, connecting words belonging to other and distinct members of the Indo-European family, make an acquaintance with one of those languages a means to the easy acquirement of all the rest. And when, to the obstacle of the nature of the Russian words themselves was added the obscuring influence of the script — of the strange characters in which such words are written and printed — the chasm thus erected between Russian and west-European modes of thought became, for all ordinary purposes of international intercourse, impassable. After the invention of printing, it was the visible affinities of language rather than the hidden and abstract affinities of race upon which the whole intellectual solidarity of the peoples of western Europe finally rested. The Poles and southern Slavs had the good fortune to connect their culture with that of the West through books and newspapers printed in Roman letters; compared with the value of this instrument of assimilation, the type of Christianity they adopted was of minor importance. The Russian Slav had no such compensation. By receiving his faith from Constantinople rather than from Rome, he bound himself to models of literature and types of political conduct dictated from Byzantium; by clothing his Indo-European speech in the worn-out garments of Ecclesiastical Slavonic, he severed his people from the currents of western thought with a barrier more formidable than any mountain chain, more unrelenting than any imperial ukaz.

The wholly special character of Rus-

sian history, and not a little of its peculiar interest, comes from just this separation from the West, which physical situation, Greek faith, and language combined to maintain. It is only when we think of the peoples of western Europe talking languages mutually intelligible, or so nearly related as to be easily acquired by all the peoples concerned, that we begin to appreciate how much the Russians lost from their exclusion, not from the religious wars of the sixteenth century, nor yet from the crusades, or even from the struggle between the papal and the civil power, but from the intellectual movement which swept through the West, reinvigorating every department of human thought, and carrying the tide of its results even as far as the temples and cathedrals of Moscow, yet leaving there no more than the outward show of a renaissance which elsewhere seemed to recreate the inner life of individual and nation. Unconnected with the joyous ebullition of feeling which gave rise to German minnesinger and French troubadour; sharing little in the burst of genius which filled all the western countries with the names of Michel Angelo, Raphael, Correggio; without part in the literary revival that made common European property of the writings of Dante and Ariosto and Tasso in Italy, of Cervantes and Lope de Vega and Calderon in Spain, of Camoëns in Portugal, and of Shakespeare in England, — the Russians could make none of the contributions to human thought and progress which elsewhere came less from any individual people than from the European family of nations, none the less unified by common intellectual interests because politically so far apart.

If the young Slavonia was ill fitted to play the part of nurse to the physical sciences, still less prepared was she to act as the midwife of philosophy. Achievements like the discovery of printing, the invention of the telescope, were for the west-European, not for the Rus-

sian intellect. From the trading republics of Nóvgorod, Vyatka, and Pskov, successful merchants might go forth in hundreds; but the enterprise was necessarily of a kind other than that which gave to the world its great navigators, headed by Columbus, or turned its attention to the vaster cosmic revelations of a Copernicus, a Kepler, or a Galileo. Even in education, the Russian people were denied that solidarity of culture which was secured to the countries of Europe by the university system as early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It was this living contact of nation with nation which, by preserving the continuity of the Græco-Roman learning, made each of its inheritors a collaborator in the civilization of all the rest. And it was the absence of it that helped to keep Russia, throughout the period of her youth, under the tutelage of an eastern culture which satisfied her religious longings without yielding scope for her intellectual development.

The long-delayed assimilation of Russia to the West came at last, yet the partial nature of the process resulted in the division of the Russian people into hostile camps, — camps which opposed culture to ignorance, and superstition to rational faith. If the changes introduced by Peter the Great could have affected all the people in like degree, the civilization of the West would have brought to the peasants, loyal to the autocratic system, a desire for free institutions similar to that with which it inspired the cultured classes. But the peculiar conditions which prevailed made this simultaneous advance of the educated minority and the ignorant masses an impossibility. The common people obtained from European culture simply the external forms of our modern civilization, — improvements in the comforts and conveniences of life: at first, improved architecture, better sanitary arrangements; then steam engines, railways, telegraphs, agricultural machinery, etc., — and thus remained,

as before, ignorant, superstitious, and politically apathetic. For the cultured classes, on the other hand, Peter's reforms exerted an enormous stimulus, arousing in susceptible minds not only the desire for individual perfection, but also the ambition for a national progress — intellectual, political, religious — never before dreamt of. And since the reformer's time these two classes have been growing farther and farther apart, — here a class politically competent, yet rendered powerless for good by mere lack of numbers; there a class uncultured and unprogressive, yet dowered with the power of determining that all the people of Russia, cultured as well as ignorant, shall live under an autocratic system.

The protest of the cultured classes against this state of things came in the revolutionary movement, and though the acute phases of that movement are over, the tragedy of the situation remains. This situation not only discloses a profound antagonism of interest between the educated classes who want reform, and the peasants who thus far loyally support the autocratic régime; it raises the vital issue of Russia's rank as related to the other powers with whom in world problems it is so manifestly her ambition to coöperate. For when we turn to her internal life, we find that in respect of both political and religious institutions she is not only not modern, but that she is living at least four hundred years *en retard* as compared with western Europe. How largely her home problems have been neglected may be seen in the fact that, in portions of the empire, such as Great-Russia, the percentage of illiteracy rises as high as ninety-four per cent. Her land system, upon which depend the occupation and sustenance of the great bulk of her people, has now reached a condition of crisis, the feverish pulse beats of which are periodically announced to the world in rhythmically recurring famines. Russia supports, in her mediæval church, a su-

perstitious and unprogressive religion, repudiated in form by millions of her uneducated, rejected in substance and outright by most of her subjects who have any claim to culture. She is to-day, moreover, as devoid of free institutions as she was in the days of Iván the Terrible; after ages of contact with Europe, she accepts the will of her autocrat, intrenched in the loyalty of her peasants, as the supreme law. Not one of her 150,000,000 people has the slightest voice in determining her home or her foreign policies. Fearing free discussion far more than the plague, her absolutist régime punishes alike the political aspirations of her educated minority and that religious dissent of her masses which dares to diverge from the prescribed faith of the Orthodox Church. Denying to the political and religious offender the right of trial by jury, elsewhere centuries old, Russia refuses to press and platform privileges granted even to the Maoris of New Zealand, and maintains in the "administrative process" the same odious system of *lettres de cachet* as that which in the eighteenth century provoked against France the indignation of all Europe.

The condition of her agriculture would alone suggest the internal weakness which underlies much of the brave show Russia is still enabled to make to the world as a first-class military power. Forty years after emancipation, the industry and loyalty of the peasant continue to constitute the chief support of the Russian system. Not only do the peasantry maintain the autocratic form of government; they contribute the great bulk of the expenditure of the empire. It is, moreover, from the ranks of the agriculturists that the Russian armies are recruited; it is the brawn and brain developed in the Russian villages which have enabled the colonizer of the north-east to carry the Russian flag far eastward toward the Pacific; from the same source have issued the pluck and

dash which have wrested the bulk of Central Asia from the nomad, and have made its desert blossom like a garden. Yet the peasants of Russia are poorer as a class than they were before 1861. Thus far splendidly responsive to the plans of military generals, they seem to be growing less and less able to take care of themselves. Feeders of empire, they themselves are compelled to live from hand to mouth; in years of want they die of hunger by thousands. Meanwhile, the conditions of agriculture, of really vital interest in Russia, are steadily going from bad to worse. Repeated failures of the crops in certain districts, alternating with an occasional great famine, such as that of 1891-92, as well as the later only less severe visitation of 1898, show that the economical conditions on which the masses of the Russian people depend for their livelihood, and the autocratic régime so largely for its income, are even now in imminent danger of collapse.

To this source of weakness, moreover, must be added the reactionary measures which have gone far toward nullifying not only the benefits conferred by the emancipation act, but also the other reforms with which it was accompanied. For the peasant did not long enjoy the status fixed for him by the legislation of 1861. It was the purpose of the act of that year not only to emancipate the working agriculturist, but also to free him from the guardianship and authority exercised, — now as police officer, now as judge, and again as general agent of the state, — which the manorial lords had exercised since the beginning of the eighteenth century. The emancipation decree formally deprived this class of all further participation in the affairs of the peasant commune; yet by various acts of subsequent legislation, the government has readmitted them to the functions from which they were ousted in 1861. The first sign of this reaction manifested itself in the changed

character of the "arbitrators of the peace," — officers whom the government had intrusted with the duty of mediating between the peasants and the landowning class, in questions such as the allotment of land arising out of emancipation. These functionaries, at first chosen from the best representatives of the nobility, gradually became venal and corrupt. In 1874 the duties of this class were transferred to police officials known as *isprávniki*; while in 1889 the government returned to power over the peasantry certain members of the nobility, as paid state officers, under the title of *nachálniki*, "chiefs of the rural cantons," and these officers now wield unlimited judicial and executive power in the villages committed to their care. The press is forbidden, under severe penalties, to publish complaints against them, and they consequently have in their own hands all appeals which may be made against their decisions: such responsibility as they acknowledge is a merely nominal and official one to the governor of the province. With the appointment of the peasant judges under his control, with power to compel the peasant to work on his estate, as well as to flog the man at his will, the *nachálnik* of to-day seems to play a part not greatly unlike that exercised by the manorial lord in the old days of serfdom. The legislation, moreover, which has thus, in twenty provinces of Central Russia, replaced the justices of the peace (*mirovói sudiyá*) appointed in connection with emancipation, by chiefs of rural cantons (*uyésdnyé nachálniki*), has recently been applied to Siberia (June, 1898), and is soon (1901) to be extended to the western governments of Russia and to Poland. Meanwhile, by restrictions imposed upon the *zemstva* (1890) the Russian government has considerably modified the former popular character of these provincial assemblies.

Another change which promises extension of the reform spirit, and may

therefore be classed among the influences which threaten the perpetuation of the autocratic system, is the new growth of cities. Since the reaction in 1894, when municipal government in Russia was placed almost entirely under chiefs nominated by the Emperor himself, encouraging signs of urban development have manifested themselves. The old conditions, under which it used to be urged that Russia is too exclusively a country population to produce or be fitted for political institutions similar to those of western Europe, are now gradually passing away. In 1870, for example, as described three years later by Herr Schwanenbach, 27 towns in Russia had a population of 1000, 74 between 1000 and 2000 inhabitants; 194 between 2000 and 5000; 179 between 5000 and 10,000; 55 between 10,000 and 15,000; 35 between 15,000 and 25,000; 23 between 25,000 and 50,000; and 8 over 50,000. But the state of things thus illustrated is passing away. According to Milyukov,¹ the percentage of city population to the population of the whole country, 7.8 in 1851, and 9.2 in 1878, had risen in 1890 to 12.8, and cannot now be less than 15.00. Russia now has, moreover, in addition to 1,500,000 factory operatives in the cities, no fewer than 4,000,000 peasants who, besides working at the plough, pursue various industries in the Russian villages. This development of the Russian cities and of the artisan populations within them has created a labor and capital problem not wanting in acute phases, involving occasional collisions between angry workmen and the authorities. Besides quickening political ambition among the urban populations of Russia, it sets up a certain solidarity of interest between the programme of the workers and the aspirations of the educated classes.

It is in the cities, moreover, that most

¹ See *Glavniya Tscheniya Russkoy Kultury*. St. Petersburg. 1898.

of the conditions remain which, first calling forth the "Nihilist" movement of the fifties and sixties, finally led to the revolutionary agitation. If Russia could be strengthened as an autocracy by the struggle with conspiracy, she would be well fitted to-day for a policy of enterprise in foreign affairs. Her chief centres of population are still the chosen home of political propaganda; the reform agitation in the colleges and universities — long a chronic accompaniment of educational processes in Russia — has been much intensified in recent years by the arbitrary use of police and military power in the suppression of so-called "students' disturbances." The monthly lists of arrests for "political infidelity," which the Russian organs in Geneva and London publish regularly, would alone suffice to show that autocratic government in Russia is still grappling with the problem of political disaffection. It cannot now claim to be engaged in any struggle with assassins, for there is no assassination. Conspiracy in Russia to-day is mainly an effort to assert rights of criticism, free speech, and public meeting granted in every other country of Europe; the effort to suppress conspiracy is for the most part the effort to suspend the law of progress, — to nullify that process of intellectual variation on which all national as well as individual advance finally depends.

Nor is Russia, which at the Hague Conference sought to promote the world's peace, within even measurable distance of the peace, even of simple unity, which ought to prevail within her own borders. She boasts — or the boast is made for her — that

"To every race she gives a home,
And creeds and laws enjoy her shade."

Such a claim may be valid for her attitude toward the peoples of Central Asia; it certainly has no justification in the European division of her empire. For here her recent history presents the spectacle of entire nationalities whose sym-

pathy she has repelled, whose sentiment she has alienated, in the unwise effort to make them, in language, faith, and custom, an integral part of herself. In Asia the semi-barbarian finds his race life untouched; in European Russia cultured peoples are despoiled of the things they hold almost as dear as life itself, — the Poles of their language, the Little-Russians of their literature, the Baltic Germans of their religion, the Finlanders of their constitution. And if to these sources of division we add others, — the antagonisms of interest, for example, which disfranchise and degrade one section of the population with the whole force of another; conditions which exclude large classes of the population from the benefits of education; a political system which divides the people into tsar-worshipers and political malcontents, and a religious system which opposes agnosticism to superstition, — we shall be led to recognize that the metaphor of a house divided against itself is not without a certain application to Russia.

But perhaps such conditions as these may be remedied, either as the result of revolution, or by means of concessions from the throne? The chances of reform in Russia through what is known as “a palace revolution” have passed away with the exclusively Oriental conditions in which such movements have their origin; the chances of a military insurrection are every day growing more meagre; the chances of a rising of the people may for the present be left entirely out of account. A military disaster similar to, yet on a larger scale than, that of the Crimea might easily revolutionize the Russian political system, and would do this more efficaciously than perhaps any other known agency. Thus far there is an extremely slender prospect of reform as the result of imperial initiative. Nicholas II. announced to the provincial assembly of Tver soon after his accession to the throne that he intended to preserve the principle of au-

toracy as firmly and unswervingly as his predecessor. The Tsars have always sheltered themselves under the plea that there is something peculiar in Russian history and in the Russian people which makes autocracy indispensable. The claim that the Russians are incapable of participating in the duties of the general government of their country is sufficiently discounted by their long experience in the work of the *mir*, and of other forms of local self-government. Nor could the inertia of the official class be pleaded in stay of needed concessions. If Peter the Great overcame its resistance in an age of conservatism even more hide-bound than the present, the chief condition for the success of reform to-day is the presence of the reformer. But what of popular inertia, — the so-called difficulty of imposing radical institutional changes upon the peasants? The Russians possess a degree of the power of self-adaptation to new conditions not met with, perhaps, in any other country of the world. They have been “changing all that” from the earliest periods of their history. It was a new beginning when the people threw off the pagan yoke and embraced Christianity; another when, under the influence of Peter, they gave up old Russian customs for the civilization of the West. On three or four occasions did the Russians change their capital, to look round them each time with a new mind, as well as to have over them a different sky. In the seventeenth century thousands of them broke away from the national church for a change of faith; in the nineteenth, after centuries passed in serfdom, millions of Russians readapted their lives to the comparatively strange conditions created by freedom. Even now, at the heart of the revolutionary movement, there seems the foreboding of the still greater change which is to add these thousands and millions, as well as other thousands and millions, to the list of peoples who, from a state of

mere bodily freedom, have grown also into political liberty. It is, moreover, this same historic race trait — this power of self-adaptation to new conditions — which is meant in the phrase “the new generation,” so frequently heard in modern Russia, it being there well understood that a single generation usually suffices to give some new and important direction to the intellectual or social tendencies of the people. Whence it may be urged without exaggeration that if constitutional reforms were granted in Russia, two generations would suffice to graft them upon the nation’s life.

So much for the conditions of constitutional change in Russia. In the absence of any likelihood of reforms — in the practical certainty that the country will be left by its rulers to grow into new conditions as it may through the transformations slowly wrought by education and industry — we return to the question of the future, not so much of the Russian people, as of the autocratic system under which they live. Thus far the peculiar circumstances of Russian development have favored the perpetuation of that system. It was at one time a haven of refuge from the intolerable disorder and civil war which to such a degree weakened the ethnic life of Russia during the *udylsny* or feudal period. It helped, at critical moments, to save the nation from race dispersion and from conquest. The same merciless use of absolute power which rescued the excessive individualism of the Slav in Russia from the fate partly brought by that race trait upon Poland was also found useful in numerous foreign wars. Yet the Russian autocracy has been safeguarded in the past just as much by territorial isolation as by its power of resistance and attack. Yet the separateness of Russia from the first-class fighting nations cannot last forever. By coming rearrangements of border lines in the West, or by hostile contacts in the far East, Russia must finally draw into that

closeness of relation with the other great powers which is the destiny of all civilized races living a common life on the same round world. And in that time her resource will be, not the barriers which nature has reared, or which man artificially maintains, but the power of her people to compete with the rest of the nations in the things which make for national strength and greatness. Even in a competition of peace, it will be the “restless force of Europe’s mind,” rather than “the patient faith of Asia’s heart,” which will avail; but should the competition be one of arms, Russia will hold her own only to the extent that the surpassing bravery of her individual soldier, the splendid inertia of her fighting squares, are supplemented by the intelligence, the mental alertness, the power of initiative, the scientific training, and technical skill to which all modern success in war has been due. Even if the peril which seems to menace her future came only from her religious conditions, Russia would need the warning conveyed to her by the events of recent history. For a nation which persists in living as if it were from the church and from church customs, and not from the spirit of free investigation, from the practice of free thought and free speech, that the social efficiency of peoples is to come, — such a nation may pride itself on its enormous extent of territory, on its growing and already mighty population, most of all, perhaps, on its unity in the faith received from the fathers, — yet it is destined to collapse at the first decisive touch of a virile modern race.

But is not this mere pessimism? Why should not the Great-Russian, who has already shown himself possessed of so many splendid qualities, finally dominate the world? If Europe is not one day to become Cossack, why may it not, under Slav influence, one day become autocratic? What is it that insures national greatness? Is it cunning? The Indians, probably the most crafty race

ever seen on the planet, have now well-nigh disappeared. Is it bravery? The Tekké Turkomans, whom the Russian campaign in Asia almost exterminated, were admitted by Skóbelev to be a people "full of honor and courage;" they "fought like demons," and, until special measures of defense could be devised, were irresistible. Is it quick-firing guns and the newest appliances of war? The failure of these, even when aided by a determination not much inferior to that of the Anglo-Saxon, has been one of the conspicuous results of the struggle in the Transvaal. Is it an enormous population from which to draw combatants? What of the heroic and successful resistance made by the gallant 400 within the crumbling walls of the inclosure at Pekin to the attack made on them by an overwhelming force in the name of 400,000,000 Chinese? Perhaps it is immense territory? We still read our Gibbon, and the answer is there. Turn then to the institutional bases of ethnic supremacy. Does the military spirit, proficiency in the polite arts of life, make a first-class modern power? The position now conceded to France is full of suggestion. Is national preëminence given to the land of glorious traditions in art and literature? Let Italy, with her diminishing importance for world events, give the reply. Do even democratic forms of government, in the absence of an ordered and consecutive race experience, make great nations? Consider the South American republics. How far, finally, will ecclesiasticism fit a people for enduring rank in planetary affairs? The story of Spain, and of her recent collapse, is eloquent.

The source of national greatness is not only the results in the individual of the life now being lived by a people, but it is also — a high degree of race virility being understood — that subtle thing which we call brain structure, on which are impressed the whole experiences of a people in the past. If a nation is in de-

cay, the past goes for little, however glorious it may have been; but if a people be, physiologically speaking, in the ascendant, then it takes its strength or weakness from the character of its heredity. This is why the United States and Great Britain are to-day the two mightiest and most durable nations in the world. Satisfying in a high degree the conditions of social efficiency, they have both had rich race experiences, and it is these experiences which, impressed upon the structure of the individual brain, have made it strong with the whole strength of the wonderful process and story of Anglo-Saxon development. To a less and varying degree several of the nations of western Europe have been similarly endowed. But the gift of a perfect race heredity has not been conferred upon Russia; and it is her unpromising past, issuing in the failure of a whole nation to keep step with the world's advancing life, which seems to justify the prediction that, once brought fairly into competition with powers higher in the order of sociological, political, and religious development than herself, she will be forced to undergo modification as a political system.

We need not, of course, make the mistake of confounding the autocracy with the nation which it dominates. The people of Russia have shown that they possess qualities and aptitudes that will insure to them a future of potency, even of splendor, in the coming progress of the world. The story of their struggle for a worthy ethnic existence is in some respects pathetic. Submerged for 300 years in the night of the Tatar-Mongol domination, deprived of an advanced civilization for centuries after it had illumined the West, too early plunged into the whirlpool of European politics, compelled to spend energies needed at home in wars of expansion or conquest, — torn all the while by conflict between the conservatism of an inheritance from Asia and the progressive spirit which

drew them irresistibly to Europe, — the Russians have already, if we consider merely the difficulties overcome, attained to a position of the first rank in racial achievement. From the days of Rurik to the present, moreover, they have displayed a patience under humiliation, a power of resilience from disaster, and a capacity of self-sacrifice in the pursuit of ideal ends which qualify them, if anything could, for national greatness. But they cannot reach their full stature as a people while a ruling caste — a foreign aristocracy which, as such, has already completed its historic part in their development — continues to hold them, largely in its own interest, to inadequate institutional forms elsewhere long outgrown, — to forms which, degrading

their social efficiency to well-nigh mediæval levels, not only disqualify them for tasks of world-unification, but also threaten the integrity of their national life. They need a more advanced type of government; they need still more the modern and progressive institutions which such a type would secure. In the realm of nature the advent of the fit may be retarded, but it cannot be permanently delayed. Perhaps the stress of battle, with its mysterious assimilative power, is yet to deliver the Russians from the degradation of political serfdom, and to procure for them the opportunity at least of preparation for that "government for the people, of the people, and by the people," which is the advanced stage of all institutional progress.

Edmund Noble.

THE GENTIAN.

As one late wakened to the call of Love,
Whose eager youth ran by nor yielded toll,
Withheld aloof beneath a cold control,
Disdaining Heart and throning Mind above;

Yet in mid-life, at flood-tide of success,
Lays power and honors down before Her feet,
Compelled to mighty love by love as meet,
Unselfed, unswerving, final, measureless;

So wakes the Gentian with November near,
Nor answers aught to sweet June's fervid breath,
But as late love, with passion unto death,
Outlives the summer and the flaming year.

Grace Richardson.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

"I HAVE been reading a good deal, but not much in the way of knowledge." So the future translator of Omar Khayyám wrote to a friend in 1832, being then twenty-three years old, and two years out of the University. The words may be taken as fairly descriptive of the remaining fifty years of his life. He was always reading something, but not with an eye to rank or scholarship. His old friends and schoolfellows one after another stepped into high place. Tennyson, Thackeray, and Carlyle were names on every tongue; Spedding, less talked about, was deep in a *magnum opus*; Thompson, Donne, Peacock, Allen, and Cowell held positions of honor in church or college; but FitzGerald had buried himself of set purpose in an insignificant, out-of-the-way Suffolk village, and, by his own account of himself, was dozing away his years in "visionary inactivity," — in "the enjoyment of old childish habits and sympathies."

Not less truly than his mates, however, as it now appears, he was living his own life; and perhaps not less truly than the foremost of them he was to come into lasting renown. Such are the "diversities of operations," through which the spirit of man develops and discloses itself.

FitzGerald came of an eccentric family. "We are all mad," he wrote; and his own share of the ancestral inheritance — mostly of an amiable and amusing sort — early made itself evident. While he was at Cambridge his mother drove up to the college gate in her coach and four, and sent for him to come down and see her; but he could not go, — his only pair of shoes was at the cobbler's. The Suffolk friend, from whom we have this anecdote, adds that to the last FitzGerald was perfectly careless of dress. "I can see him now," he says, "walk-

ing down into Woodbridge, with an old Inverness cape, a double-breasted flowered satin waistcoat, slippers on his feet, and a handkerchief, very likely, tied over his hat." It was odd, no doubt, that a gentleman should dress in so unconventional a manner; but it was much odder that he should write to Mrs. Kemble a fortnight after the death of his brother, in 1879: "I say but little of my brother's death. We were very good friends, of very different ways of thinking; I had not been within side his lawn gates (three miles off) these dozen years (no fault of his), and I did not enter them at his funeral — which you will very likely — and properly — think wrong." Only an eccentric man could have had occasion to say that; and surely none but a very eccentric man *would* have said it.

After leaving the University — at which, by the way, he barely obtained his degree — he went to Paris (where he had spent part of his boyhood), but stayed only a month or two; and on his return, having just passed his majority, he wrote to Allen, "Tell Thackeray that he is never to invite me to his house, as I intend never to go." He would rather go there than anywhere else, to be sure; but he has got "all sorts of Utopian ideas" about society into his head, and is "going to become a great bear." In another man's mouth this might have been merely the expression of a passing whim; but whether FitzGerald meant the words seriously or not, they were pretty accurately fulfilled. His friends were of the noblest and truest, and his affection for them was of the warmest and stanchest, no man's more so; but he chose to live apart.

"Why, sir," said Doctor Johnson to Boswell, "you find no man, at all intellectual, who is willing to leave London.

No, sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." And Boswell, of course, responded Amen. "I can talk twice as much in London as anywhere else," he remarked, with true Boswellian simplicity. Possibly FitzGerald was less "intellectual" than the great luminary and his satellite; or perhaps his intellectuality, such as it was, ran less exclusively to talk.¹ At all events, he hated London as a place of residence; and even when he paid it a visit he was always in such feverish and ludicrous haste to get away that he was sure to leave his calls and errands no more than half done. "I long to spread wing and fly into the kind clear air of the country," he writes on one occasion of this sort. "I see nobody in the streets half so handsome as Mr. Reynolds of our parish. . . . A great city is a deadly plague. . . . I get radishes to eat for breakfast of a morning; with them comes a savor of earth that brings all the delicious gardens of the world back into one's soul, and almost draws tears from one's eyes." In the mouth of a man of social position, University training, and independent fortune, — who had lived in Paris, and was only thirty-five years old, — language like this bespeaks a born rustic and recluse, not to say a philosopher. And such FitzGerald was.

Not that he craved a life in the wilderness (being neither a John the Baptist nor a René), or had any extraordinary appreciation of the beauties of nature, so called. There was little of Wordsworth or of Thoreau in his composition, or, if there was, it seldom found expression; but he detested crowds, was ill at ease in society, and having a bent toward homely solitude, was independent enough to follow it. It must seem queer to his old friends, he knew, but he preferred to "poke about in the country,"

¹ "Mr. Johnson, indeed, as he was a very talking man himself, had an idea that nothing

using his books, as ladies do their knitting work, to pass the time away. Here is one of his days, a day of "glorious sunshine:" —

"All the morning I read about Nero in Tacitus, lying at full length on a bench in the garden: a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off. A funny mixture all this: Nero, and the delicacy of spring; all very human, however. Then at half past one lunch on Cambridge cream cheese; then a ride over hill and dale: then spudding up some weeds from the grass: and then coming in, I sit down to write to you, my sister winding red worsted from the back of a chair, and the most delightful little girl in the world chattering incessantly. So runs the world away. You think I live in epicurean ease: but this happens to be a jolly day: one isn't always well, or tolerably good, the weather is not always clear, nor nightingales singing, nor Tacitus full of pleasant atrocity. But such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it."

Sometimes, it must be owned, he seemed not quite to approve of his own choice. "Men ought to have an ambition to stir and travel, and fill their heads and senses." So he says once, in an unusual mood of something like penitence. Even then, however, he concludes, characteristically, "but so it is." There speaks the real FitzGerald. He is what he is, what he was made: a man without ambition; a man incapable, from first to last, of taking himself seriously. He could never have said, as Tennyson did in his youth, and in effect for all his life, "I mean to be famous." If FitzGerald meant to be anything, — which is doubtful, — he meant to be obscure. The wonder of it all is that his life was beautiful, his spirit sweet, and his posthumous reward celebrity.

He had little or none of the melan-promoted happiness so much as conversation." — Mrs. Piozzi.

choly which so generally accompanies the union of exceptional powers with an enfeebled will and a comparative intellectual sterility. For one thing, he seems to have been spared the persecution of friends. As he expected little of himself, so they expected little of him. Unlike most men of a kindred sort—men of whom Gray and Amiel may stand as typical examples—he was left to go his own gait. Nobody wrote to him week after week, chiding him for his indolence and entreating him to produce a masterpiece. Happy man that he was, his youth had held out no promise of such production, and so his subsequent course was not clouded by the shadow of a promise unfulfilled. If he was down in the country letting the moss grow over him, why, it was only “old Fitz,” from whom nobody had ever looked for anything very different. So Thackeray, Tennyson, and the rest seem to have thought. And so thought the man himself. Life was worth living; oh yes; and he had “got hold of a good end of it;” but it was hardly a thing to disquiet one’s self about. He set little value upon time or money, and correspondingly little upon his own gifts. There were always hours enough, and more than enough, for the nothings he had to do; his income was sufficient; if it declined,—as it did,—it was no matter, he had only to reduce his expenditures; he never earned a penny, or considered the possibility of doing so; and withal, he was not made to write anything himself, but to please himself with the writings of others.

He was born of the school of Epicurus. His aim was to pass the time quietly; pitching his desires low, never overmuch in earnest, taking things as they came,—

“Crowning the present, doubting of the rest;”

“not a hero, not even a philosopher, but a quiet, humane, and prudent man;” cultivating no enthusiasm, and aiming at no

perfection. For fifty years he seems to have been a consistent vegetarian. Like the master of his school—whom he seldom or never mentions, and of whom he perhaps as seldom thought—he subsisted mostly on bread, and drank wine sparingly. Such a diet gave him lightness of spirits, he said,—a better thing, surely, than any tickling of the palate.

With his liking for the country—in which, again, he was at one with his unrecognized master—went a strong and persistent preference for the society of common people. For correspondents he had always scholars and men of note, the best of his time, and many of them; for daily associates he chose a sailor, a village clergyman’s family, and an old woman or two. One of the greatest men he had ever known was his sailor, the captain of his yacht,—“my captain,” he calls him; “a gentleman of nature’s grandest type,” “fit to be king of a kingdom as well as of a lugger.” From Lowestoft he sends word to Laurence, the portrait painter, “I came here a few days ago, for the benefit of my old doctor, the sea, and my captain’s company, which is as good.” One who knew him at the time of his intimacy with Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet (fortunate Quaker, with Lamb and FitzGerald both writing letters to him), describes him as living in a little cottage at Boulge, a mile from the village, on the edge of his father’s park, with no companion save a parrot and a Skye terrier. Such domestic duties as he did not attend to with his own hands were performed by an “old-fashioned Suffolk woman.” It was at this period that FitzGerald—then thirty-three years old—wrote to Barton, “I believe I should like to live in a small house just outside a pleasant English town all the days of my life, making myself useful in a humble way, reading my books, and playing a rubber of whist at night.” And it may be added that few men have ever come nearer to realizing their own dream.

The Hall was mostly unoccupied in those days, though "the great lady" — FitzGerald's mother — would be there once in a while, and "would drive about in a coach of four black horses." So says the son of the village rector, who adds that FitzGerald "used to walk by himself, slowly, with a Skye terrier." The rector's son (a grandson, by the bye, of the poet Crabbe) was rather afraid of his "grave, middle-aged" neighbor. "He seemed a proud and very punctilious man . . . never very happy or light-hearted, though his conversation was most amusing sometimes." On this last point we have also the testimony of his housekeeper, the "old-fashioned Suffolk woman" before mentioned. "So kind he was," she says; "not never one to make no obstacles. Such a joking gentleman he was, too!" All his dependents, indeed, speak of his kindness. A boy of the village, who was employed to read to him in the evening during his later years, told Mr. Groome¹ "how Mr. FitzGerald always gave him plenty of plum cake, and how they used to play piquet together. Only sometimes a tame mouse would come out and sit on the table, and then not a card must be dropped." "A pretty picture," Mr. Groome calls it. And so say we.

As to the picture of FitzGerald's manner of life taken as a whole, it will be thought "pretty" or not according to the prepossessions of the reader. To many it will seem in all respects amiable, a refreshment to read about. Why should a man not be what he was made to be? If he likes the heat of battle, let him fight, so that he does it fairly and with those who enjoy the same game. If another man cares not to be strenuous, but only to pass his day innocently, with pleasure to himself and harm to nobody else, — why, the world is big enough; let him be at liberty to sit in his corner and see the crowd go by.

¹ Author of *Two Suffolk Friends*.

" 'An hour we have,' thou saidst. 'Ah, waste it well.' "

And after all, the idler may reach the goal as soon as some who hurry. The race ought to be his who has trained hardest and run hardest; and it would be, perhaps, if the world were logically and properly governed; but things being as they are, the experience of mankind seems to show a measure of truth in the old Hebrew paradox, "The race is not to the swift." Whether it is or not, the question had no particular interest for FitzGerald. His thoughts were not of winning a prize. His temperament had put him out of the competition. Temperament is fatality; and he was content to have it so. "It is not my talent," he said, "to take the tide at its flow." In his "predestined Plot of Dust and Soul" the vine of worldly prudence had never struck root.

He was peculiar in other ways. He was constitutionally a skeptic. Many things which he had been taught to believe seemed to him insufficiently established; improbable, if not incredible. The Master of Trinity wrote of him and of one of his dearest friends, "Two of the purest-living men among my intimates, FitzGerald and Spedding, were prisoners in Doubting Castle all their lives, or at least the last half of them." The language is euphemistic. Some calamities are so deeply felt that it is natural to veil allusion to them under metaphor. His friends, the Master means to say, had lost their faith in the tenets of the English Church. "A great problem," he pronounces it. And such it surely was: that two such men — "pure-living men!" — should doubt of matters which to so many bishops, priests, and deacons are the very certainties of existence. But so it is. Some men seem to be born for unbelief; and out of that number a few are so non-conformative, so perverse, or so honest as to live according to their lights. Concerning questions of this kind FitzGerald said little

either in public or private. An unheroic, peace-loving man, who wishes to slip through the world unnoticed, naturally keeps some thoughts to himself, growing them, to borrow Keats's phrase, in "a philosophic back-garden." He reasoned about them, it would seem, in a quiet spirit, patient, perhaps half indifferent, being happily free from any corroding curiosity as to the origin and destiny of things. In that regard Nature had been good to him. What could not be known, he could get on without knowing. Why wear out one's teeth in champing an iron bit? He spoke his mind, anonymously, in his translation of the Omar Khayyám quatrains, — which are perhaps rather more skeptical than the book of Ecclesiastes, — and once, at least, he shut the lips of a man whom he thought a meddler. The rector of Woodbridge, we are told by Mr. Groome, called on FitzGerald to express his regret at never seeing him at church. We may surmise that the "regret" was expressed in a rather lofty and dogmatic tone, a tone not unnatural, surely, in the case of one clothed with supernatural authority. "Sir," said FitzGerald, whose fondness for clergymen's society was one of his marked characteristics, "you might have conceived that a man has not come to my years without thinking much of these things. I believe I may say that I have reflected on them fully as much as yourself. You need not repeat this visit."

His correspondence, by which mainly the world knows him, is full of interesting revelations. His whims and foibles, and his own gentle amusement over them; his bookish likes and dislikes, one as hearty as the other; his affection for his friends, whose weak points he could sometimes lay a pretty sharp finger on, notwithstanding, frankness being almost always one of an odd man's virtues; his delight in the sea and in his garden ("Don't you love the oleander? I rather worship mine," he writes to Mrs.

Kemble); his pottering over translations from the Spanish, the Persian, and the Greek ("all very well; only very little affairs:" he feels "ashamed" when his friend Thompson inquires about them); his music, wherein his taste was simple but difficult (he played without technique and sang without a voice, loving to "recollect some of Fidelio on the pianoforte," and counting it more enjoyable "to perform in one's head one of Handel's choruses" than to hear most Exeter Hall performances), — all these things, and many more, come out in his letters, which are never anything *but* letters, written to please his friends, — and himself, — with no thought of anything beyond that. In them we see his life passing. He is trifling it away; but no matter. He might do more with it, perhaps; but *cui bono*? At the end of his summer touring he writes: "A little Bedfordshire — a little Northamptonshire — a little more folding of the hands — the same faces — the same fields — the same thoughts occurring at the same turns of road — this is all I have to tell of; nothing at all added — but the summer gone. My garden is covered with yellow and brown leaves; and a man is digging up the garden beds before my window, and will plant some roots and bulbs for next year. My parsons come and smoke with me." What age does the reader give to the author of this paragraph, so full of afternoon shadows? He was thirty-five.

But if he was an idle fellow, careful for nothing, poor in spirit, contented to be the hindmost, devil or no devil, "reading a little, dreaming a little, playing a little, smoking a little," doing whatever he did "a little," he was not without a kind of faith in his own capacity. He knew, or believed that he knew, what he was good for. "I am a man of taste," he said more than once. If he could not write poetry, — taste being only "the feminine of genius," — he knew it when he saw it. He read books with

his own eyes, not half so common or easy a trick as many would suppose. And having read a book in that unconventional way, it was by no means to be taken for granted that he would like it, though its author might be one of his dearest friends. And if he failed to like it, he seldom failed to say so. If he commended a book, — a new book, that is, — it was apt to be with a mixture of criticism. He cared little or nothing for flattery himself, and was magnanimous enough to assume (an enormous assumption) that literary workers in general were equally high-minded. If one friend sends another a book of his own writing, the best course for the second man is merely to acknowledge its receipt, unless he has some fault to indicate! This he sets down quite simply as his belief and ordinary practice. It was the more comfortable way for both parties, he thought. Perhaps he thought, too, that it was the more conducive to habits of truthfulness. (Others might conclude that its most immediate and permanent effect would be to discourage the circulation of authors' copies.) If he considered Mr. Lowell's odes to lack wings, he told Mr. Lowell so. If his taste was offended by the style of the *Moosehead Journal* ("too clever by half"), he told Mr. Lowell of that also. Why not? Great men did not resent truth-speaking, but were thankful for it. He was full of wonder and sorrow when he saw Tennyson — who had stopped at Woodbridge for a day to visit him, after a separation of twenty years — fretted by the Quarterly's unfavorable comments. If Tennyson had lived an active life, like Scott and Shakespeare, he would have done more and talked about it less. He recalls Scott's saying to Lockhart, "You know that I don't care a curse about what I write;" and he believed that it was not far otherwise with Shakespeare. "Even old Wordsworth, wrapt up in his mountain mists, and proud as he was, was above all this vain disquietude."

If a man is not greater than the greatest things he does, the less said about him and them the better. His work should drop from him like fruit from a tree. Henceforth let the world look after it, if it is worth looking after. The tree should have other business.

To say that FitzGerald lived in accordance with his own doctrine in this regard is to say that he lived like a man of dignity and high self-respect, — like an old-fashioned man, — sometimes called a gentleman, — one is tempted to say: a man who would cut off his hand sooner than solicit a vote, or angle for a compliment, or whimper over a criticism. Old-fashioned he certainly was, — old-fashioned and conservative. He liked old books, old music, old places, old friends. The adjective is constantly on the point of his pen as a word of endearment: "old Alfred," "old Thackeray," "old Spedding" — "dear old Jem." So, writing to Mrs. Kemble from the seacoast, he says, "Why it happens that I so often write to you from here, I scarce know; only that one comes with few books, perhaps, and the sea somehow talks to one of old things;" which was not an unhandsome tribute to an old friend, though the old friend was a woman. He was a "little Englander," as the word is now. For a nation, as for an individual, great estates were, he thought, more a trouble than a blessing. "Once more I say, would we were a little, peaceful, unambitious, trading nation, like — the Dutch!" Men of taste are naturally conservatives and moderates.

Not that FitzGerald was too nice for the world he lived in. His carelessness about dress, his contentment with mean lodgings, and his liking for the plainest and homeliest service and companionship have already been touched upon. Even in the matter of reading, while he held pretty strictly to the classics (not meaning the Greek and the Latin in particular), he cherished one bit of

freakishness : a great fondness for the Newgate Calendar ! “ I don’t ever wish to see and hear these things tried ; but when they are in print, I like to sit in court then, and see the judges, counsel, prisoners, crowd ; hear the lawyers’ objections, the murmur in the court, etc.” So he writes to his friend Allen, at fifty-six. And the passion remained with him, as most things do that are part of a man’s life at fifty odd ; for fourteen years later he writes to Mrs. Kemble, as of a matter well understood among his friends : “ I like, you know, a good murder ; but in its place —

‘ The charge is prepared ; the lawyers are met —

The judges all ranged, a terrible show.’ ”¹

It may be that on this point he was not so very eccentric. Certainly our newspaper editors give the general public credit for having a reasonably good appetite for capital cases. And FitzGerald’s weakness — if it was a weakness — is curiously matched by what we are told of another eminent translator, the man to whom we owe our English Plato and Thucydides. A shy student, Mr. Tolle-mache says, happened to sit next to Jowett at dinner, and having hard work to maintain the conversation, as such men often had, in Jowett’s unresponsive company, stumbled upon the subject of murder. “ To his surprise the Master rose to the bait, mentioned some *causes célèbres*, and dropped all formality.” Naturally the young Oxonian was surprised ; but when he spoke of the incident to a man who knew the Master of Balliol better than he, the latter said, “ If you can get Jowett to talk of murders, he will go off like a house on fire.”

There is something of the savage ancestor in all of us. We are wrong, perhaps, to feel astonished that men of the cloister, studious men, never called upon to kill so much as a superfluous kitten,

should find an agreeable excitement in a dramatic, second-hand tickling of certain half-dormant sensibilities. If it is ghastly good fun to read of murder in Scott or Dumas, why not in the Newgate Calendar ? Who knows how many tender-hearted, white-handed scholars would enjoy the spectacle of a prize fight, if only the amusement were a few shades more respectable in the public eye ? And how long is it since we saw college men falling over one another in a mad rush to enlist for battle, every one in a fever of anxiety lest he should be too late, and so be debarred from the unusual pleasure of killing and being killed ?

No ! When FitzGerald called himself a man of taste, he did not mean to confess himself an intellectual prig, with a schoolmaster’s eye for petty failings and a super-refined disrelish for everything short of perfection. As for perfection, indeed, he did not much expect it, whether in human beings or in their works ; and when he found it, he did not always like it. He thought some other things were better. He preferred genius to art : that is to say, he enjoyed high qualities, though accompanied by defects, better than lower qualities cultivated to a state of flawlessness. “ The grandest things,” he believed, “ do not depend on delicate finish.” Thus in poetry he admired a score of Béranger’s almost perfect songs, but would have given them all for a score of Burns’s couplets, stanzas, or single lines scattered among “ his quite *imperfect* lyrics.” Burns had so much more genius, so much more inspiration. In the same way FitzGerald had little patience with some perfect novels, — with Miss Austen’s, to be more specific. They *were* perfect ; yes, he had no thought of denying that ; but they did not interest him. Even Trollope’s were more to his mind, with all their caricature and care-

¹ In a letter to his friend Pollock he says : “ To-morrow I am going to one of my great treats, namely, the Assizes at Ipswich : where

I shall see little Voltaire Jervis, and old Parke, who I trust will have the gout, he bears it so Christianly.”

lessness. Miss Austen is "capital as far as she goes; but she never goes out of the parlor." "If Magnus Troil, or Jack Bunce, or even one of Fielding's brutes, would but dash in upon the gentility and swear a round oath or two!" Cowell, he adds, reads Miss Austen at night after his Sanskrit studies. "It composes him, like gruel."

There is no doubt of it, FitzGerald was old-fashioned, especially as a novel-reader. He doted on *Clarissa Harlowe*, "that wonderful and aggravating *Clarissa Harlowe*," and he read Dickens. "A little Shakespeare—a cockney Shakespeare, if you will . . . a piece of pure genius." So he breaks out after a chapter of *Copperfield*. "I have been sunning myself in Dickens," he says at another time. A pretty compliment that, for any man. It is good to hear his praise of Scott. Even those who can no longer abide that romancer themselves—for there are such, unaccountable as the fact may seem to happier men—may well feel a touch of warmth at FitzGerald's fire. He read fiction—as he read everything else—for pleasure; and in English no other fiction pleased him so much, taking the years together, as *Sir Walter's*. In 1871 he has been reading *The Pirate* again. He knows it is not one of the best, but he is glad to find how much he likes it; nay, that is below the mark, how he "wonders and delights in it." "With all its faults, often mere carelessness, what a broad Shakespearean daylight over it all, and all with no effort." He finished it with sadness, thinking he might never read it again.

And as he was always reading Scott, and as often praising him, so he was always reading and praising *Don Quixote*. In 1867 he has been on his yacht. "I have had *Don Quixote*, *Boccaccio*, and my dear *Sophocles* (once more) for company on board: the first of these so delightful that I got to love the very dictionary in which I had to look out

the words: yes, and often the same words over and over again. The book really seemed to me the most delightful of all books: *Boccaccio* delightful too, but millions of miles behind; in fact, a whole planet away." In 1876 his mind is the same. "I have taken refuge from the *Eastern Question* in *Boccaccio*. . . . I suppose one must read this in Italian as my dear Don in Spanish: the language of each fitting the subject 'like a glove.' But there is nothing to come up to the Don and his Man."

Bookishness of this affectionate kind, constantly recurring, would be enough of itself to give the letters a welcome with all kindred souls; for every reader loves to hear books praised at first hand in this hearty, honest, enthusiastic way, even though they be books that he has never read, and perhaps never expects to read. The happiness is contagious. FitzGerald's relations with books (with *his* books) were those of a lover. He can never say all he feels about Virgil. Horace he is unable to care about, in spite of his good sense, elegance, and occasional force. "He never made my eyes wet as Virgil does." When he reads *Comus* and *Lycidas*, even at seventy, it is "with wonder and a sort of awe." Surely he was a man of taste; born to be an appreciator of other men's good work.

And because he was a man of taste, —or partly for that reason,—his praise, even in its warmest and most personal expression (like the words just quoted about Virgil), has not only no taint of affectation, but no suggestion of sentimentality. With him, as with all healthy souls, feeling was a matter of moments; it came in jets, not in a stream; and its outgiving was always with a note of unconsciousness, of deep and absolute sincerity. His life, inward and outward, was pitched in a low key. He never complained, let what would happen; he had too much of "old Omar's consolation" for that (too much fatalism, that

is); his own weaknesses, even, he took as they were; why regret what was past mending? but his prevailing mood was anything but rhapsodical. All the more effective, therefore, are the outbursts — frequent, but never more than a sentence or two together — in which he utters himself touching those best of all companions, his “friends on the shelf.”

The most striking instance of this affectionate absorption, this falling in love with a book, as one cannot help calling it, occurred in the last decade of his life. In the summer of 1875, when his health seemed to be failing, and he was beginning, as he said, to “smell the ground,” he suddenly became enamored of Madame de Sévigné. Till then, in spite of his favorite Sainte-Beuve, he had kept aloof from her, repelled by her perpetual harping on her daughter. Now he finds that “it is all genuine, and the same intense feeling expressed in a hundred natural yet graceful ways; and beside all this such good sense, good feeling, humor, love of books and country life, as makes her certainly the queen of all letter-writers.”

The next spring he wishes he had the “Go” in him; he would visit his dear Sévigné’s Rochers, as he would Abbotsford and Stratford. The “fine creature,” much more alive to him than most friends, has been his companion at the seashore. She now occupies Montaigne’s place, and worthily; “she herself a lover of Montaigne, and with a spice of his free thought and speech in her.” He sometimes laments not having known her before; but reflects that “perhaps such an acquaintance comes in best to cheer one toward the end.” Henceforward, year after year, in spring especially, he talks of the dear lady’s charms. “My blessed Sévigné,” “my dear old Sévigné,” he calls her; “welcome as the flowers of May.” Like the best of Scott’s characters, she is real and present to him. “When my oracle last night was reading to me of Dandie Din-

mont’s blessed visit to Bertram in Portanferry gaol, I said — ‘I know it’s Dandie, and I should n’t be at all surprised to see him come into this room.’ No — no more than — Madame de Sévigné! I suppose it is scarce right to live so among shadows; but after near seventy years so passed, *que voulez-vous?*” One thinks of what Emerson said, that there is creative reading as well as creative writing.

As is true of all readers, every kind of human capacity being limited, FitzGerald found many likely books lying mysteriously outside the range of his sympathies. He loved Longfellow (and so “could not call him Mister”) and admired Emerson (with qualifications — “I don’t like the Humble Bee, and won’t like the Humble Bee”); and he delighted in Lowell (the critical essays), and “rather loved” Holmes; but he “could never take to that man of true genius, Hawthorne.” “I will have another shot,” he said. But it was useless. He confesses his failure to Professor Norton. “I feel sure the fault must be mine, as I feel about Goethe, who is yet a sealed book to me.” He expects to “die ungoethed, so far as poetry goes.” He supposes there is a screw loose in him on this point. Again he writes: “I have failed in another attempt at Gil Blas. I believe I see its easy grace, humor, etc. But it is (like La Fontaine) too thin a wine for me: all sparkling with little adventures, but no one to care about; no color, no breadth, like my dear Don, whom I shall return to forthwith.” Happy reader, who could give so pretty a reason for the want of faith that was in him. If he lacked patience to write formal criticism, he had the neatest kind of knack at critical *obiter dicta*.

Books were his best friends; or, if that be too much to say, they were the ones that he liked best to have about him. As for human intimates, — well, it is hard to know how to express it, but

he seemed, especially as he grew older, not to crave very much of their society. He loved to write to them, — not too often, lest they should be troubled about replying, — but he would never visit them; and what is stranger, he cared little, nay, he almost dreaded, to have them visit him. His house he devoted to his nieces, for such part of the year as they chose to occupy it, reserving but one room to himself. This served for “parlor, bedroom and all,” he tells Mrs. Kemble; “which I really prefer, as it reminds me of the cabin of my dear little ship — mine no more.” Still the house is large enough. If any of his friends, Tennyson, Spedding, Carlyle, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Norton, or who not, should happen to be in the neighborhood, he would be delighted, truly delighted, to see them; but none of them must ever undertake the journey on purpose. He could not render it worth their while, and it would really make him unhappy. He was never in danger of forgetting them, and he had no fear of their forgetting him. If they suffered, he suffered with them. If one of them died, he wrote of him in the tenderest and most poignant strain.

In January, 1864, all his letters are full of Thackeray, whose death had occurred on the day before Christmas. He sits “moping about him,” reading his books and the few of his letters that he has preserved. He writes to Laurence: “I am surprised almost to find how much I am thinking of him: so little as I had seen him for the last ten years; not once for the last five. I had been told — by you, for one — that he was spoiled. I am glad therefore that I have scarce seen him since he was ‘old Thackeray.’ I keep reading his *Newcomes* of nights, and as it were hear him saying so much

of it; and it seems to me as if he might be coming up my stairs, and about to come (singing) into my room, as in old Charlotte Street thirty years ago.”¹ Hear him again as he writes of Spedding, the wisest man he has ever known, “a Socrates in life and in death,” who has been run over by a cab in London, and is dying at the hospital: “My dear old Spedding, though I have not seen him these twenty years and more, and probably should never see him again; but he lives, his old self, in my heart of hearts; and all I hear of him does but embellish the recollection of him, if it could be embellished; for he is but the same that he was from a boy, all that is best in heart and head, a man that would be incredible had one not known him.” And when all is over, and Laurence sends him tidings of the event, this is his answer: “It was very, very good of you to think of writing to me at all on this occasion: much more, writing to me so fully, almost more fully than I dared at first to read: though all so delicately and as you always write. It is over! I shall not write about it. He was all you say.” How perfect! And how it goes to the quick!

Not for want of heart, surely, did such a man choose the companionship of books rather than of his fellows. He was born to be a solitary, or believed that he was; at all events, it was too late now for him to be anything else. Whether nature or he had made his bed, it was made, and henceforth he must lie in it. “Twenty years’ solitude,” he says to Mrs. Kemble, “makes me very shy.” And he writes to Sir Frederick Pollock, who has proposed to visit him, that he feels nervous at the prospect of meeting old friends, “after all these years.” He fears they will not find him in person what he is by

¹ In connection with which it is good to remember that when Thackeray, not long before he died, was asked by his daughter which of his old friends he had loved most, he replied, “Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure.” After Fitz-

Gerald’s death Tennyson wrote of him: “I had no truer friend: he was one of the kindest of men, and I have never known one of so fine and delicate a wit.”

letter. Every recluse knows that trouble. With books it was another story. In their presence he felt no misgivings, no palsying diffidence. They would never expect of him what he could not render, nor find him altered from his old self. If he happened to be awkward or dull, as he often was, they would never know it. And really, with them on his shelves, and with his habit of living by himself, he did not need intellectual society, — just a few commonplace, kindly, more or less sensible bodies to speak with in a neighborly way about the weather, the crops, or the day's events, and to play cards with of an evening. He was one of the fortunates — or unfortunates — who have a "talent for dullness." The word is his own. "I really do like to sit in this doleful place with a good fire, a cat and dog on the rug, and an old woman in the kitchen." He reveled in the pleasures of memory. He loved his friends as they were years ago, — "old Thackeray," "old Jem," "old Alfred," — and only hoped they would love him in the same manner.

So his letters are full of the books he has been reading, rather than of the people he has been talking with. But what of his own books, especially of the one that has made him famous? About that, it must be said at once, the correspondence tells comparatively little. His Persian studies were only an episode in his life, interesting enough at the time, but not a continuous passion, like, for instance, his reading of Crabbe, and his long persisted in — never relinquished — attempt to secure for that Suffolk poet the honor rightfully belonging to him. Concerning that pious attempt, as concerning a possible republication of some of his translations from the Spanish and the Greek, he left directions with his literary executor; but not a word about Omar Khayyám.

The whole Persian business, indeed, if one may speak of it so, appears to have been largely a matter of friendship, or

at least to have been begun as such. Cowell had become absorbed in that language, and enticed his old Spanish pupil to follow him. The first mention of the subject to be found in the published letters occurs in 1853. FitzGerald has ordered Eastwick's *Gulistan*: "for I believe I shall potter out so much Persian." Two months afterward he writes to Frederick Tennyson: "I amuse myself with poking out some Persian which E. Cowell would inaugurate me with. I go on with it because it is a point in common with him, and enables us to study a little together." Friendly feeling has served the world many a good turn, but rarely a better one than this.

Three or four years later comes the first reference to Omar. "Old Omar," he says, "rings like true metal." Now he is translating the quatrains, though he has little to say about them. He finds it amusing to "take what liberties he likes with these Persians," who, he thinks, are not poets enough to frighten one from so doing. On a first of July he writes: "June over! A thing I think of with Omar-like sorrow." Then he is preparing to send some of the more innocent of the quatrains to Fraser's Magazine, the editor of which has asked him for a contribution. He has begun to look upon Omar as rather more his property than Cowell's. "He and I are more akin, are we not?" he writes to his teacher. "You see all his beauty, but you don't feel *with* him in some respects as I do." He is taking all pains, not for literalness, but to make the thing *live*. It *must* live; if not with Omar's life, why, then, with the translator's. And live it did, and does, —

"The rose of Iran on an English stock."

The Fraser story is well known, — a classical example of the rejection of a future classic. The editor took the manuscript, but kept it in its pigeonhole ("Thou knowest not which shall prosper" being as true a text for editors as

for other men¹), and at last FitzGerald asked it back, added something to it, and printed it anonymously. This was in 1859. He gave one copy to Cowell (who "was naturally alarmed at it; he being a very religious man"), one copy to George Borrow, and one — a good while afterward — to "old Donne." Some copies he kept for himself. The remainder, two hundred, more or less, he presented to Mr. Quaritch, who had printed them for him, and who worked them off upon his customers, as best he could, mostly at two cents apiece.

In the course of the next few years three other editions were printed — all anonymously — for the sake of alterations and additions (a man of taste is sure to be a patient reviser), but there is next to nothing about them in the letters. No one cares for such things, the translator says. He hardly knows why he prints them, only that he likes to make an end of the matter. So he writes to Cowell. As for the rest of his correspondents, they are more likely to be interested in other things, — his garden, his boat, his reading. By 1863 he is pretty well tired of everything Persian. "Oh dear," he says to his teacher, "when I look at Homer, Dante and Virgil, Æschylus, Shakespeare, etc., those Orientals look — silly! Don't resent my saying so. Don't they?" An English masterpiece had been made, but neither the maker of it nor any one else had yet suspected the fact.

The merits of the work seem to have been first publicly recognized in 1869 by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, in an article contributed to the *North American Review*. "The work of a poet inspired by the work of a poet," he pronounces it; "not a copy, but a reproduction, not a translation, but the redelivery of a poetic inspiration." "There is probably nothing in the mass of English translations or reproductions of the poetry of the East

to be compared with this little volume in point of value as *English* poetry. In the strength of rhythmical structure, in force of expression, in musical modulation, and in mastery of language, the external character of the verse corresponds with the still rarer qualities of imagination and of spiritual discernment which it displays."

It would be pleasant to know how appreciation of this kind, coming unexpectedly from a stranger over seas, affected the still anonymous, obscurity-loving translator; but if he ever read it, or, having read it, said anything about it, the letters make no sign. He and his work were still comfortably obscure. His old friend Carlyle heard not a word about the matter till 1873, when Professor Norton, who meanwhile had somehow discovered the name of the man he had been praising, mentioned the poem to him, and insisted upon giving him a copy. Carlyle, much pleased, at once wrote to FitzGerald a letter which was undoubtedly meant to be very kind and handsome, but which, read in the light of the present, sounds a little perfunctory, and even a bit patronizing. The translation, he says, is a "meritorious and successful performance." We can almost fancy that we are listening to a good-natured but truthful man who feels it his duty to speak well of a pretty good composition written by a fairly bright grammar school boy.

It was all one to FitzGerald. Perhaps he thought the compliment as good as he deserved. He was getting old — as he had been doing for the last twenty-five years. Persian poetry was little or nothing to him now — "a ten years' dream." The fruit had dropped from the tree; let the earth care for it. So he returns to his Crabbe, to Sainte-Beuve, to Madame de Sévigné, to Don Quixote, to Wesley's Journal, and the rest. Such little time as he has to live, he will live quietly. And ten years afterward, when he died, — suddenly, as he had always

¹ "Sir," said Doctor Johnson, "a fallible being will fail somewhere."

hoped, — some one put on his gravestone that most Omaric of Scripture texts, "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves." Perhaps the words were of his own choosing. Certainly no others could have suited him so well. If he had been eccentric, idle, unambitious, ease-loving, incapable, a pitcher "leaning all awry," he had been what the Potter made him.

"The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
And He that tossed you down into the Field,
He knows about it all — HE knows — HE knows!"

Since his death his fame has increased mightily. All the world reads Omar

Khayyám and praises FitzGerald. "His strange genius, so fitfully and coyly revealed, has given a new quality to English verse, almost all recent manifestations of which it pervades." So says one of the later historians of our nineteenth century literature. And the man himself thought he had done nothing! Truly the race is not to the swift.

"Behold the Grace of Allah comes and goes
As to Itself is good: and no one knows
Which way it turns: in that mysterious Court

Not he most finds who furthest travels for 't,
For one may crawl upon his knees Life-long,
And yet may never reach, or all go wrong:
Another just arriving at the Place
He toiled for, and — the Door shut in his Face:

Whereas Another, scarcely gone a Stride,
And suddenly — Behold he is inside!"

Bradford Torrey.

PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.

PART FIRST.

I.

"Sure a terrible time I was out o' the way,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Till I come to Ireland one sunny day, —
Betther for me, betther for me:
The first time me fut got the feel o' the ground
I was strollin' along in an Irish city
That has n't its aquil the world around,
For the air that is sweet an' the girls that are pretty."

DUBLIN, *April*, 1900.
MacCrossan's Private Hotel.

It is the most absurd thing in the world that Salemina, Francesca, and I should be in Ireland together.

That any three spinsters should be fellow travelers is not in itself extraordinary, and so our former journeyings in England and Scotland could hardly be described as eccentric in any way; but now that I am a matron and Francesca

is shortly to be married, it is odd, to say the least, to see us cosily ensconced in a private sitting room of a Dublin hotel, the table laid for three, and not a vestige of a man anywhere to be seen. Where, one might ask, if he knew the antecedent circumstances, are Miss Hamilton's American spouse and Miss Monroe's Scottish lover?

Francesca had passed most of the winter in Scotland. Her indulgent parent had given his consent to her marriage with a Scotsman, but insisted that she take a year to make up her mind as to which particular one. Memories of her past flirtations, divagations, plans for a life of single blessedness, all conspired to make him incredulous, and the loyal Salemina, feeling some responsibility in the matter, had elected to remain by Francesca's side during the time

when her affections were supposed to be crystallizing into some permanent form.

It was natural enough that my husband and I should spend the first summer of our married life abroad, for we had been accustomed to do this before we met, a period that we always allude to as the Dark Ages; but no sooner had we arrived in Edinburgh, and no sooner had my husband persuaded our two friends to join us in a long delicious Irish holiday, than he was compelled to return to America for a month or two.

I think you must number among your acquaintances such a man as Mr. William Beresford, whose wife I have the honor to be. Physically the type is vigorous, or has the appearance and gives the impression of being vigorous, because it has never the time to be otherwise, since it is always engaged in nursing its ailing or decrepit relatives. Intellectually it is full of vitality; any mind grows when it is exercised, and the brain that has to settle all its own affairs and all the affairs of its friends and acquaintances would never lack energy. Spiritually it is almost too good for earth, and any woman who lives in the house with it has moments of despondency and self-chastisement, in which she fears that heaven may prove all too small to contain the perfect being and its unregenerate family as well.

Financially it has at least a moderate bank account; that is, it is never penniless, indeed it can never afford to be, because it is peremptory that it should possess funds in order to disburse them to needier brothers. There is never an hour when Mr. William Beresford is not signing notes and bonds and drafts for less fortunate men; giving little loans just to "help a fellow over a hard place;" educating friends' children, starting them in business, or securing appointments for them. The widow and the fatherless have worn such an obvious path to his office and residence that no bereaved person could possibly

lose his way, and as a matter of fact no one of them ever does. This special journey of his to America has been made necessary because, first, his cousin's widow has been defrauded of a large sum by her man of business; and second, his college chum and dearest friend has just died in Chicago after appointing him executor of his estate and guardian of his only child. The wording of the will is, "as a sacred charge and with full power." Incidentally, as it were, one of his junior partners has been ordered a long sea voyage, and another has to go somewhere for mud baths. The junior partners were my idea, and were suggested solely that their senior might be left more or less free from business care, but it was impossible that Willie should have selected sound, robust partners — his tastes do not incline him in the direction of selfish ease; accordingly he chose two delightful, estimable, frail gentlemen who needed comfortable incomes in conjunction with light duties.

I am railing at my husband for all this, but I love him for it just the same, and it shows why the table is laid for three.

"Salemina," I said, extending my slipper toe to the glowing peat, which by extraordinary effort we had brought up from the hotel kitchen, as a bit of local color, "it is ridiculous that we three women should be in Ireland together; it's the sort of thing that happens in a book, and of which we say that it could never occur in real life. Three persons do not spend successive seasons in England, Scotland, and Ireland unless they are writing an Itinerary of the British Isles. The situation is possible certainly, but it is n't simple, or natural, or probable. We are behaving precisely like characters in fiction, who, having been popular in the first volume, are exploited again and again until their popularity wanes. We are like the Trotty books or the Elsie Dinsmore series. England was our first volume, Scotland our second, and here we are, if you please,

about to live a third volume in Ireland. We fall in love, we marry and are given in marriage, we promote and take part in international alliances, but when the curtain goes up again our accumulations, acquisitions — whatever you choose to call them — have disappeared. We are not to the superficial eye the spinster-philanthropist, the bride to be, the wife of a year; we are the same old Salemina, Francesca, and Penelope. It is so dramatic that my husband should be called to America; as a woman I miss him and need him; as a character I am much better single. I don't suppose publishers like married heroines any more than managers like married leading ladies. Then how entirely proper it is that Ronald Macdonald cannot leave his new parish in the Highlands. The one, my husband, belongs to the first volume; Francesca's lover to the second; and good gracious, Salemina, don't you see the inference?"

"I may be dull," she replied, "but I confess I do not."

"We are three."

"Who is three?"

"That is not good English, but I repeat with different emphasis *we* are three. I fell in love in England, Francesca fell in love in Scotland" — And here I paused, watching the blush mount rosily to Salemina's gray hair; pink is very becoming to gray, and that, we always say, accounts more satisfactorily for Salemina's frequent blushes than her modesty, which is about of the usual sort.

"Your argument is interesting and even ingenious," she replied, "but I fail to see my responsibility. If you persist in thinking of me as a character in fiction I shall rebel. I am not the stuff of which heroines are made. Besides, I would never appear in anything so cheap and obvious as a series, and the three-volume novel is as much out of fashion as the Rollo books."

"But we are unconscious heroines,

you understand," I went on. "While we were experiencing our experiences we did not notice them, but they have attained by degrees a sufficient bulk so that they are visible to the naked eye. We can look back now and perceive the path we have traveled."

"It is n't retrospect I object to, but anticipation," she retorted; "not history, but prophecy. It is one thing to gaze sentimentally at the road you have traveled, quite another to conjure up impossible pictures of the future."

Salemina calls herself a trifle over forty, but I am not certain of her age, and think perhaps that she is not certain herself. She has good reason to forget it, and so have we. Of course she could consult the Bible family record daily, but if she consulted her looking-glass afterward the one impression would always nullify the other. Her hair is silvered, it is true, but that is so clearly a trick of Nature that it makes her look younger rather than older.

Francesca came into the room just here. I said a moment ago that she was the same old Francesca, but I was wrong. She is softening, sweetening, expanding; in a word, blooming. Not only this, but Ronald Macdonald's likeness has been stamped upon her in some magical way, so that, although she has not lost her own personality, she seems to have added a reflection of his. In the glimpses of herself, her views, feelings, opinions, convictions, which she gives us in a kind of solution, as it were, there are always traces of Ronald Macdonald; or, to be more poetical, he seems to have bent over the crystal pool, and his image is reflected there.

You remember in New England they allude to a bride as "she that was" a so and so. In my private interviews with Salemina I now habitually allude to Francesca as "she that was a Monroe;" it is so significant of her present state of absorption. Several times this week I have been obliged to inquire, "Was I,

by any chance, as absent-minded and dull in Pettybaw as Francesca is under the same circumstances in Dublin?"

"Quite."

"Duller if anything."

These candid replies being uttered in cheerful unison I changed the subject, but could not resist telling them both casually that the building of the Royal Dublin Society was in Kildare Street, just three minutes' walk from MacCrossan's, and that I had noticed it was for the promotion of Husbandry and other useful arts and sciences.

II.

"Nor own a land on earth but one,
We're Paddies, and no more."

Our mutual relations have changed little, notwithstanding that betrothals and marriages have intervened, and in spite of the fact that Salemina has grown a year younger; a mysterious feat that she accomplishes on each anniversary of her birth.

It is many months since we traveled together in Scotland, but on entering this very room in Dublin, the other day, we proceeded to show our several individualities as usual, — I going to the window to see the view, Francesca consulting the placard on the door for hours of table d'hôte, and Salemina walking to the grate and lifting the ugly little paper screen to say, "There is a fire laid; how nice!" As the matron I have been promoted to a nominal charge of the traveling arrangements. Therefore, while the others drive or sail, read or write, I am buried in Murray's Handbook, or immersed in maps. When I sleep, my dreams are spotted, starred, notched, and lined with hieroglyphics, circles, horizontal dashes, long lines, and black dots,

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signifying hotels, coach and rail routes, and tramways.

All this would have been done by Himself with the greatest ease in the world. In the humbler walks of Irish life the head of the house, if he is of the proper sort, is called Himself, and it is in the shadow of this stately title that my husband will appear in this chronicle.

I am quite sure I do not believe in the inferiority of woman, but I have a feeling that a man is a trifle superior in practical affairs. If I am in doubt, and there is no husband, brother, or cousin near, from whom to seek advice, I instinctively ask the butler or the coachman rather than a female friend; also, when a female friend has consulted the Bradshaw in my behalf, I slip out and seek confirmation from the butcher's boy or the milkman. Himself would have laid out all our journeying for us, and we should have gone placidly along in well-ordered paths. As it is, we are already pledged to do the most absurd and unusual things, and Ireland bids fair to be seen in the most topsy-turvy, helter-skelter fashion imaginable.

Francesca's propositions are especially nonsensical, being provocative of fruitless discussion, and adding absolutely nothing to the sum of human intelligence.

"Why not start without any special route in view, and visit the towns with which we already have familiar associations?" she asked. "We should have all sorts of experiences by the way, and be free from the blighting influences of a definite purpose. Who that has ever traveled fails to call to mind certain images when the names of cities come up in general conversation? If Bologna, Brussels, or Lima is mentioned, I think at once of sausages, sprouts, and beans, and it gives me a feeling of friendly intimacy. I remember Neufchâtel and Cheddar by their cheeses, Dorking and Cochín China by their hens, Whitby by its jet, or York by its hams, so that I am never wholly

ignorant of places and their subtle associations."

"That method appeals strongly to the fancy," said Salemina dryly. "What subtle associations have you already established in Ireland?"

"Let me see," she responded thoughtfully; "the list is not a long one. Limerick and Carrickmacross for lace, Shandon for the bells, Blarney and Donnybrook for the Stone and the Fair, Kilkenny for the cats, and Balbriggan for the stockings."

"You are sordid this morning," reproved Salemina; "it would be better if you remembered Limerick by the famous siege, and Balbriggan as the place where King William encamped with his army after the battle of the Boyne."

"I've studied the song writers more than the histories and geographies," I said, "so I should like to go to Bray and look up the Vicar, then to Coleraine to see where Kitty broke the famous pitcher; or to Tara where the Harp that Once, or to Athlone where dwelt the Widow Malone, Ochone, and so on; just start with an armful of Tom Moore's poems and Lover's and Ferguson's, and yes," I added generously, "some of the nice moderns, and visit the scenes they've written about."

"And be disappointed," quoth Francesca cynically. "Poets see everything by the light that never was on sea or shore; still I won't deny that they help the blind, and I should rather like to know if there still are any Nora Creinas and Sweet Peggies and Pretty Girls Milking their Cows."

"I am very anxious to visit as many of the Round Towers as possible," said Salemina. "When I was a girl of seventeen I had a very dear friend, a young Irishman, who has since become a well-known antiquary and archæologist. He was a student, and afterwards, I think, a professor here in Trinity College, but I have not heard from him for many years."

"Don't look him up, darling," pleaded Francesca. "You are so much our superior now that we positively must protect you from all elevating influences."

"I won't insist on the Round Towers," smiled Salemina, "and I think Penelope's idea a delightful one; we might add to it a sort of literary pilgrimage to the homes and haunts of Ireland's famous writers."

"I didn't know that she had any," interrupted Francesca.

This is a favorite method of conversation with that spoiled young person; it seems to appeal to her in three different ways: she likes to belittle herself, she likes to shock Salemina, and she likes to have information given her on the spot in some succinct, portable, convenient form.

"Oh," she continued apologetically, "of course there are Dean Swift and Thomas Moore and Charles Lever."

"And," I added, "certain minor authors named Goldsmith, Sterne, Steele, and Samuel Lover."

"And Bishop Berkeley, and Brinsley Sheridan, and Maria Edgeworth, and Father Prout," continued Salemina, "and certain great speech-makers like Burke and Grattan and Curran; and how delightful to visit all the places connected with Stella and Vanessa, and the spot where Spenser wrote the Faerie Queene."

"You will be telling me in a moment that Thomas Carlyle was born in Skereenarinka, and that Shakespeare wrote Romeo and Juliet in Coolagarranoe," replied Francesca, who had drawn the guidebook toward her and made good use of it. "Let us do the literary pilgrimage, certainly, before we leave Ireland, but suppose we begin with something less intellectual. This is the most pugnacious map I ever gazed upon. All the names seem to begin or end with kill, bally, whack, shock, or knock; no wonder the Irish make good soldiers! Suppose we start with a sanguinary trip to

the Kill places, so that I can tell any timid Americans that I meet in traveling that I have been to Kilmacow and to Kilmacthomas, and am going to-morrow to Kilmore, and next day to Kilumaule."

"I think that must have been said before," I objected.

"It is so obvious that it's not unlikely," she rejoined; "then let us simply agree to go afterwards to see all the Bally places from Ballydehob on the south to Ballycastle or Ballymoney on the north, and from Ballynahinch or Ballywilliam on the east to Ballyvaughan or Ballybunion on the west, and passing through, in transit,

Ballyragget,
Ballysadare,
Ballybophy,
Ballinasloe,
Ballyhooley,
Ballycumber,
Ballyduff,
Ballynashee,
Ballywhack.

Don't they all sound jolly and grotesque?"

"They do indeed," we agreed, "and the plan is quite worthy of you; we can say no more."

We had now developed so many more ideas than we could possibly use that the labor of deciding among them was the next thing to be done. Each of us stood out boldly for her own project, — even Francesca clinging, from sheer willfulness, to her worthless and absurd itineraries, — until, in order to bring the matter to any sort of decision, somebody suggested that we consult Benella; which reminds me that you have not yet the pleasure of Benella's acquaintance.

III.

"O bay of Dublin, my heart you're troublin',
Your beauty haunts me like a fever dream."

To perform the introduction properly I must go back a day or two. We had

elected to cross to Dublin directly from Scotland, an easy night journey. Accordingly we embarked in a steamer called the Prince or the King of something or other, the name being many degrees more princely or kingly than the craft itself.

We had intended, too, to make our own comparison of the bay of Dublin and the bay of Naples, because every traveler, from Charles Lever's Jack Hinton down to Thackeray and Mr. Alfred Austin, has always made it a point of honor to do so. We were balked in our conscientious endeavor, because we arrived at the North Wall forty minutes earlier than the hour set by the steamship company. It is quite impossible for anything in Ireland to be done strictly on the minute, and in struggling not to be hopelessly behind time, a "distressful country" will occasionally be ahead of it. We had been told that we should arrive in a drizzling rain, and that no one but Lady Dufferin had ever on approaching Ireland seen the "sweet faces of the Wicklow mountains reflected in a smooth and silver sea." The grumblers were right on this special occasion, although we have proved them false more than once since.

I was in a fever of fear that Ireland would not be as Irish as we wished it to be. It seemed probable that processions of prosperous aldermen, school directors, contractors, mayors, and ward politicians, returning to their native land to see how Herself was getting on, the crathur, might have deposited on the soil successive layers of Irish-American virtues, such as punctuality, thrift, and cleanliness, until they had quite obscured fair Erin's peculiar and pathetic charm. We longed for the new Ireland as fervently as any of her own patriots, but we wished to see the old Ireland before it passed. There is plenty of it left (alas, the patriots would say), and Dublin was as dear and as dirty as when Lady Morgan first called it so long years ago. The

boat was met by a crowd of ragged gossoms, most of them barefooted, some of them stockingless and in men's shoes, and several of them with flowers in their unspeakable hats and caps. There were no cabs or jaunting cars because we had not been expected so early, and the jarveys were in attendance on the Holyhead steamer. It was while I was searching for a piece of lost luggage that I saw the stewardess assisting a young woman off the gang plank, and leading her toward a pile of wool bags on the dock. She sank helplessly on one of them, and leaned her head on another. As the night had been one calculated to disturb the physical equilibrium of a poor sailor, and the breakfast of a character to discourage the stoutest stomach, I gave her a careless thought of pity and speedily forgot her. Two trunks, a hold-all, a hatbox, — in which reposed, in solitary grandeur, Francesca's picture hat, intended for the further undoing of the Irish gentry, — a guitar case, two bags, three umbrellas; all were safe but Salemina's large Vuitton trunk and my valise, which had been last seen at Edinburgh station. Salemina returned to the boat while Francesca and I wended our way among the heaps of luggage, followed by crowds of ragamuffins who offered to run for a car, run for a cab, run for a porter, carry our luggage up the street to the cab stand, carry our wraps, carry us, "do any mortal thing for a penny, melody, an' there is no cars here, melody, God bless me sowl, and that He be good to us all if I'm tellin' you a word of a lie!"

Entirely unused to this flow of conversation, we were obliged to stop every few seconds to recount our luggage and try to remember what we were looking for. We all met finally, and I rescued Salemina from the voluble thanks of an old woman to whom she had thoughtlessly given a threepenny bit. This mother of a "long weak family" was wishing that

Salemina might live to "ate the hin" that scratched over her grave, and invoking many other uncommon and picturesque blessings, but we were obliged to ask her to desist and let us attend to our own business.

"Will I clane the whole of thim off for you for a penny, your ladyship's honor ma'am?" asked the oldest of the ragamuffins, and I gladly assented to the novel proposition. He did it, too, and there seemed to be no hurt feelings in the company.

Just then there was a rattle of cabs and side cars, and our self-constituted major-domo engaged two of them to await our pleasure. At the same moment our eyes lighted upon Salemina's huge Vuitton, which had been dragged behind the pile of wool sacks. It was no wonder it had escaped our notice, for it was mostly covered by the person of the seasick maiden whom I had seen on the arm of the stewardess. She was seated on it, exhaustion in every line of her figure, her head upon my traveling bag, her feet dangling over the edge until they just touched the "S. P., Salem, Mass., U. S. A." painted in large red letters on the end. She was too ill to respond to our questions, but there was no mistaking her nationality. Her dress, hat, shoes, gloves, face, figure were American. We sent for the stewardess, who told us that she had arrived in Glasgow on the day previous, and had been very ill all the way coming from Boston.

"Boston!" exclaimed Salemina. "Do you say she is from Boston, poor thing?"

"I did n't know that a person living in Boston could ever, under any circumstances, be a 'poor thing,'" whispered Francesca to me.

"She was not fit to be crossing last night, and the doctor on the American ship told her so, and advised her to stay in bed for three days before coming to Ireland; but it seems as if she were determined to get to her journey's end."

"We must have our trunk," I interposed. "Can't we move her carefully back to the wool sacks, and won't you stay with her until her friends come?"

"She has no friends in this country, ma'am. She's just traveling for pleasure like."

"Good gracious! what a position for her to be in," said Salemina. "Can't you take her back to the steamer and put her to bed?"

"I could ask the captain, certainly, miss, though of course it's something we never do, and besides, we have to set the ship to rights and go back again this evening."

"Ask her what hotel she is going to, Salemina," we suggested, "and let us drop her there, and put her in charge of the housekeeper; of course if it is only seasickness she will be all right in the morning."

The girl's eyes were closed, but she opened them languidly as Salemina chafed her cold hands, and asked her gently if we could not drive her to her hotel.

"Is — this — your — baggage?" she whispered.

"It is," Salemina answered, somewhat puzzled.

"Then don't — leave me here, I am from Salem — myself," whereupon without any more warning she promptly fainted away on the trunk.

The situation was becoming embarrassing. The assemblage grew larger, and a more interested and sympathetic audience I never saw. To an Irish crowd, always warm-hearted and kindly, willing to take any trouble for friend or stranger, and with a positive terror of loneliness, or separation from kith and kin, the helpless creature appealed in every way. One and another joined the group with a "Holy Biddy! what's this at all?"

"The saints presarve us, is it dyin' she is?"

"Look at the iligant duds she do be wearin'."

"Call the docthor is it? God give you sinse! Sure the docthors is only a flock of *omadhauns*."

"Is it your daughter she is, ma'am?" (This to Salemina.)

"She's from Ameriky, the poor mischancy crathur."

"Give her a toothful of whiskey, your ladyship. Sure it's nayther bite nor sup she's had the morn, and belike she's as impty as a quarry-hole."

When this last expression from the mother of the long weak family fell upon Salemina's cultured ears she looked desperate.

We could not leave a fellow countrywoman, least of all could she forsake a fellow citizen, in such a hapless plight.

"Take one cab with Francesca and the luggage, Penelope," she whispered. "I will bring the girl with me, put her to bed, find her friends, and see that she starts on her journey safely; it's very awkward, but there's nothing else to be done."

So we departed in a chorus of popular approval.

"Sure it's you that have the good hearts!"

"May the heavens be your bed!"

"May the journey thrive wid her, the crathur!"

Francesca and I arrived first at the hotel where our rooms were already engaged, and there proved to be a comfortable little dressing, or maid's, room just off Salemina's.

Here the Derelict was presently ensconced, and there she lay, in a sort of profound exhaustion, all day, without once absolutely regaining her consciousness. Instead of visiting the National Gallery as I had intended, I went back to the dock to see if I could find the girl's luggage, or get any further information from the stewardess before she left Dublin.

"I'll send the doctor at once, but we must learn all possible particulars now," I said maliciously to poor Salemina. "It

would be so awkward, you know, if you should be arrested for abduction."

The doctor thought it was probably nothing more than the complete prostration that might follow eight days of seasickness, but the patient's heart was certainly a little weak, and she needed the utmost quiet. His fee was a guinea for the first visit, and he would drop in again in the course of the afternoon to relieve our anxiety. We took turns in watching by her bedside, but the two unemployed ones lingered forlornly near, and had no heart for sight-seeing. Francesca did, however, purchase opera tickets for the evening, and secretly engaged the housemaid to act as head nurse in our absence.

As we were dining at seven, we heard a faint voice in the little room beyond. Salemina left her dinner and went in to find her charge slightly better. We had been able thus far only to take off her dress, shoes, and such garments as made her uncomfortable; Salemina now managed to slip on a nightdress and put her under the bed covers, returning then to her cold mutton cutlet.

"She's an extraordinary person," she said, absently playing with her knife and fork. "She did n't ask me where she was, or show any interest in her surroundings; perhaps she is still too weak. She said she was better, and when I had made her ready for bed she whispered, 'I've got to say my prayers.'"

"Say them by all means," I replied. "But I must get up and kneel down," she said.

"I told her she must do nothing of the sort; that she was far too ill.

"But I must," she urged. "I never go to bed without saying my prayers on my knees."

"I forbade her doing it; she closed her eyes, and I came away. Is n't she quaint?"

At this juncture we heard the thud of a soft falling body, and rushing in we found that the Derelict had crept out

of bed on to her knees, and had probably not prayed more than two minutes before she fainted for the fifth or sixth time in twenty-four hours. Salemina was vexed, angel and philanthropist though she is. Francesca and I were so helpless with laughter that we could hardly lift the too conscientious maiden into bed. The situation may have been pathetic; to the truly pious mind it would indeed have been indescribably touching, but for the moment the humorous side of it was too much for our self-control. Salemina, in rushing for stimulants and smelling salts, broke her only comfortable eyeglasses, and this accident, coupled with her other anxieties and responsibilities, caused her to shed tears, an occurrence so unprecedented that Francesca and I kissed and comforted her and tucked her up on the sofa. Then we sent for the doctor, gave our opera tickets to the head waiter and chambermaid, and settled down to a cheerful home evening, our first in Ireland.

"If Himself were here, we should not be in this plight," I sighed.

"I don't know how you can say that," responded Salemina, with considerable spirit. "You know perfectly well that if your husband had found a mother and seven children helpless and deserted on that dock, he would have brought them all to this hotel, and then tried to find the father and grandfather."

"And it's not Salemina's fault," argued Francesca. "She could n't help the girl being born in Salem; not that I believe that she ever heard of the place before she saw it printed on Salemina's trunk. I told you it was too big and red, dear, but you would n't listen! I am the strongest American of the party, but I confess that U. S. A. in letters five inches long is too much for my patriotism."

"It would not be if you ever had charge of the luggage," retorted Salemina.

"And whatever you do, Francesca,"

I added beseechingly, "don't impugn the veracity of our Derelict. While I think of us as ministering angels I can endure anything, but if we are the dupes of an adventuress, there is nothing pretty about it. By the way, I have consulted the English manageress of this hotel, who was not particularly sympathetic. 'Perhaps you should n't have assumed charge of her, madam,' she said, 'but having done so, had n't you better see if you can get her into a hospital?' It is n't a bad suggestion, and after a day or two we will consider it, or I will get a trained nurse to take full charge of her. I would be at any reasonable expense rather than have our pleasure interfered with any farther."

It still seems so odd to make a proposition of this kind. In former times, Francesca was the Cræsus of the party, Salemina came second, and I last, with a most precarious income. Now I am the wealthy one, Francesca is reduced to the second place, and Salemina to the third; but it makes no difference whatever, either in our relations, our arrangements, or, for that matter, in our expenditures.

IV.

"A fair maiden wander'd
All wearied and lone,
Sighing, 'I'm a poor stranger,
And far from my own.'"

The next morning dawned as lovely as if it had slipped out of Paradise, and as for freshness and emerald sheen the world from our windows was like a lettuce leaf just washed in dew. The windows of my bedroom looked out pleasantly on St. Stephen's Green, commonly called Stephen's Green, or, by citizens of the baser sort, Stephens's Green. It is a good English mile in circumference, and many are the changes in it from the time it was first laid out, in 1670, to the present day, when it was made into a public park by Lord Ardilaun.

When the celebrated Mrs. Delany, then Mrs. Pendarves, first saw it, the centre was a swamp, where in winter a quantity of snipe congregated, and Harris in his History of Dublin alludes to the presence of snipe and swamp as an agreeable and uncommon circumstance not to be met with perhaps in any other great city in the world.

A double row of spreading lime trees bordered its four sides, one of which, known as Beaux Walk, was a favorite lounge for fashionable idlers. Here stood Bishop Clayton's residence, a large building with a front like Devonshire House in Piccadilly, so writes Mrs. Delany. It was splendidly furnished, and the bishop lived in a style which proves that Irish prelates of the day were not all given to self-abnegation and mortification of the flesh.

A long line of vehicles, outside cars and cabs, some of them battered and shaky, others sufficiently well looking, was gathering on two sides of the green, for Dublin, you know, is "the car-drivingest city in the world." Francesca and I had our first experience yesterday in the intervals of nursing, driving to Dublin Castle, Trinity College, the Four Courts and Grafton Street (the Regent Street of Dublin). It is easy to tell the stranger, stiff, decorous, terrified, clutching the rail with one or both hands, but we took for our model a pretty Irish girl, who looked like nothing so much as a bird on a swaying bough. It is no longer called the "jaunting," but the outside car, and there is another charming word lost to the world. There was formerly an inside car too, but it is almost unknown in Dublin, though still found in some of the smaller towns. An outside car has its wheels practically inside the body of the vehicle, but an inside car carries its wheels outside. This definition was given us by an Irish driver, but lucid definition is not perhaps an Irishman's strong point. It is clearer to say that the passenger sits outside of the wheels

on the one, inside on the other. There are seats for two persons over each of the two wheels, and a dickey for the driver in front, should he need to use it. Ordinarily he sits on one side, driving, while you perch on the other, and thus you jog along, each seeing your own side of the road, and discussing the topics of the day across the "well," as the covered-in centre of the car is called. There are those who do not agree with its champions who call it "Cupid's own conveyance;" they find the seat too small for two, yet feel it a bit unsociable when the companion occupies the opposite side. To me a modern Dublin car with rubber tires and a good Irish horse is the jolliest conveyance in the universe; there is a liveliness, an irresponsible gayety, in the spring and sway of it; an ease in the half-lounging position against the cushions, a unique charm in "traveling edgeways" with your feet planted on the step. You must not be afraid of a car if you want to enjoy it. Hold the rail if you must, at first, though it's just as bad form as clinging to your horse's mane while riding in the Row. Your driver will take all the chances that a crowded thoroughfare gives him; he would scorn to leave more than an inch between your feet and a Guinness' beer dray; he will shake your flounces and furbelows in the very windows of the passing trams, but he is beloved by the gods, and nothing ever happens to him.

The morning was enchanting, as I said, and, above all, the Derelict was better.

"It's a grand night's slape I had wid her intirely," said the housemaid; "an' sure it's not to-day she'll be dyin' on you at all, at all; she's had the white drink in the bowl twyst, and a grand cup o' tay on the top o' that."

Salemina fortified herself with breakfast before she went in to an interview, which we all felt to be important and decisive. The time seemed endless to us, and endless were our suppositions.

"Perhaps she has had morning prayers and fainted again."

"Perhaps she has turned out to be Salemina's long-lost cousin."

"Perhaps she is upbraiding Salemina for kidnaping her when she was insensible."

"Perhaps she is relating her life history; if it is a sad one Salemina is adopting her legally at this moment."

"Perhaps she is one of Mr. Beresford's wards, and has come over to complain of somebody's ill treatment."

Here Salemina entered, looking flushed and embarrassed. We thought it a bad sign that she could not meet our eyes without confusion, but I made room for her on the sofa, and Francesca drew her chair closer.

"She is from Salem," began the poor dear; "she has never been out of Massachusetts in her life."

"Unfortunate girl!" exclaimed Francesca, adding prudently, as she saw Salemina's rising color, "though of course if one has to reside in a single state, Massachusetts offers more compensations than any other."

"She knows every nook and corner in the place," continued Salemina; "she has even seen the house where I was born, and her name is Benella Dusenberry."

"Impossible!" cried Francesca. "Dusenberry is unlikely enough, but who ever heard of such a name as Benella! It sounds like a flavoring extract."

"She came over to see the world, she says."

"Oh! then she has money?"

"No, or at least, yes, or at least she had enough when she left America to last for two or three months, or until she could earn something."

"Of course she left her little all in a chamois-skin bag under her pillow on the steamer," suggested Francesca.

"That is precisely what she did," Salemina replied, with a pale smile. "However, she was so ill in the steer-

age that she had to pay twenty-five or thirty dollars extra to go into the second cabin, and this naturally reduced the amount of her savings, though it makes no difference since she left them all behind her, save a few dollars in her purse. She says she is usually perfectly well, but that she was very tired when she started, that it was her first sea voyage, and the passage was unusually rough."

"Where is she going?"

"I don't know; I mean, she does n't know. Her maternal grandmother was born in Trim, near Tara, in Meath, but she does not think she has any relations over here. She is entirely alone in the world, and that gives her a certain sentiment in regard to Ireland, which she heard a great deal about when she was a child. The maternal grandmother must have gone to Salem at a very early age, as Benella herself savors only of New England soil."

"Has she any trade, or is she trained to do anything whatsoever?" asked Francesca.

"No, she hoped to take some position of 'trust.' She is rather vague, but she speaks and appears like a nice conscientious person."

"Tell us the rest; conceal nothing," I said sternly.

"She — she thinks that we have saved her life, and she feels that she belongs to us," faltered Salemina.

"Belongs to us!" we cried in a duet.

"Was there ever such a base reward given to virtue; ever such an unwelcome expression of gratitude! Belong to us, indeed! We can't have her; we won't have her. Were you perfectly frank with her?"

"I tried to be, but she almost insisted; she has set her heart upon being our maid."

"Does she know how to be a maid?"

"No, but she is extremely teachable, she says."

"I have my doubts," remarked Francesca; "a liking for personal service is

not a distinguishing characteristic of New Englanders; they are not the stuff of which maids are made. If she were French or German or Senegambian, in fact anything but a Saleminian, we might use her; we have always said we needed some one."

Salemina brightened. "I thought myself it might be rather nice. Penelope had thought at one time of bringing a maid, and it would save us a great deal of trouble. The doctor thinks she could travel a short distance in a few days; perhaps it is a Providence in disguise."

"The disguise is perfect," interpolated Francesca.

"You see, when the poor thing tottered along the wharf the stewardess laid her on the pile of wool sacks, and ran off to help another passenger. When she opened her eyes, she saw straight in front of her, in huge letters, 'Salem, Mass., U. S. A.' It loomed before her despairing vision, I suppose, like a great ark of refuge, and seemed to her in her half-dazed condition not only a reminder, but almost a message from home. She had then no thought of ever seeing the owner; she says she felt only that she should like to die quietly on anything marked 'Salem, Mass.' Go in to see her presently, Penelope, and make up your own mind about her. See if you can persuade her to — to — well, to give us up. Try to get her out of the notion of being our maid. She is so firm; I never saw so feeble a person who could be so firm; and what in the world shall we do with her if she keeps on insisting, in her nervous state?"

"My idea would be," I suggested, "to engage her provisionally, if we must, not because we want her, but because her heart is weak. I shall tell her that we do not feel like leaving her behind, and yet we ourselves cannot be detained in Dublin indefinitely; that we will try the arrangement for a month, and that she can consider herself free to leave us at any time on a week's notice."

"I approve of that," agreed Francesca, "because it makes it easier to dismiss her in case she turns out to be a Massachusetts Borgia. You remember, however, that we bore with the vapors and vagaries, the sighs and moans, of Jane Grieve in Pettybaw, all those weeks, and not one of us had the courage to throw off her yoke. Never shall I forget her at your wedding, Penelope; the teardrop glistened in her eye as usual; I think it is glued there! Ronald was sympathetic, because he fancied she was weeping for the loss of you, but on inquiry it transpired that she was thinking of a marriage in that 'won'erfu' fine family in Glasgy,' with whose charms she had made us all too familiar. She asked to be remembered when I began my own housekeeping, and I told her truthfully that she was not a person who could be forgotten; I repressed my feeling that she is too tearful for a Highland village where it rains most of the year, also my conviction that Ronald's parish would chasten me sufficiently without her aid."

I did as Salemina wished, and had a conference with Miss Dusenberry. I hope I was quite clear in my stipulations as to the perfect freedom of the four contracting parties. I know I intended to be, and I was embarrassed to see Francesca and Salemina exchange glances next day when Benella said she would show us what a good sailor she could be on the return voyage to America, adding that she thought a person would be much less liable to seasickness when traveling in the first cabin.

V.

"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm —
For tho' they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue
more!"

"This is an anniversary," said Salemina, coming into the sitting room at breakfast time with a book under her

arm. "Having given up all hope of any one's waking in this hotel, which, before nine in the morning, is precisely like the Sleeping Beauty's castle, I dressed and determined to look up Brian Boru."

"From all that I can recall of him he was not a person to meet before breakfast," yawned Francesca; "still I shall be glad of a little fresh light, for my mind is in a most chaotic state, induced by the intellectual preparation that you have made me undergo during the past month. I dreamed last night that I was conducting a mothers' meeting in Ronald's new parish, and the subject for discussion was the Small Livings Scheme, the object of which is to augment the stipends of the ministers of the Church of Scotland to a minimum of £200 per annum. I tried to keep the members to the point, but was distracted by the sudden appearance, in all corners of the church, of people who had n't been 'asked to the party.' There was Brian Boru, Tony Lumpkin, Finn McCool, Felicia Hemans, Ossian, Mrs. Delany, Sitric of the Silken Beard, St. Columba, Mickey Free, Strongbow, Maria Edgeworth, and the Venerable Bede. Imagine leading a mothers' meeting with those people in the pews, — it was impossible! St. Columbkille and the Venerable Bede seemed to know about parochial charges and livings and stipends and glebes, and Maria Edgeworth was rather helpful; but Brian and Sitric glared at each other and brandished their hymn books threateningly, while Ossian refused to sit in the same pew with Mickey Free, who behaved in an odious manner, and interrupted each of the speakers in turn. Incidentally a group of persons huddled together in a far corner rose out of the dim light, and flapping huge wings, flew over my head and out of the window above the altar. This I took to be the Flight of the Earls, and the terror of it awoke me. Whatever my parish duties may be in the

future, at least they cannot be any more dreadful and disorderly than the dream."

"I don't know which is more to blame, the seed that I sowed, or the soil on which it fell," said Salemina, laughing heartily at Francesca's whimsical nightmares; "but as I said, this is an anniversary. The famous battle of Clontarf was fought here in Dublin on this very day eight hundred years ago, and Brian Boru routed the Danes in what was the last struggle between Christianity and heathenism. The greatest slaughter took place on the streets along which we drove yesterday, from Ballybough Bridge to the Four Courts. Brian Boru was king of Munster, you remember." (Salemina always says this for courtesy's sake.) "Mailmora, the king of Leinster, had quarreled with him, and joined forces with the Danish leaders against him. Broder and Amlaff, two vikings from the Isle of Man, brought with them a 'fleet of two thousand Danmarkians and a thousand men covered with mail from head to foot,' to meet the Irish, who always fought in tunics. Joyce says that Broder wore a coat of mail that no steel would bite, that he was both tall and strong, and that his black locks were so long that he tucked them under his belt, — there's a portrait for your gallery, Penelope. Brian's army was encamped on the Green of Aha-Clee, which is now Phoenix Park, and when he set fire to the Danish districts, the fierce Norsemen within the city could see a blazing, smoking pathway that reached from Dublin to Howth. The quarrel must have been all the more virulent in that Mailmora was Brian's brother-in-law, and Brian's daughter was the wife of Sitric of the Silken Beard, Danish king of Dublin."

"I refuse to remember their relationships or alliances," said Francesca. "They were always intermarrying with their foes in order to gain strength, but it generally seems to have made things worse rather than better; still I don't

mind hearing what became of Brian after his victory; let us quite finish with him before the eggs come up. I suppose it will be eggs?"

"Broder the Viking rushed upon him in his tent where he was praying, cleft his head from his body, and he is buried in Armagh Cathedral," said Salemina, closing the book. "Penelope, do ring again for breakfast, and just to keep us from realizing our hunger read Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave."

We had brought letters of introduction to a dean, a bishop, and a Rt. Hon. Lord Justice, so there were a few delightful invitations when the morning post came up; not so many as there might have been, perhaps, had not the Irish capital been in a state of complete dementia over the presence of the greatest Queen in the world. Privately, I think that those nations in the habit of having queens at all should have four, like the queens in a pack of cards; then they could manage to give all their colonies and dependencies a frequent sight of royalty, and prevent much excitement and heart-burning.

It was worth something to be one of the lunatic populace when the little lady in black, with her parasol bordered in silver shamrocks, drove along the gayly decorated streets, for the Irish, it seems to me, desire nothing better than to be loyal, if any persons to whom they can be loyal are presented to them.

"Irish disaffection is, after all, but skin-deep," said our friend the dean; "it is a cutaneous malady, produced by external irritants. Below the surface there is a deep spring of personal loyalty, which needs only a touch like that of the prophet's wand to enable it to gush forth in healing floods."

It was small use for the parliamentary misrepresentatives to advise treating Victoria of the Good Deeds with the courtesy due to a foreign sovereign visiting the country. Under the miles of flags she drove, red, white, and blue,

tossing themselves in the sweet spring air, and up from the warm hearts of the surging masses of people, men and women alike, Crimean soldiers and old cronies in rags, gentry and peasants, went a greeting I never before heard given to any sovereign, for it was a sigh of infinite content that trembled on the lips and then broke into a deep sob. The first cheers were faint and broken, and the emotion that quivered on every face and the tears that gleamed in a thousand eyes made it the most touching spectacle in the world. "Foreign sovereign, indeed!" She was the Queen of Ireland, and the nation of courtiers and hero worshipers was at her feet. There was the history of five hundred years in that greeting, and to me it spoke volumes.

Plenty of people there were in the crowd, too, who were heartily "agin the government;" but Daniel O'Connell is not the only Irishman who could combine a detestation of the Imperial Parliament with a passionate loyalty to the sovereign.

There was a woman near us who "remimbered the last time Her Noble Highness come, thirty-nine years back, — glory bc to God, thim was the times!" — and who kept ejaculating, "She's the best woman in the wurld, bar none, and the most varchous faymale!" As her husband made no reply, she was obliged in her excitement to thump him with her umbrella and repeat, "The most varchous faymale, do you hear?" At which he retorted, "Have conduct, woman; sure I've nothin' agin it."

"Look at the size of her now," she went on, "sittin' in that grand carriage, no bigger than me own Kitty, and always in the black, the darlin'." Look at her, a widdy woman, raring that large and heavy family of children; and how well she's married off her daughters (more luck to her!), though to be sure they must have been well fortuneed! Who's the iligant sojers in the silver

stays, Thady? Is it the Life Guards you're callin' thim? They do be sayin' she's come over because she's plazed with seein' estated gintlemen lave iverything and go out and be shot by thim bloody Boers, bad scran to thim! Sure if I had the sons, sorra a wan but I'd lave go!"

Here the band played *Come back to Erin*, and the scene was indescribable. Nothing could have induced me to witness it had I realized what it was to be, for I wept at Holyrood when I heard the plaintive strains of Bonnie Charlie's now Awa floating up to the Gallery of Kings from the palace courtyard, and I did not wish Francesca to see me shedding national, political, and historical tears so soon again. Francesca herself is so ardent a republican that she weeps only for presidents and cabinet officers. For my part, although I am thoroughly loyal, I cannot become sufficiently attached to a president in four years to shed tears when I see him driving at the head of a procession.

VI.

"Light on their feet now they passed me and sped,

Give you me word, give you me word,
Every girl wid a turn o' the head

Just like a bird, just like a bird;
And the lashes so thick round their beautiful eyes

Shinin' to tell you it's fair time o' day wid them,

Back in me heart wid a kind of surprise,
I think how the Irish girls has the way wid them!"

Mrs. Delany, writing from Dublin in 1731, says: "As for the generality of people that I meet with here, they are much the same as in England — a mixture of good and bad. All that I have met with behave themselves very decently according to their rank; now and then an oddity breaks out, but never so extraordinary but that I can match it in

England. There is a heartiness among them that is more like Cornwall than any I have known, and great sociableness."

Mrs. Delany, friend of duchesses and queens, gives most amusing and most charming descriptions of the society in the Ireland of her day, descriptions which are confirmed by contemporary writers. The ladies, who scarcely ever appeared on foot in the streets, were famous for their grace in dancing, as the men were for their skill in swimming. The hospitality of the upper classes was profuse, and by no means lacking in brilliancy or in grace. The humorous and satirical poetry found in the fugitive literature of the period shows conclusively that there were plenty of bright spirits and keen wits at the banquets, routs, and balls. The curse of absenteeism was little felt in Dublin where the Parliament secured the presence of most of the aristocracy and of much of the talent of the country, and during the residence of the viceroy there was the influence of the court to contribute to the sparkling character of Dublin society.

How they managed to sparkle when discussing some of the heavy dinner menus of the time I cannot think. Here is one of the Dean of Down's bills of fare:—

Turkeys endove
Boyled leg of mutton
Greens, etc.
Soup
Plum Pudding
Roast loin of veal
Venison pasty
Partridge
Sweetbreads
Collared Pig
Creamed apple tart
Crabs
Fricassée of eggs
Pigeons
No dessert to be had.

Although there is no mention of beverages we may be sure that this array of viands was not eaten dry, but was washed down with a plentiful variety of wines and liquors.

The hosts that numbered among their dinner guests Sheridan or Lysaght or Mangan, Lever, Steele, or Sterne, Curran or Lover, Father Prout or Dean Swift, had as great a feast of wit and repartee as one will be apt soon to hear again; although it must have been Lever or Lover who furnished the cream of Irish humor, and Father Prout and Swift the curds.

If you are fortunate enough to be bidden to the right houses in Ireland to-day, you will have as much good talk as you are likely to hear in any other city in this degenerate age, which has mostly forgotten how to converse in learning to chat; and any one who goes to the Spring Show at Ball's Bridge, or to the Punchestown or Leopardstown races, or to the Dublin horse show, will have to confess that the Irishwomen can dispute the palm with any nation. Their charm is made up of beautiful eyes and lashes, lustre of hair, poise of head, shapeliness of form, vivacity and coquetry; and there is a matchless grace in the way they wear the "whatever," be it the chiffons of the fashionable dame, or the shawl of the country colleen, who can draw the two corners of that faded article of apparel shyly over her lips and look out from under it with a pair of luminous gray eyes in a manner that is fairly "distractin'."

Yesterday was a red-letter day, for I dined in the evening at Dublin Castle, and Francesca was bidden to the Throne Room dance that followed the dinner. It was a brilliant scene when the assembled guests awaited their host and hostess, the shaded lights bringing out the satins and velvets, pearls and diamonds, uniforms, orders, and medals. Suddenly the hum of voices ceased, a line was formed, and we bent low as their Excellencies, preceded by the state steward and followed by the comptroller of the household, passed through the rooms to St. Patrick's Hall. As my escort was a certain brilliant lord justice, and as the

wittiest dean in Leinster was my other neighbor, I almost forgot to eat, in my pleasure and excitement. I told the dean that we had chosen Scottish ancestors before going to our first great dinner in Edinburgh, feeling that we should be more in sympathy with the festivities and more acceptable to our hostess, but that I had forgotten to provide myself for this occasion, my first function in Dublin; whereupon the good dean promptly remembered that there was a Penelope O'Connor, daughter of the King of Connaught. I could not quite give up Tam o' the Cowgate (Thomas Hamilton) or Jenny Geddes of fauld-stule fame, also a Hamilton, but I added the King of Connaught to the list of my chosen forbears with much delight, in spite of the polite protests of the Rev. Father O'Hogan who sat opposite, and who remarked that

"Man for his glory
To ancestry flies,
But woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the monarch but traces
Through mortal his line,
Beauty born of the Graces
Ranks next to divine."

I asked the Reverend Father if he were descended from Galloping O'Hogan, who helped Patrick Sarsfield to spike the guns of the Williamites at Limerick.

"By me sowl, ma'am, it's not discindeed at all I am; I am one o' the common sort, jist," he answered, broadening his brogue to make me smile. A delightful man he was, exactly such an one as might have sprung full grown from a Lever novel; one who could talk equally well with his flock about pigs or penances, purgatory or potatoes, and quote Tom Moore and Lover when occasion demanded.

Story after story fell from his genial lips, and at last he said apologetically, "One more, and I have done," when a pretty woman, sitting near him, interpolated slyly, "We might say to you, your reverence, what the old woman said to

the eloquent priest who finished his sermon with 'One word, and I have done.'"

"An' what is that, ma'am?" asked Father O'Hogan.

"Och! me darlin' pracher, may ye niver be done!"

We all agreed that we should like to reconstruct the scene for a moment and look at a drawing-room of two hundred years ago, when the Lady Lieutenant after the minuets at eleven o'clock went to her basset table, while her pages attended behind her chair, and when on ball nights the ladies scrambled for sweetmeats on the dancing-floor. As to their probable toilettes one could not give purer pleasure than by quoting Mrs. Delany's description of one of them:—

"The Duchess's dress was of white satin embroidered, the bottom of the petticoat, brown hills covered with all sorts of weeds, and every breadth had an *old stump of a tree*, that ran up almost to the top of the petticoat, broken and ragged, and worked with brown chenille, round which twined nasturtiums, ivy, honeysuckles, periwinkles, and all sorts of running flowers, which spread and covered the petticoat. . . . The robings and facings were little green banks covered with all sorts of weeds, and the sleeves and the rest of the gown loose twining branches of the same sort as those on the petticoat. Many of the leaves were finished with gold, and part of the stumps of the trees looked like the gilding of the sun. I never saw a piece of work so prettily fancied."

She adds a few other details for the instruction of her sister Anne:—

"Heads are variously adorned; pompons with some accompaniment of feathers, ribbons, or flowers; lappets in all sorts of curli-murlis; long hoods are worn close under the chin; the earrings go round the neck (!), and tie with bows and ends behind. Night-gowns are worn without hoops."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(To be continued.)

THE STRUGGLE FOR WATER IN THE WEST.

MOUNT UNION in Wyoming might be called the Mother of Civilization in the western half continent where water is King. The melting snows of this peak in the Wind River Range, south of Yellowstone Park, give birth to three rivers which, in the course of their long journeys to the sea, control the industrial character of a region which will ultimately be the home of more people than any nation of Europe, and probably of twice as many people as now dwell within the United States. These rivers are the Missouri, the Columbia, and the Colorado. The first waters the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, including the Great Plains; the second, all of Idaho, much of Montana and the larger portions of Washington and Oregon, which constitute the Pacific Northwest; the third, the Intermountain Region of Wyoming, Utah, and Colorado, and of those parts of Arizona and California that make the extreme Southwest.

In striking contrast to the familiar conditions of the East, it may be said that upon the fate of these precious waters hangs the destiny of the many millions of people who shall live in vast districts now mostly vacant and undeveloped, but certain in the future to support a complex and far-reaching economic life. By no possibility can these future millions escape the dominating influence of these three great rivers and their systems of tributaries. It is not merely that the arid land cannot support human life without irrigation, and that the extent of this industry is, therefore, the necessary measure of settlement. The more important fact is that upon the manner of control under which irrigation shall do its work depends the industrial, social, and political character of the institutions to be erected upon this indispensable foundation. The peo-

ple will be bond or free, tenants or proprietors; will coöperate in the orderly development and equitable distribution of the first necessity of their existence, or clash in the greedy struggle for its exclusive possession; will prosper or languish, create high conditions of social life, or lapse into semi-barbarism, in sure response to the manner in which the water supply is owned and administered. In the future life of the immense region which constitutes the true field for American expansion and domestic colonization, questions of tariff and currency and foreign dominion are as nothing compared to the overshadowing importance of the struggle for water and the social and economic problems to which it is inseparably related.

The history of Eastern settlement and the experience of English-speaking men in other lands furnish little light for this problem of the West. It is a new question for our race and country, but its importance to the future of our civilization cannot be exaggerated, nor can it be longer ignored.

The explorers and pioneers of the Far West naturally had no appreciation of the problems now vexing those who followed in their footsteps. They came from a race and from communities that knew no need of moisture beyond that which fell from the clouds, and had no knowledge of irrigation except such as they might have absorbed from references to this ancient art in their Bibles. They were not statesmen or philosophers, but rude frontiersmen in quest of adventure, gold, or peltries. They could not foresee that water, of which there was more than enough for their meagre needs, would some time surpass in value all the stores of precious metals.

The first generation of homemakers

among the plateaus and deserts were not much wiser than the explorers, the trappers, and the missionaries who had preceded them. Farms were few and far between, and the water required for their irrigation was cheaply diverted from the stream, and applied to the soil with a prodigality which took no account of the future. Under these circumstances it is not strange that, as the wilderness was carved into territories, and as the territories blossomed into states, these new communities applied the English common law to conditions it was never intended to fit. Had the Napoleonic or the Spanish code been chosen there would be a far different story to tell, for these were framed with an intelligent appreciation of the value of water for irrigation, but the Western pioneers carried to their new homes English traditions as well as English speech, and planted English law and custom at the foundation of their institutions. This beginning was fraught with peril and pregnant with far-reaching evil.

The English law, made for a country of excessive rainfall, governs the use of water from the standpoint of the riparian doctrine, — the doctrine that owners of land bordering the stream have a right to demand that the water shall continue to flow past their premises, undiminished in quantity and unimpaired in quality, as it has flowed from time immemorial. This law involves no hardship where the use of water is limited to domestic, power, and navigation purposes, but it has been justly denounced as “an infamous law in an arid land.” There water is as gold. A stream that in the humid region would merely lend a pleasing touch to the landscape, and serve no practical purpose, has a commercial value of millions of dollars in the arid region. The man who “owns” or controls it by virtue of his ownership of riparian lands practically owns all the land within reach of the stream

which might be made productive by the diversion of its waters. Through the power he derives from the English common law he may put an absolute veto upon the progress of the country, or, by permitting progress on terms of his own naming, may levy tribute upon his neighbors and unborn generations for himself and his heirs forever. At least, such would be the logical result of the riparian doctrine if fully applied in the arid states which inherited it from England with the other provisions of the common law. To a certain extent this odious doctrine has been mitigated in its practical effects by judicial decision and legislative enactment, but it still lives as an obstacle to progress, and will continue to do so until it shall be cut out of constitutions and statutes, root and branch. The treasure that has been wasted in lawsuits growing out of this doctrine, and the brood of evils to which it gave rise, would construct many canals, reclaim great areas, and make homes for thousands of people.

There are other evils which have grown up in the shadow of the English law, and are directly due to the fact that, framed in ignorance of the needs and uses of water for irrigation, it was adopted without forethought by the founders of Western communities. One of the worst of these evils is that of over-appropriation. The law made no provision for the measurement of streams. As a result, the work of reclaiming arid lands was everywhere undertaken without exact knowledge as to the quantity of water in the streams, or as to the amount required for the proper irrigation of a given area or crop. As a consequence, nearly every Western stream was “appropriated” several times in excess of its contents. The utter recklessness of this proceeding may be better appreciated if we liken it to the case of a bank, where capital and deposits should be treated as common fund, to be drawn upon at will by all persons who

needed money, and whose checks should be promptly certified by the proper officials. For it is not only true that the streams were over-appropriated. These excessive claims were generally confirmed by the courts, as if the water really existed and the claims were not largely a pleasing fiction. In the case of the bank, somebody's checks would certainly go to protest. There would be lawsuits and perhaps broken heads as a natural outcome. That is precisely what happened in the West. There is endless litigation. The same issues are tried over and over again. When decrees are rendered, there is no power to enforce them save the tedious and costly process of another lawsuit, to be followed in time by another, and by still another. Lawyers have waxed prosperous, but capital has been discouraged, and settlers have lost both their crops and their tempers, and, at times, have appealed to the shotgun as a more sensible remedy than lawyers and courts. The root of the trouble lies in the original mistake of adopting the laws and customs of countries which had no irrigation problem of their own and therefore no need of diverting the water from its natural channels.

But the evils already mentioned do not begin to measure the wrong and loss which the settlers of the arid region suffered as a consequence of taking institutions, ready-made, from the experience of their forefathers. Upon this foundation a more monstrous evil has been builded by the greed and ignorance of man. This is the doctrine of the private ownership of water apart from its use in connection with land. Here was a region of fertile soil and unfailling sunshine, surrounded by all the raw materials of a varied economic life, but ruled by the fundamental fact that water must be artificially supplied to support human existence. If to such surroundings we admit the theory that water flowing from the melting snows

and gathered in lake and stream is a private commodity, belonging to him who first appropriates it, regardless of the use for which he designs it, we have all the conditions for a hateful economic servitude. Next to bottling the air and sunshine, no monopoly of natural resources could be fraught with more possibilities of abuse than the attempt to make merchandise of water in an arid land. But this attempt was made upon a considerable scale in all the states and territories west of the Missouri River. It was supported by the laws of state and nation, and by the traditions of the dominant race. For a long time no man dared lift his voice against it, lest he be denounced and ostracized as an enemy of capital, of the country, of progress.

There was no deep design on anybody's part when the system of private ownership of water was invented and put into practice in the West, — no premeditated effort to enslave or exploit those who should come to till the soil. By instinct and by training the Anglo-Saxon sees value in land, and looks upon water as merely an adjunct to agriculture. The abundance of land and the competition for immigrants, together with the generous laws governing the public domain, were felt to be sufficient safeguards for the settler. Such had proved to be the case in the eastern part of the United States. Nobody realized that radically different conditions had been encountered in the Far West.

The first canals were built by the joint labor of farmers to supply their own needs. But this was only feasible when the mountain streams could be turned out of their courses by simple dams and ditches. The point was soon reached where large capital was required to construct costly works and reclaim very large areas. The necessary capital responded with alacrity, even with enthusiasm, to the new opportunity. Then began the speculation in water which

swept over the West a decade and more ago, bringing millions of acres "under ditch" as the result of the investment of tens of millions of dollars. This movement rapidly developed into an effort to create a monopoly of the water supply in various localities, with the object of obtaining possession of the more valuable lands, and of levying tribute on all the rest.

No speculation could possibly present a better appearance "on paper" than the proposition to get possession of a water course and reclaim a beautiful valley of fertile soil. The prospectus of such an enterprise shows that no man may make his home under the proposed canals except upon such terms as the company shall name. If the settler be not forestalled by the land-grabber, as is almost certain to be the case, but proceeds to file upon the land under his rights of citizenship, he has still to settle with the water lord. His property is worthless, and must ever remain so, until he has obtained water from the only source whence it can possibly be had, — a source which the thrifty promoter has already preëmpted. There is therefore nothing for the settler to do except to inquire the terms upon which the life-giving current will be turned upon his land and continued in perpetuity. These terms, as the prospectus used to explain, were, first, a cash payment of ten to twenty dollars per acre for a "water right;" second, a contract agreeing to an annual payment called "water rent." The promoter's financial plan contemplated the sale of water rights in an amount sufficient more than to return the entire investment; then, an annual income from water rents sufficient to pay dividends on large amounts of fictitious capital. There was no lack of water for stocks and bonds, even if the supply sometimes fell short for the land.

This attempt to fasten a water monopoly upon the budding civilization of the arid region is interesting, first of all, in

its economic and political aspects. If successful, it would make millions of men in the future tenants rather than proprietors. It would create a system essentially feudal, since ownership of the water in an arid region is practically equivalent to ownership of the land. In this feudal system the man who owns the water is the great proprietor; those who use the water and pay him tribute are the peasants. The political influences which might grow out of such a system, and their far-reaching effect upon the future, may be readily imagined. How well these dangers were anticipated by the people was luminously shown by the almost total failure to find settlers for lands covered by these private canals. However pleased with the fertility of soil and the charm of climate, they withheld their necks from the yoke of water bondage with practical unanimity.

The essence of the attempted monopoly was the water right, which stood for the arrogant claim of ownership in that most vital of natural elements to an arid land. The man who purchased a water right purchased no actual water, but only the privilege of "renting" water. He thereby acknowledged that he had no natural right in melting snows and running brooks, though he could not possibly hope to make a living from the soil he owned without irrigation. The fallacy of the water right theory readily dawned upon promoters and investors when the failure of colonization became apparent and was swiftly followed by the failure of the expected dividends. It was not until these facts were reasonably well established that the system was overtaken by the strong disapproval of courts and legislatures. A notable decision in the United States Circuit Court at Los Angeles flatly declared that there could be no such thing as private ownership in the natural stream, — that the only right was that which arose from beneficial use. About the same time the Idaho legisla-

ture passed a law forbidding canal companies to demand the purchase of a water right as a prerequisite to furnishing water to owners of land under their works. After much legal and social friction, it is now generally understood that irrigation works carrying water in excess of that required for the lands of their owners are to be treated as common carriers, and made to furnish water to all lands within reach of their canals, regardless of the former demand for the purchase of water rights. This statement applies only to enterprises which undertook to sell water apart from the land, and not to coöperative and district organizations that aimed only to water the lands of those directly interested.

The land laws of the United States, like the water laws, are ill suited to the needs of the arid region. The Homestead law served a useful purpose in the settlement of the country east of the Missouri River. It is gratefully associated in the public mind with the most notable achievements of domestic colonization. But it does not fit the conditions existing in the vast remainder of our public domain. On the contrary, it proved an invitation to disaster to thousands of settlers who were led to take up lands where they could not possibly prosper without irrigation facilities, for which this law makes no provision. The Desert Land law is scarcely better adapted to the purpose. It has been used largely as a means of land-grabbing by those who wished to forestall the settler and speculate upon his necessities.

No other part of the United States — perhaps no other part of the world — is so favored as western America in its natural endowments. In the fertility of its soil, the extent and value of its timber, mines, water power, and native pastures, and in the healthfulness and charm of its climate, it is a region of extraordinary resources and surpassing promise. But this fair empire is bound hand and

foot by a system of illogical and antiquated laws and customs, born of the needs of other days and other countries, and wholly unsuited to this place and time. These unhappy conditions have not only disturbed the peace of communities, and the relations of capital and labor, but involved states and nations in discord and bad feeling. Colorado takes the waters from the Arkansas needed for canals constructed much earlier in Kansas. New Mexico develops her resources at the expense of the sister republic south of the Rio Grande, drying up canals which have supported Mexican communities for centuries. It is announced that Kansas will bring suit against Colorado to determine its rights in the Arkansas River, and to attempt to protect the large investments made in irrigation before the citizens of the upper state absorbed practically the entire flow of the stream at the season of low water. This suit marks the acute stage of the controversy over interstate rights, and the outcome will be awaited with interest throughout the West. It involves one of the most delicate questions which has yet arisen with reference to irrigation in this country, and may call for the assertion of the national authority as to the division of streams rising in one state and flowing through others which have need to make the utmost use of their natural water supply.

The present consequences of these conditions are as nothing compared to their future effects as the settlement of the country progresses. What has been merely misfortune will become disaster unless the evil tendencies are soon corrected. The pitiable chaos of laws and customs should be replaced by a well-considered code of national and state regulations, framed in the light of the best experience, and adapted alike to the physical foundation of the arid region and to the economic needs of the time. It is a work of construction as well as of reform. There are abuses to abolish,

but there is also a demand for a broad and enduring foundation of law and custom on which the future shall rear a stately edifice of industry and society. We have learned some valuable lessons in the past, not only in our own but in foreign countries, and the time has come when we can apply them to the rising needs of the arid region.

The great lesson that has been learned is that water in an arid land cannot be treated as private property, subject to barter, like land and livestock. It is a natural element, like sunshine and air. Every human being is entitled to receive as much of it as he can apply to a beneficial use. No person may hold it out of use for speculation to exploit the necessities of others or to levy tribute upon his fellow men. The community has a legitimate interest in every drop of water entering at the head gate or escaping at the end of the canal. No man may use the precious element with wasteful extravagance. Wherever there is more land than water, it is true public policy to have the water so conserved and distributed as to reclaim the utmost number of acres, create the utmost number of homes, and sustain the utmost number of families. The canal which conveys the water from stream or reservoir is a public utility, subject to public supervision and control. It can never be privately owned save when, because of its limitations or the character of its organization, it can serve no lands except those of its owners. Even then it is subject to the jealous and watchful care of the public authorities. But in the vast majority of instances, and over the larger portion of the arid region, costly works will be required, and these can only be supplied by some form of public enterprise. The dividends upon the investments must be looked for, not in the strong boxes of security holders, but in the increase of national wealth, in social progress, and in economic gains. The natural tendencies of irrigation are

strongly in the direction of the socialistic ideal. The records of even the most primitive peoples who have lived upon irrigated lands bear evidence of a high order of social organization. The rudest and poorest pioneers of the Far West were drawn together in the same way by the necessities of irrigation. Our future progress must inevitably be along these lines.

To these conclusions every thoughtful student of irrigation development has come at last, though often with reluctance. The public sentiment of the West has wrought out the same conclusions slowly, painfully, through bitter experience, but not less surely on that account. In no other land — not in Spain nor in France, in Egypt nor in India — has any one ever dared to make a monopoly of the water required for irrigation. Even the Pueblo Indians, tilling the soil and using the waters which their forbears tilled and used in immemorial ages, knew better than to attempt any such gross perversion of man's natural rights. Nor would the Anglo-Saxon have attempted it if he had not entirely misunderstood the new problems with which he was dealing.

Irrigation has not failed when undertaken in a coöperative way, except where ceaseless litigation over water appropriations has involved communities in financial loss and social strife. There are great numbers of coöperative canals in all the Western states, built and operated by the farmers themselves. They were treated practically as public utilities and have served their purpose admirably, though the English tradition of water ownership, under which they labored, has been a heavy burden to them, as to others. The California law of 1887, commonly known as the Wright law, attempted to overthrow the riparian doctrine, and other evils arising from the common law, by providing for the formation of districts and the issue of bonds after the manner of municipalities. Lack

of proper public supervision defeated this well-meant effort. Small communities of farmers proceeded to organize districts without sufficient knowledge of the water supply or of the cost of their undertakings. In many cases they were betrayed by promoters and contractors, but more often by their own enthusiasm. If the state had provided a skilled engineer to examine all projects, and submitted the financial proposition to competent authorities before authorizing them to be begun, many of the districts would have succeeded. As it is, they must pass through a process of reorganization before they can prosper, but the disappointment encountered cannot fairly be charged to the failure of public enterprise as a principle.

It is pleasant now to turn from the failures and disappointments which marked the earlier stages of the struggle for water in the arid West to the encouraging signs which are seen in many directions, and to some very important achievements in the line of reform. Wyoming occupies the place of leadership, and has marked out the way of future progress. When that territory became a state it provided for the most enlightened code of irrigation laws which has ever been devised in this country, and erected an administrative system capable of carrying them into effect. These laws began at the right place by providing for the careful measurement of streams and the gathering of exact information as the basis of future appropriations. From that time henceforth it was impossible for rival claimants to demand ten times as much water as flowed at a given place. The state put itself in a position to know that the water could be had before granting it away. But the law had an eye for what had been done in the past as well as for what might be done in the future. It provided for a careful readjudication of all existing claims. Users were compelled to show how much water they were actually applying to the soil in a benefi-

cial way, and informed that such beneficial use was the measure of their right, no matter how much more water they might have claimed originally. No one was permitted to begin the building of new works until the plans had been definitely approved by the state. These precautions were intended to prevent the waste of water, to the end that the largest possible area should be reclaimed, and that water rights should be based on an absolutely stable foundation.

The Wyoming law provides a complete system of administration with a state engineer at its head. The state is apportioned into several large divisions on the basis of watersheds, and these are divided into many districts. A commissioner presides over each division, and a superintendent over each small local district. These officials and their assistants are clothed with police powers, and it is a part of their duty to attend personally to the head gates of all the canals, and be responsible for the amount of water which is permitted to flow into them. This method of administration completes the good work which was begun when the appropriations were reduced to the basis of actual beneficial use, and recorded in such a manner that no dispute could arise concerning them in the future. With these laws and this method of enforcing them, the lawyer is practically eliminated from the irrigation industry of Wyoming. The money which citizens of neighboring states spend in litigation, Wyoming people apply to the improvement of their canals or homes and the increase of their herds. Wyoming has also done much to establish the principle that land and water should be united in ownership, so that the former cannot be sold apart from the latter. Under this principle there will be an equal number of water users and landowners, and no man or interest can make a monopoly of the water supply without also owning all the land.

The influence of Wyoming upon the

public thought of the West has been widespread, and is rapidly extending. Nebraska has adopted bodily the laws of its neighbor, and its irrigation industry is prospering mightily in consequence. Several other states have adopted these laws in part. Colorado, which takes more millions from its soil than from its mines, has given much attention to its irrigation laws, but has not been so fortunate as Wyoming because of the consequences of its earlier laws and customs. California is just now entering in earnest upon the struggle for the reform of laws which have caused her people untold suffering, and brought her irrigation development to a standstill. This greatest of Western states has been slower than any other to fight the evils described in this article. Its conservatism is due in part to the influence of the mining industry, and in part to the popular temperament, which differs somewhat from that of smaller and less wealthy states. But the battle is on at last, and there can be no possible doubt of the result in the end.

The National Irrigation Congress has done much to arouse public sentiment and educate public opinion to the need of better laws, national as well as state. Its most difficult task is to show the American people that there are distinctly two spheres of action. One of these the Western states must manage for themselves. They must divest their institutions of old laws and customs, and make them over to fit their local conditions. They must grapple with the problem of reclaiming their lands and making them ready for the settlers of the future. But only the nation can legislate as to the forests, the grazing lands, and the many important streams which flow across state and national boundaries. It may be, too, that the nation must assist in building great reservoirs on the head waters of the larger rivers. Already the nation is doing a most valuable work in measuring streams and carrying on scientific studies to demonstrate the amount of

water required for the irrigation of different crops. On the whole, the situation is very encouraging. The world learns through suffering. The West has suffered much from the illogical water and land laws which it inherited or thoughtlessly adopted. The East suffers for an outlet for its surplus population. Progress will certainly come as a result.

Assuming that the long struggle for water shall finally result in wise laws, and the beautiful valleys of the West be thus opened to settlement, what then? We shall have, in time, a population of one hundred millions dwelling in a land of invigorating climate, and surrounded by resources of marvelous richness and variety. There will be no one-sided industrial life, because nature has so placed these resources that the mine and factory, the lumber camp and the farm, must flourish together. The one will always consume what the other produces, and this will make each, to a large extent, independent of outside markets. But the economic foundation will be agriculture, for "the farmer is the only necessary man." Under what conditions will this farmer of the new land and the new time live and flourish? In answering this question we shall find the key of the civilization of the future West.

No view of irrigation can be appreciative which regards it as merely an adjunct to agriculture. It is a social and economic factor in a much larger way. It not only makes a civilization in the midst of desolate wastes: it shapes and colors that civilization after its own peculiar design. It forbids land monopoly, because only the small farm pays when the land must be artificially watered. By the same token it makes near neighbors and high social conditions. It discourages servile labor by developing a class of small landed proprietors who work for themselves and need little help beyond that which their own families supply. Here we have the elements of a new society, one where the independ-

ence which goes with ownership of the soil, and the social advantages inseparable from neighborhood association, will be happily combined. We can expect no millionaires to grow from such surroundings, but neither should there be any paupers.

There is another influence peculiar to irrigation, and one which may be expected to make itself felt powerfully in the larger economic life of the arid region hereafter. Indeed, this influence is already plainly apparent in the communities which have grown up in various Western valleys, and in the broader tendencies of social growth which we see on every hand. This is the influence which makes for coöperation. Irrigation is not and can never be an individual enterprise. A single settler cannot turn a river to water his own patch of land, nor can he distribute the waters flowing through a system of canals. Before the first potato or the first rosebush can be coaxed from the rich but arid soil there is a demand for the association and or-

ganization of labor. The result is that coöperation precedes irrigation. It also accompanies and follows irrigation, and is speedily woven into the entire industrial and social fabric of the community. In localities which have been longest established this principle has extended itself to stores, factories, and banks. The saved capital of industry has been invested in coöperative enterprises to make these communities independent of outside production. There can be no doubt that this will be done upon a much larger scale in the future, and that the industrial possibilities of the arid region—now sleeping in idle water powers, virgin forests, and half-stocked pastures—will be developed in harmony with this principle. These things will not come suddenly to pass, but they will come because the conditions and surroundings of the time and place will strongly favor, if not actually compel, the result. Such are the hopes of Arid America. What other part of the world offers a fairer prospect to mankind?

William E. Smythe.

THE GENTLE READER.

WHAT has become of the Gentle Reader? One does not like to think that he has passed away with the stagecoach and the weekly news-letter; and that henceforth we are to be confronted only by the stony glare of the Intelligent Reading Public. Once upon a time, that is to say a generation or two ago, he was very highly esteemed. To him books were dedicated, with long rambling prefaces and with episodes which were their own excuse for being. In the very middle of the story the writer would stop with a word of apology or explanation addressed to the Gentle Reader, or at the very least with a nod or a wink. No matter if the fate of the hero be in sus-

pense or the plot be inextricably involved.

"Hang the plot!" says the author. "I must have a chat with the Gentle Reader, and find out what he thinks about it."

And so confidences were interchanged, and there was gossip about the Universe and suggestions in regard to the queer-ness of human nature, until, at last, the author would jump up with, "Enough of this, Gentle Reader; perhaps it's time to go back to the story."

The thirteenth book of Tom Jones leaves the heroine in the greatest distress. The last words are, "Nor did this thought once suffer her to close her

eyes during the whole succeeding night." Had Fielding been addressing the Intelligent Modern Public he would have intensified the interest by giving an analysis of Sophia's distress so that we should all share her insomnia. But not at all! While the dear girl is recovering her spirits it is such an excellent opportunity to have uninterrupted discourse with the Gentle Reader, who does n't take these things too hard, having long since come to "the years that bring the philosophic mind." So the next chapter is entitled *An Essay to prove that an author will write better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he treats*. The discussion is altogether irrelevant; that is what the Gentle Reader likes.

"It is a paradoxical statement you make," he says, trying to draw the author out. "What are your arguments?"

Then the author moderates his expressions. "To say the truth I require no more than that an author should have some little knowledge of the subject on which he treats."

"That sounds more reasonable," says the Gentle Reader. "You know how much I dislike extreme views. Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that a writer may know a little about his subject. I hope that this may not prove the opening wedge for erudition. By the way, where was it we left the sweet Sophy; and do you happen to know anything more about that scapegrace Jones?"

That was the way books were written and read in the good old days before the invention of the telephone and the short story. The generation that delighted in Fielding and Richardson had some staying power. A book was something to tie to. No one would say jauntily, "I have read Sir Charles Grandison," but only, "I am reading." The characters of fiction were not treated as transient guests, but as lifelong companions destined to be a solace in old age. The

short story, on the other hand, is invented for people who want a literary "quick lunch." "Tell me a story while I wait," demands the eager devourer of fiction. "Serve it hot, and be mighty quick about it!"

In rushes the story-teller with love, marriage, jealousy, disillusion, and suicide all served up together before you can say Jack Robinson. There is no time for explanation, and the reader is in no mood to allow it. As for the suicide, it must end that way; for it is the quickest. The ending, "They were happy ever after," cannot be allowed, for the doting author can never resist the temptation to add another chapter, dated ten years after, to show how happy they were.

I sometimes fear that reading, in the old-fashioned sense, may become a lost art. The habit of resorting to the printed page for information is an excellent one, but it is not what I have in mind. A person wants something and knows where to get it. He goes to a book just as he goes to a department store. Knowledge is a commodity done up in a neat parcel. So that the article is well made he does n't care either for the manufacturer or the dealer.

Now literature, properly so called, is quite different from this, and literary values inhere not in things or even in ideas, but in persons. There are some rare spirits that have imparted themselves to their words. The book then becomes a person, and reading comes to be a kind of conversation. The reader is not passive, as if he were listening to a lecture on *The Ethics of the Babylonians*. He is sitting by his fireside, and old friends drop in on him. He knows their habits and whims, and is glad to see them and to interchange thought. They are perfectly at their ease, and there is all the time in the world, and if he yawns now and then nobody is offended, and if he prefers to follow a thought of his own rather than

theirs there is no discourtesy in leaving them. If his friends are dull this evening, it is because he would have it so; that is why he invited them. He wants to have a good, cosy, dull time. He has had enough to stir him up during the day; now he wants to be let down. He knows a score of good old authors who have lived long in the happy poppy fields.

In all good faith he invokes the god-
dess of the Dunciad, —

“Her ample presence fills up all the place,
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face.
Here to her Chosen all her works she shews,
Prose swelled to verse, verse loitering into
prose.”

The Gentle Reader nods placidly and
joins in the ascription, —

“Great tamer of all human art!
First in my care and ever at my heart;
Dulness whose good old cause I still defend.

O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still shed a healing mist before the mind;
And lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.”

I would not call any one a gentle
reader who does not now and then take
up a dull book, and enjoy it in the spirit
in which it was written.

Wise old Burton, in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, advises the restless person to “read some pleasant author till he be asleep.” I have found the *Anatomy of Melancholy* to answer this purpose; though Dr. Johnson declares that it was the only book that took him out of bed two hours before he wished to rise. It is hard to draw the line between stimulants and narcotics.

My insistence on the test of the enjoyment of the dullness of a dull book is not arbitrary. It arises from the characteristic of the Gentle Reader. He takes a book for what it is and never for what it is not. If he does n't like it at all he does n't read it. If he does read it, it is because he likes its real quality. That is the way we do with our friends. They are the people of whom we say that “we

get at them.” I suppose every one of us has some friend of whom we would confess that as thinker he is inferior to Plato. But we like him no less for that. We might criticise him if we cared, — but we never care. We prefer to take him as he is. It is the flavor of his individuality that we enjoy. Appreciation of literature is the getting at an author, so that we like what he is, while all that he is not is irrelevant.

There are those who endeavor to reduce literary criticism to an exact science. To this end they would eliminate the personal element, and subject our admirations to fixed standards. In this way it is hoped that we may ultimately be able to measure the road to Parnassus by kilometers. All this is much more easily said than done. Personal likings will not stay eliminated. I admire the acuteness of the critic who reveals the unsuspected excellence of my favorite writer. It is a pleasure like that which comes when a friend is received into a learned society. We don't know much about his learning, but we know that he is a good fellow, and we are glad to learn that he is getting on. We feel also a personal satisfaction in having our tastes vindicated and our enjoyment treated as if it were a virtue, just as Mr. Pecksniff was pleased with the reflection that while he was eating his dinner, he was at the same time obeying a law of the Universe.

But the rub comes when the judgment of the critic disagrees with ours. We discover that his laws have no penalties, and that if we get more enjoyment from breaking than from obeying, then we are just that much ahead. As for giving up an author just because the judgment of the critic is against him, who ever heard of such a thing? The stanchest canons of criticism are exploded by a genuine burst of admiration.

That is what happens whenever a writer of original force appears. The old rules do not explain him, so we must

make new rules. Like Wordsworth, he creates the taste by which he is appreciated. We first enjoy him, and then we welcome the clever persons who assure us that the enjoyment is greatly to our credit. But

“You must love him ere to you
He shall seem worthy of your love.”

I asked a little four-year-old critic, whose literary judgments I accept as final, what stories she liked best. She answered, “I like Joseph and Aladdin and The Forty Thieves and The Probable Son.”

It was a purely individual judgment. Some day she may learn that she has the opinion of many centuries behind her. When she studies rhetoric she may be able to tell why Aladdin is better than The Shaving of Shagpat, and why the story of “The Probable Son” delights her, while the half-hour homily on the parable makes not the slightest impression on her mind. The fact is, she knows a good story just as she knows a good apple. How the flavor got there is a scientific question which she has not considered; but being there, trust the uncloyed palate to find it out! She does not set up as a superior person having good taste; but she says, “I can tell you what tastes good.”

There are a great many kinds of useful books, — books of History, Philosophy, and the rest. The Gentle Reader knows that these subjects are worthy of all respect, but he is not greatly drawn to any formal treatises. He does not enjoy a bare bit of philosophy that has been moulded into a fixed form. Yet he dearly loves a philosopher, especially if he turns out to be a sensible sort of man who does n't put on airs.

He likes the old Greek way of philosophizing. What a delight it was for him to learn that the Academy in Athens was not a white building with green blinds set upon a bleak hilltop, but a grove where, on pleasant days, Plato could be found, ready to talk with all comers!

That was something like; no board of trustees, no written examinations, no textbooks — just Plato! You never knew what was to be the subject or where you were coming out; all you were sure of was that you would come away with a new idea. Or if you tired of the Academy, there were the Peripatetics, gentlemen who were drawn together because they imagined they could think better on their legs; or there were the Stoics, elderly persons who liked to sit on the porch and discuss the “cosmic weather.” No wonder the Greeks got such a reputation as philosophers! They deserve no credit for it. Any one would like philosophy were it served up in that way.

All that has passed. Were Socrates to come back and enter a downtown office to inquire after the difference between the Good and the Beautiful, he would be confronted with one of those neatly printed cards, intended to discourage the Socratic method during business hours: “This is our busy day. Yes, it's warm.”

The Gentle Reader also has his business hours, and has learned to submit to their inexorable requirements; but now and then he has a few hours to himself. He declines an invitation to a progressive euchre party, on the ground of a previous engagement he had made long ago, in his college days, to meet some gentlemen of the fifth century B. C. The evening passes so pleasantly, and the world seems so much fresher in interest, that he wonders why he does n't do that sort of thing oftener. Perhaps there are some other progressive euchre parties he could cut, and the world be none the worse.

How many people there have been who have gone through the world with their eyes open, and who have jotted down their impressions by the way! How quickly these philosophers come to know their own. Listen to Izaak Walton in his Epistle to the Reader: “I think it fit to tell thee these following truths, that I did not undertake to write

or publish this discourse of Fish and Fishing to please myself, and that I wish it may not displease others. And yet I cannot doubt but that by it some readers may receive so much profit that if they be not very busy men, may make it not unworthy the time of their perusal. And I wish the reader to take notice that in the writing of it I have made a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to thee in the reading, and not to read dully and tediously, I have in several places mixed some innocent mirth; of which if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge. . . . I am the willinger to justify this innocent mirth because the whole discourse is a kind of picture of my own disposition, at least of my disposition on such days and times as I allow myself — when Nat and I go fishing together.” How cleverly he bows out the ichthyologists! How he rebukes the sordid creature who has come simply to find out how to catch fish! That is the very spirit of Simon Magus! “Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter!”

The Gentle Reader has no ulterior aims. All he wants to know is how Izaak Walton felt when he went fishing, and what he was thinking about.

“A kind of picture of a man’s own disposition,” that is what I call literature. Even the most futile attempt at self-revelation evokes sympathy. I remember, as a boy, gazing at an austere volume in my grandfather’s library. It was, as far as I could ascertain, an indigestible mixture of theology and philology. But my eye was caught by the title, *The Diversions of Purley*. I had not the slightest idea who Purley was, but my heart went out to him at once.

“Poor Purley!” I said. “If these were your diversions what a dog’s life you must have led!” I could see Purley gazing vaguely through his spectacles as he said: “Don’t pity me! It’s true I have had my trials, — but then again what larks! See that big book; I did it!”

Only long after did I learn that my sympathy was uncalled for, as Purley was not a person but a place.

When it comes to history, the Gentle Reader is often made very uncomfortable by the adverse criticisms upon his favorite writers. He is told that they are frequently inaccurate and one-sided. The true historian he is informed is a prodigy of impartiality, who has divested himself of all human passions, in order that he may set down in exact sequence the course of events. The Gentle Reader turns to these highly praised volumes, and finds himself adrift, without human companionship, on a bottomless sea of erudition, — writings, writings everywhere, and not a page to read! Returning from this perilous excursion he ever after adheres to his original predilection for histories that are readable.

He is of the opinion that a history must be essentially a work of the imagination. This does not mean that it must not be true, but it means that the important truth about any former generation can only be reproduced through the imagination. The important thing is that these people were once alive. No critical study of their meagre memorials can make us enter into their joys, their griefs, and their fears. The memorials only suggest to the historic imagination what the reality must have been.

Peter Bell could recognize a fact when he saw it: —

“A primrose on the river’s brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

As long as the primrose was there, he could be trusted to describe it accurately enough. But set Peter Bell the task of describing last year’s primroses. “There are n’t any last year’s primroses on the river’s brim,” says Peter, “so you must be content with a description of the one in my herbarium. Last year’s primroses, you will observe, are very much flattened out.” To Mr. Peter Bell, after he has spent many years in the universities, a

document is a document, and it is nothing more. When he has compared a great many documents, and put them together in a mechanical way, he calls his work a history. That's where he differs from the Gentle Reader who calls it only the crude material out of which a man of genius may possibly make a history.

To the Gentle Reader it is a profoundly interesting reflection that since this planet has been inhabited people have been fighting, and working, and loving, and hating with an intensity born of the conviction that, if they went at it hard enough, they could finish the whole business in one generation. He likes to get back into any one of these generations just "to get the feel of it." He does not care so much for the final summing up of the process, as to see it in the making. Any one who can give him that experience is his friend.

He is interested in the stirring times of the English Revolution, and goes to the historical expert to find what it was all about. The historical expert starts with the Magna Charta and makes a preliminary survey. Then he begins his march down the century, intrenching every position lest he be caught unawares by the critics. His intellectual forces lack mobility, so they must wait for their baggage trains. At last he comes to the time of the Stuarts, and there is much talk of the royal prerogative, and ship money, and attainders, and acts of Parliament. There are exhaustive arguments, now on the one side and now on the other, which exactly balance one another. There are references to bulky volumes, where at the foot of every page the notes run along, like little angry dogs barking at the text.

The Gentle Reader calls out: "I have had enough of this. What I want to know is what it's all about, and which side, on the whole, has the right of it. Which side are you on? Are you a Roundhead or a Cavalier? Are your sympathies with the Whigs or the Tories?"

"Sympathies!" says the expert. "Who ever heard of a historian allowing himself to sympathize? I have no opinions of my own to present. My great aim is not to prejudice the mind of the student."

"Nonsense," says the Gentle Reader; "I am not a student, nor is this a school-room. It's all in confidence; speak out as one gentleman to another under a friendly roof! What do you think about it? No matter if you make a mistake or two, I'll forget most that you say, anyway. All that I care for is to get the gist of the matter. As for your fear of warping my mind, there's not the least danger in the world. My mind is like a tough bit of hickory; it will fly back into its original shape the moment you let go. I have a hundred prejudices of my own, — one more won't hurt me. I want to know what it was that set the people by the ears. Why did they cut off the head of Charles I., and why did they drive out James II.? I can't help thinking that there must have been something more exciting than those discussions of yours about constitutional theories. Do you know, I sometimes doubt whether most of the people who went to the wars knew that there was such a thing as the English Constitution; the subject had n't been written up then. I suspect that something happened that was not set down in your book; something that made those people fighting mad."

Then the Gentle Reader turns to his old friend Macaulay, and asks, —

"What do you think about it?"

"Think about it!" says Macaulay. "I'll tell you what I think about it. To begin with, that Charles I., though good enough as a family man, was a consummate liar."

"That's the first light I've had on the subject," says the Gentle Reader. "Charles lied, and that made the people mad?"

"Precisely! I perceive that you have

the historic sense. We English can't abide a liar ; so at last when we could not trust the king's word we chopped off his head. Mind you, I'm not defending the regicides, but between ourselves I don't mind saying that I think it served him right. At any rate our blood was up, and there was no stopping us. I wish I had time to tell you all about Hampden, and Pym, and Cromwell, but I must go on to the glorious year 1688, and tell you how it all came about, and how we sent that despicable dotard, James, flying across the Channel, and how we brought in the good and wise King William, and how the great line of Whig statesmen began. I take for granted — as you appear to be a sensible man — that you are a Whig ?”

“I'm open to conviction,” says the Gentle Reader.

In a little while he is in the very thick of it. He is an Englishman of the seventeenth century. He has taken sides and means to fight it out. He knows how to vote on every important question that comes before Parliament. No Jacobite sophistry can beguile him. When William lands he throws up his hat, and after that he stands by him, thick or thin. When you tell him that he ought to be more dispassionate in his historical judgments, he answers : “That would be all very well if we were not dealing with living issues, — but with Ireland in an uproar and the Papists ready to swarm over from France, there is a call for decision. A man must know his own mind. You may stand off and criticise William's policy ; but the question is, What policy do you propose ? You say that I have not exhausted the subject, and that there are other points of view. Very likely. Show me another point of view, only make it as clear to me as Macaulay makes his. Let it be a real view, and not a smudge. Some other day I may look at it, but I must take one thing at a time. What I object to is the historian who takes

both sides in the same paragraph. That is what I call offensive bi-partisanship.”

The Gentle Reader is interested not only in what great men actually were, but in the way they appeared to those who loved or hated them. He is of the opinion that the legend is often more significant than the colorless annals. When a legend has become universally accepted and has lived a thousand years, he feels that it should be protected in its rights of possession by some statute of limitation. It has come to have an independent life of its own. He has ; therefore, no sympathy with Gibbon in his identification of St. George of England with George of Cappadocia, a dishonest army contractor who supplied the troops of the Emperor Julian with bacon. Says Gibbon : “His employment was mean ; he rendered it infamous. He accumulated wealth by the basest arts of fraud and corruption ; but his malversations were so notorious that George was compelled to escape from the pursuit of his enemies. . . . This odious stranger, disguising every circumstance of time and place, assumed the mask of a martyr, a saint, and a Christian hero ; and the infamous George of Cappadocia has been transformed into the renowned St. George of England, the patron of arms, of chivalry, and of the garter.”

“That is a serious indictment,” says the Gentle Reader. “I have no plea to make for the Cappadocian ; I can readily believe that his bacon was bad. But why not let bygones be bygones ? If he managed to transform himself into a saint, and for many centuries avoid all suspicion, I believe that it was a thorough reformation. St. George of England has long been esteemed as a valiant gentleman, — and, at any rate, that affair with the dragon was greatly to his credit.”

Sometimes the Gentle Reader is disturbed by finding that different lines of tradition have been mixed, and his mind

becomes the battle ground whereon old blood feuds are fought out. Thus it happens that as a child he was brought up on the tales of the Covenanters and imbibed their stern resentment against their persecutors. He learned to hate the very name of Grahame of Claverhouse who brought desolation upon so many innocent homes. On the other hand, his heart beats high when he hears the martial strains of Bonny Dundee. "There was a man for you!"

"Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they
are beat.

'Away to the hills, to the caves, to the
rocks —

Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the
fox;

And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of
your glee,

You have not seen the last of my bonnet and
me!' "

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets
were blown,

The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen
rode on,

Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermeston's
lee

Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dun-
dee."

"When I see him wave his proud hand," says the Gentle Reader, "I am his clansman, and I'm ready to be off with him."

"I thought you were a Whig," says the student of history.

"I thought so too, — but what's politics where the affections are enlisted? Don't you hear those wild war-notes?"

"But are you aware that the Bonny Dundee is the same man whom you have just been denouncing under the name of Grahame of Claverhouse?"

"Are you sure they are the same?" sighs the Gentle Reader. "I cannot make them seem the same. To me there are two of them: Grahame of Claverhouse, whom I hate, and the Bonny Dundee, whom I love. If it's all the same to you, I think I shall keep them sepa-

rate and go on loving and hating as aforetime."

You must not think that the Gentle Reader is lacking in solidity of judgment. It does not follow any more than that Izaak Walton when he kept shop in London was careless with his accounts. Take notice that in this discourse of Books and Reading I give a picture of his disposition not at all times, but only on such times as he goes a-reading.

The Gentle Reader dearly loves biography, especially a genuine bit of autobiography. He is a little provoked when David Hume begins the sketch of his own life with the remark, "It is difficult for a man to speak long about himself without vanity, therefore I will be short." What obtuseness that shows in a philosopher who actually wrote a treatise on human nature! What did he know about human nature if he thought any one would read an autobiography that was without vanity! It is the first requisite of a writer of his own life that he should be interested in his subject.

Vanity is one of the most lovable of weaknesses. In our contemporaries it sometimes irritates us, but that is only because it involves a difference of judgment. A man conscientiously resolves "not to think more highly of himself than he ought to think." But how highly *ought* he to think? Here he is likely to come into conflict with the opinion of his neighbors. But when it is all written down in a book, and the pure juices of self-satisfaction have been allowed to mellow for a few centuries, nothing can be more delicious.

The Gentle Reader, however, draws the line at a kind of inverted vanity which induces certain morbid persons to write painful confessions of their own sins and shortcomings. He is willing to acknowledge that they are sinners, but when they claim to be the most remarkable sinners, he says, in the language of the day, "There are others."

When he takes up a volume entitled

Life and Letters, and finds it dull, he does not bring a railing accusation against either the biographer or the biographee. They may both have been interesting persons, though the result in cold print is not exhilarating. He knows how volatile is the charm of personality, and how hard it is to preserve the best things. His friend, who is a great diner-out, says: "Those were delightful people I met at dinner yesterday, and what a capital story the judge told! I laugh every time I think about it."

"What story?" asks the Gentle Reader, eager for the crumbs that fall from the witty man's table.

"I can't remember just what it was about, or what was the point of it; but it was a good story, and you would have thought so, too, if you had heard the judge tell it."

"I certainly should," replies the Gentle Reader, "and I shall always believe, on your testimony, that the judge is one of the best story-tellers in existence."

In like manner he believes in the interesting things that great men must have done which unfortunately were not taken down by any one at the time.

The Gentle Reader himself is not much at home in fashionable literary society. He is a shy person, and his embarrassment is increased by the consciousness that he seldom gets round to a book till after people are through talking about it. Not that he prides himself on this fact; for he is far from cherishing the foolish prejudice against new books.

"David Copperfield was a new book once, and it was as good then as it is now." It simply happens that there are so many good books that it is hard to keep up with the procession. Besides, he has discovered that the books that are talked about can be talked about just as well without being read; this leaves him more time for his old favorites.

"I have a sweet little story for you," says the charming authoress. "I am sure you like sweet little stories."

"Only one lump, if you please," says the Gentle Reader.

In spite of his genial temperament there are some subjects on which he is intolerant. When he picks up a story that turns out to be only a Tract for the Times, he turns indignantly on the author.

"Sirrah," he cries, under the influence of deep feeling, relapsing into the vernacular of romance, "you gained access to me under the plea that you were going to please me; and now that you have stolen a portion of my time, you throw off all disguise, and admit that you entered with intent to instruct, and that you do not care whether you please me or not! I've a mind to have you arrested for obtaining my attention under false pretenses! How villainously we are imposed upon! Only the other day a man came to me highly recommended as an architect. I employed him to build me a Castle in Spain, regardless of expense. When I suggested a few pleasant embellishments, the wretch refused on the ground that he never saw anything of the kind in the town he came from,— Toledo, Ohio. If he had pleaded honest poverty of invention I should have forgiven him, but he took a high and mighty tone with me, and said that it was against his principles to allow any incident that was not probable. 'Who said that it should be probable?' I replied. 'It is your business to make it seem probable.'"

He highly disapproves of what he considers the cheese-paring economy on the part of certain novelists in the endowment of their characters. "Their traits are so microscopic, and require such minute analysis, that I get half through the book before I know which is which. It seems as if the writers were not sure that there was enough human nature to go around. They should study the good old story of Aboukir and Abousir.

"There were in the city of Alexandria two men, — one was a dyer, and his

name was Aboukir ; the other was a barber, and his name was Abousir. They were neighbors, and the dyer was a swindler, a liar, and a person of exceeding wickedness.'

"Now, there the writer and reader start fair. There are no unnecessary concealments. You know that the dyer is a villain, and you are on your guard. You are not told in the first paragraph about the barber, but you take it for granted that he is an excellent, well-meaning man, who is destined to become enormously wealthy. And so it turns out. If our writers would only follow this straightforward method we should hear less about nervous prostration among the reading classes." He is very severe on the whimsical notion, that never occurred to any one until this century, of saying that the heroine is not beautiful.

"Such a remark is altogether gratuitous. When I become attached to a young lady in fiction she always appears to me to be an extraordinarily lovely creature. It's sheer impertinence for the author to intrude, every now and then, just to call my attention to the fact that her complexion is not good, and that her features are irregular. It's bad manners,—and besides, I don't believe that it's true."

Nothing, however, so offends the Gentle Reader as the trick of elaborating a plot and then refusing to elucidate it, and leaving everything at loose ends. He feels toward this misdirected ingenuity as Miss Edgeworth's Harry did toward the conundrum which his sister proposed.

"This is quite different," he said, "from the others. The worst of it is that after laboring ever so hard at one riddle it does not in the least lead to another. The next is always on some other principle."

"Yes, to be sure," said Lucy. "Nobody who knows how to puzzle would

give two riddles of the same kind ; that would be too easy."

"But then, without something to guide one," said Harry, "there is no getting on."

"Not in your regular way," said Lucy.

"That is the very thing I complain of," said Harry.

"Complain ! But my dear Harry, riddles are meant only to divert one."

"But they do not divert me," said Harry ; "they only puzzle me."

The Gentle Reader is inclined to impute unworthy motives to the writer whose work merely puzzles him.

"The lazy unscrupulous fellow takes a job, and then throws it up and leaves me to finish it for him. It's a clear breach of contract ! That sort of thing would never have been allowed in any well-governed community. Fancy what would have happened in the court of Shahriar, where story-telling was taken seriously."

Sheherazade has got Sindbad on the moving island.

"How did he get off ?" asks the Sultan.

"That's for your majesty to find out," answers Sheherazade archly. "Maybe he got off, and maybe he did n't. That's the problem."

"Off with her head !" says the Sultan.

When sore beset by novelists who, under the guise of fiction, attempt to saddle him with "the weary weight of all this unintelligible world," the Gentle Reader takes refuge with one who has never deceived him.

"What shall it be ?" says Sir Walter.

"As you please, Sir Walter."

"No ! As *you* please, Gentle Reader. If you have nothing else in mind, how would this do for a start ?—

'Waken ! Lords and Ladies gay !

On the mountain dawns the day.'

It's a fine morning, and it's a gallant company ! Let's go with them !"

"Let's !" cries the Gentle Reader.

Samuel McChord Crothers.

A LETTER TO JOHN STUART MILL.

SIR, — It is impossible to address you, whose voice has now for over a quarter of a century been silent, without recalling your expressed conviction that “whatever be the probabilities of a future life, all the probabilities *in case of* a future life are that such as we have been made, or have made ourselves before the change, such we shall enter into the life hereafter.” Remembering, too, your own modest boast that if you excelled your contemporaries in aught, it was only in your greater willingness and ability to learn from everybody, I venture to hope, Sir, that a brief account of the trend of speculation, in so far as it has affected the fortunes of your own philosophy, may not wholly fail to enlist your interest. I shall first indicate in a general way the characteristic tenor of what to-day passes for scientific thinking, and then advert to the more particular discussion of its reaction upon your own system.

The world of philosophers is divided to-day, as in your own time, into two sharply opposed schools, according as they on the one hand posit certain congenital endowments of the Understanding, or as on the other they imagine these faculties to be wholly the product of Experience. That the first-mentioned school should have continued to oppose your conclusions would not have required any explanation; what may excite your curiosity is that you should have been enthroned by the second school for a generation, or, having been enthroned, should have been deposed afterwards.

Your elevation to the headship of the empirical empire about the middle of the century is to be explained by various causes. The *Zeitgeist* worked powerfully in your favor; but your own proper pretensions to power were not small, for in the long reaction against Newman

you furnished the brains, while the late Mr. Arnold furnished only the music. For nearly a generation your statue received in the English universities, “those gray temples of learning,” the public veneration paid only to the highest intellectual eminence. The study of your opinions became a cult. Scientific orthodoxy was construed in terms of your devising, and your sway within the empirical domain was supreme. Nothing perhaps could better illustrate the deference then accorded you than the fact that Charles Darwin, the founder of the ruling evolutionary dynasty, was himself willing to rejoice in your light for a season, and has left on record his pride at your approval of the argumentative construction of his *Origin of Species*.

Your dethronement is in turn to be ascribed mainly to your failure to recognize the magic in the term *Evolution*. Some puzzles in philosophy you had seemingly unraveled by exploiting the mental associations arising in the experience of the individual mind. Experience confined to the lifetime of the individual, however, proved upon trial to give no satisfactory explanation of the genesis of such ideas as Cause, Space, and Time, and the short tether of individual experience was felt even by your own professed followers to be an obstacle to farther improvement. Accordingly they had recourse to the experience of the race; and thus provided with incomparably more ample assets they undertook the philosophical venture which your lesser capital had proved unable to support.

It is not pretended that if you had lived to see the development hypothesis applied to ever widening spheres of knowledge you would have maintained the sufficiency of your own system. But

in almost your latest utterance you had said of development by natural selection "that there is something very startling and *prima facie* improbable in this hypothetical history of Nature." To-day, however, this hypothesis which you found startling and improbable is the first postulate of thinking among that school to which by tradition both you and your father belonged. Hence it was that the continuance of your philosophic rule was clearly impossible, and your works, like other outworn classics "driven from the market-place, became first the companions of the student, then the victims of the specialist."

It will be necessary to consider separately the different attitudes which your successors of the evolutionary school, and your antagonists, the apriorists, have taken with reference to your conclusions. The former may be expected to point out wherein your system was inadequate, the latter wherein it was false. This double critique may proceed, with your permission, under four captions, dealing, first, with your fundamental principles in logic and metaphysics; second, with your treatment of politics; third, with the ideas you propound in ethics; and last, with your not inconsiderable contributions to the general science of society.

First of all, therefore, notwithstanding the professed design of your Logic, to mediate between the mediæval schoolmen and modern men of science, the schoolmen, or rather their successors, appear very much dissatisfied with the sphere of influence you have allotted to them. When they reflect that you pronounced every syllogism to involve a begging of the question in the major premise, they are not perhaps unnaturally scornful of your concession that the major premise may still be usefully retained as a convenient memorandum of our experimental notes which we "decipher" by means of the minor. To thus reduce the syllogism to a kind of logical cash register

satisfies the Aristotelian about as much as an expression of admiration at the ingenious construction of a Thibetan prayer wheel would satisfy a believer in the efficacy of supplicating his Maker. The late James Martineau retorts upon you that "if there is no deduction without *petitio principii*, there is no induction without concluding a *particulari ad universale* — . . . reasoning, of either kind, . . . in violation of logical rules."

Your opponents have not even hesitated to attack the constructive part of your Logic, the Canons of Induction, — by far the most enduring and, I venture to think, the most original part of all your contributions to knowledge. Mr. Balfour has with most diabolical cleverness demonstrated that, valuable as your canons might be, if they could only be strictly applied, they never can be so applied, nor ever applied at all, except under the guidance of a common-sense tact for which no canons have, as yet at least, been laid down. Indeed, I know of no class of your antagonists from whom you catch it quite as heavily as from the logicians, — most of whom, I confess, belong to a different philosophic school from your own. Professor Bradley says trenchantly of your theory of induction that it is "a fiasco," and, in order not to be misunderstood, repeats in italics that it is "*a confessed fiasco*." The late Stanley Jevons in summing up on your Logic says that there is nothing in logic which you have not touched, and that you have touched nothing without confounding it, and adds unqualifiedly that your intellect was "wrecked;" even one who has done you the honor to give you high rank among Modern Humanists speaks of "the staggering proof of the laxity of your mind" which in the concrete was "chronically untrustworthy."

If you had contented yourself with making your Logic a simple analysis of scientific methods, "a conspectus of rules for the interpretation of phenomena and the discovery of laws," I con-

ceive that your work would have been welcomed with universal acclaim, but, as you have told us in your Autobiography, the *Logic* was in part intended to supply a text-book of the doctrine "which derives all knowledge from experience, and all moral and intellectual qualities principally from the direction given to the associations." So long as you were simply applying a destructive criticism to the older deductive logic, this avowal did you yeoman service, but in your constructive theory of Induction, this derivation of all knowledge from experience exposed the citadel of your position to fatal attack. Induction from concrete experience could give us no knowledge of Nature unless we could assume that Nature's processes were uniform. This, of course, you saw and admitted. The uniformity of Nature is the major premise without which we could obtain no knowledge of general laws from the collection of specific experiences. How then do we know that Nature is uniform, — that the same causes under the same circumstances are followed by the same effects? You reply that the law of causation is "an empirical law coextensive with all human experience, at which point the distinction between empirical laws and laws of nature vanishes."

Apparently then, as Mr. Balfour urged long ago, to determine whether a frequent coincidence, such as the alleged peril attendant upon thirteen at the table, is or is not a law of Nature, there is no test but to extend the number of our observations. But why extend the number of observations? In order, you reply, to avoid chance coincidences, or what you more magniloquently term "the accidental collocation of causes." But if we know that there are *chance* coincidences to be avoided, we imply that there are *necessary* uniformities to be discovered. This at once assumes the very law of causation which underlies the uniformity of Nature. In order to

come by your theory which bases all knowledge on experience, you therefore covertly assume a basal principle which makes all experience possible, and which experience itself can never produce.

So completely are you driven from the walls of your defenses that your successors of the evolutionary school surrender the outer bulwarks of individual experience as the source of all knowledge, and retreat within an inner citadel, averring that certain ideas like those of causation are congenital with the individual though experientially developed in the history of the race. Whether this new position is impregnable is more than doubtful, but the flags of the enemy have been flying over your abandoned trenches these twenty years.

Besides this conclusive attack upon the centre of your philosophic position there have not been wanting those who have charged you with being eminently inconsistent, or at least "unfinal," in any philosophic attitude whatever. In your *Logic*, though you maintain that all our knowledge is derived from concrete experience, you seem to sanction the notion that what knowledge we have is of things as they are, that we perceive and know things directly, — the position of Natural Realism. At a later day you defined matter to be the "Permanent Possibility of Sensation," a position indistinguishable from subjective Idealism but that it lacks Berkeley's theological appendage. Again where you treat of the psychology of sensation, "the *ego* and its formative power seem to disappear in the *non-ego*," and your ground is apparently materialistic. But these discrepancies, if we may allow so mild a term to describe them, appear to have been the cost of the admitted receptivity of your mind to new ideas, — a characteristic that may endear you to us as an individual, but which hardly reconciles you to us as a philosopher.

In political science, — to turn to that branch of speculation, — you never at-

tained the same easy mastery which for a time you exercised in philosophy and especially in logic. On the other hand, if we leave out of our reckoning your work in economics, there is perhaps no part of your thinking which has better withstood the moth and rust of criticism and decay. This has been due in part to the fact that it was possible to put upon your political structures a mansard roof of evolutionary pattern without removing any great part of your foundations. The generality of those who reason upon political subjects will allow that your political writings are in many parts obsolete and in all imperfect; but Bagehot fortunately has done for you in politics what you yourself essayed to do for Adam Smith in political economy.

To say the whole truth, it is a little surprising that Bagehot did not recognize that he was virtually repeating your conclusions in many a case where he professed to be enlightening us *de novo*. The "deadly parallel" would convict any one but Bagehot of plagiarism. Your insistence on order and progress as the essentials of a healthy civic life reappears in his "cake of custom" and "variability." Your analyses of the functions of a representative legislature and of the conditions of efficient administration are enough like his to have been their spiritual progenitor. Fortunately for his exposition and unfortunately for yours he had curiosity enough to picture the British Constitution as it really was, which you never did because you were always in so much of a hurry to make it what you thought it ought to be.

As a practical politician your reputation, never very high in your own day, has, if anything, since then declined. You could be imposed on by such impractical crotchets as the plural suffrage, and Hare's scheme for minority representation, the second of which in your recorded judgment was "among the very greatest improvements yet made in the theory and practice of government."

Had you lived in our day the initiative-and-referendum mongers would certainly have made you their victim. You habitually underrated the strength of local ties and of party attachment. You enormously overvalued the educational importance of political activity upon the masses. In opposing the secrecy of the ballot you were rowing against the current of true political progress. The really great political achievements of your generation, Corn Law repeal, Law Reform, Catholic Emancipation, the extension of the suffrage, were won by Peel and Brougham, by Cobden and Bright and Gladstone, not by you. You seemed never to be able to time your intellectual enthusiasm to the crisis of political opportunity. By the time your allies had drawn up in battle array, your ardor had become chilled, or you were half persuaded to go over to the enemy. As a consequence no monumental reform is associated with your name. You have enriched political speculation, but your pleas for concrete reforms, such as universal suffrage, live only in the minds and memories of a "few old women of both sexes."

By a curious freak of fortune the most pertinent political lesson you are destined to afford this generation is your dictum on the government of dependencies, — the more valuable that it was based on your administrative experience in the India House rather than on mere speculation. Congress could be taught the necessity of leaving the government of our dependencies in the hands of a trained non-partisan civil service if they would only heed your well-weighed deliverance: "To govern a country under responsibility to the people of that country and to govern one country under responsibility to the people of another are two very different things. What makes the excellence of the first is that freedom is preferable to despotism; but the last is despotism. The only choice the case

admits is a choice of despotisms, and it is not certain that the despotism of twenty (or seventy) millions is necessarily better than that of a few or one; but it is quite certain that the despotism of those that neither hear, nor see, nor know anything about their subjects has many chances of being worse than of those who do."

Our third example of the decadence of your system shall be extracted from your contributions to the science of morality. Following Bentham's lead, you taught that the criterion of conduct was its tendency to yield happiness, — "not the agent's own greatest happiness, but the greatest amount of happiness altogether." The amount of general happiness produced was, according to you, not only the test of the goodness or badness of human action, but its very essence. Accordingly it becomes necessary for the individual to calculate to a nicety the yield of general happiness in assaying the value of all moral ores. Without discussing the character of your moral metallurgy, it is clear that you attach but minor importance to the traditional moral sense as a reliable determinant of the moral quality of particular actions. The real complexity of this calculation, however, you certainly underestimated; so much so, that your evolutionary successors have felt obliged to reverse your verdict upon this point. They, like yourself, declare that conduct in the last resort "is good or bad according as its total effects are pleasurable or painful," but the avowments of the moral sense they hold to be the outcome of race experimentation in conduct, and therefore a safer practical guide in daily life than a special integration of the pleasure increments, negative and positive, involved in any particular act.

Your opponents, the intuitionists, have in the main followed two lines of attack upon your ethical system, and in both they have, to a great extent, suc-

ceeded. They point out first that in attempting to refine on Benthamism you virtually undermine it, and second (though I shall not be able to sketch their views in detail) that neither you nor your successors in the study of morality ever really crossed the "boundary line which separates interests from obligations."

If, as you hold, "the greatest amount of happiness altogether" is the norm of conduct, it is certainly futile to maintain that the *higher* pleasures of intelligence or benevolence are to be preferred to the lower pleasures of sense or vanity, provided the lower pleasures bulk the larger in society's estimate. You say yourself that it "would be vain to attempt to persuade a man who beats his wife and ill treats his children that he would be happier if he lived in love and kindness with them. He would be happier if he were the kind of person who *could* so live; but he is not, and it is probably too late for him to become that kind of person. . . . It is like preaching to the worm who crawls on the ground how much better it would be for him if he were an eagle." If *quantity* of pleasure then be your test, be it so; or, if *quality* or *kind* of pleasure be the determinant, well and good; but you cannot in logical consistency hold with the hare and course with the hound. Bentham's moral edifice was a dingy vulgar little hut, but it was water-tight in a logical hurricane. Yours has a fine skylight, but the roof leaks.

It is but a step from morals to the Author of morality, but if the truth be said, Sir, there is probably no note which you ever sounded which fell upon such rebellious ears as your Essays on Religion. Indeed, all of your posthumous writings created an uproar, which, though brief, outdid anything your living voice ever evoked. Your Autobiography came as a shock to your closest followers, and when your Essays on Religion first fell on the positivist school

their strong men wept with rage in the streets. If you had only described your God in the language in which you described your wife, and *vice versa*, you would not have so violently outraged all reasonable credulity. I confess I never knew any one who was satisfied with your conception of a "good deity of limited powers;" but for all that I cannot help feeling that it marks a degree of improvement upon your paternal theology. Your father's God (so long as he had one) was, to use your own phrase, the "Omnipotent Author of Hell." Your own has been described as "a subaltern god, the victim of circumstances, struggling with a universe which is too much for him." That this "limited liability theism" is a position of unstable theological equilibrium can hardly be doubted, but it has this merit, that it squarely faces the problem of the Mystery of Evil; and I for one think it unfair to pronounce it with condescension the product of your "sympathies, feebly chaperoned, as it were, by a reasoning faculty grown elderly and languid, though remaining always conscientious." The riddle of the Sphinx is a subject "on which much originality was not to be hoped for, and the nature of which may be allowed to protect feebleness from any severity of comment."

So far as your work in philosophy, in politics, and in ethics is concerned, I have attempted to explain how your fundamental principles have either been revised and transformed by the "superior lights" of evolution, or have been controverted and overturned by the intuition school. There still remains to consider the validity of your contributions to social science. Your attention to the logical method appropriate to this study was, as you tell us in your Autobiography, first aroused by Macaulay's vivisection of your father's Science of Government. From this you learned that your father's assimilation of social logic to the method of Euclid was un-

tenable. The truth in societary matters, you readily discerned, was not to be attained by merely laying down certain axioms irrespective of the degree of improvement attained by various peoples, and then deducing from these axioms conclusions valid alike in Paris and Peking. The doctrine of historic relativity had laid hold upon you, while your growing interest in Comte's captivating dream of Sociology prevented you for a time from contenting yourself with any less comprehensive project than a general science of society. Your loyalty to your father's psychology, however, deterred you from approaching this work from Comte's standpoint. Instead of building your sociological temple on the foundation of a positive inspection of the facts of social history, you resolved to build it upon the ascertainable psychological laws of character, or what you designated Ethology, whose creation you assured us in 1843 had at last become practicable. I am bound to admit, Sir, that your science of Ethology has not yet been created. The word itself is today found only in philological museums, while the phantom term Sociology, alas, still lives to torment us, and, like a treacherous beacon, to lure upon the rocks those whose vehement passion for the ocean of truth rejects with scorn the pebbles on the shore.

Failing, as Mr. Bain tells us, to make anything out of Ethology, you adopted the very sensible plan of devoting your attention to political economy, a sphere "carved out," as you express it, "of the general body of the science of society." As this latter body was not yet in existence, I will only remark, in passing, that the "carving out" must have been tolerably easy. Your five early Essays on Some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy contained the germ of most of your distinctly original contributions to that subject, although your larger work has been the main channel through which your economic opinions

have reached the great body of readers. To pronounce upon your Political Economy any definitive verdict without going into very great detail would be obviously impossible. "Nobody but a fool, and a fool of a very particular description," to use your own classic phrase, would be hardy enough to call this great work "a ruin." It is, I think, on the whole very likely that more people of intelligence could to-day be found to subscribe to more parts of your Political Economy than to all your other writings put together. To offset this, it may, of course, fairly be said that much which that work contains did not, except in its phrasing, originate with yourself, but was a transcript from the earlier economists. It may also be admitted that your work teems with *loci vexatissimi*, regular fever spots of irritation around which there is a constant buzzing of economic insects. I think I never knew one of the existing race of political economists who had not some pet grievance against your Political Economy. With this one it is your remark that the volume of value is a closed book; with the next it is your too absolute sundering of the laws of production and distribution; with another it is your Wage Fund theory, or else your recantation of it; with another it is your socialistic bias; while against your Fundamental Propositions on Capital there has arisen such a protest of expostulation that your mild apologists, like Professor Marshall, are simply drowned out of all hearing. Mr. Cannan calls these propositions a "hopeless farrago of blunders;" and another critic, in a phrase at once indicative of his freedom from bias and his capacity for comparison, says that this deplorable chapter is a "tissue of barefaced fallacy which has gone far to reduce political economy to the level of religion."

Still, when all abatements are made, candid judges will, I think, allow that there still remains of your economic la-

bors a coherent theoretical framework, containing nearly all that was best in your predecessors, and much more besides, — without which economic science both in substance and form would to-day be immeasurably the poorer. Of whatever other provinces in the Realm of Thought you may have been despoiled, no successor with an undisputed title has succeeded you upon the economic throne. And if no claimant has yet dared to assert his right, the reason is plain, — "*Nemo est heres viventis.*"

Even when one has essayed to sound and possibly to gauge the depths of your writings, there still remains much in your intellectual career to which we may perpetually recur, "as others do to a favorite poet, when needing to be carried up into the more elevated regions of feeling and thought." The remarkable education of which you are alternately regarded as the victim or the beneficiary is still without a modern parallel. Indeed, the most wonderful part of that education seems to have been by most critics singularly obscured. It was not that it began so early and embraced from the start such mature disciplines as Greek and philosophy, but the wonderful, as it seems to me, the wholly inexplicable feature of it all was that it did not destroy your power of transcending the symmetrical creed in which you were so early and so sedulously drilled. Personally under the guidance of Bentham in Ethics, Austin in Jurisprudence, Ricardo in Political Economy, and supremely under the exacting oversight of your father in everything at once, the miracle is that your mind did not present at maturity a surpassing instance of "cadaveric rigidity."

There is something also, very rare, I confess, in all literary history, and yet very captivating, in your scrupulous intellectual integrity, shown more than once in your frank recantation of doctrines which had become associated with

your name, but of whose untenableness you had become convinced. This very trend of introspective conscientiousness was, I think, carried too far by you in the sphere of the minor conventionalities. You were always too much inclined to scrutinize *les convenances*, and to challenge them for their certificate of birth. Your readiness to defy the tyranny of opinion for what you regarded a right cause made you overvalue eccentricity, and place it among the greater social virtues. Your passion for improvement made you impatient of the social art, and one who should follow your precept that "a person of high intellect should never go into unintellectual society unless he can enter it as an apostle" would probably be repulsed as a prig. This occasional air of austerity which plays about some of your minor utterances tends, in reality, to obscure the chivalrous, if somewhat quixotic, nature which we know you possessed. If we were in doubt in the matter, the eulogistic vein in which you invariably refer to your wife would enlighten us. You would, I think, have been surprised and pained, if you could have known how your allusions to that lady were received by your reviewers. Perhaps you were yourself at fault for not remembering that "a man who has a wife and children has given hostages to Mrs. Grundy." Still I fail to see

why your estimate of your wife, even if it be overdrawn, should warrant such an outcry on the part of your biographers. If that "fine flame of strenuous self-possession" which marked you glowed a fantastic red only when fanned by the recollections of a loyal life companion, its unwonted glare led no one astray, and pointed only to the moral, — that the best men are always the readiest to ascribe any honorable peculiarity in themselves to a higher source, rather than to their own merits.

It would be hardly proper to conclude, Sir, without assuring you that the stern animosities born of the quickening strife which you aroused on many an issue have long ago passed away, and that we all cherish for you that hope of another existence of which you have spoken so feelingly yourself. "That hope makes human life and human nature a far greater thing to the feelings, and gives greater strength as well as greater solemnity to all the sentiments which are awakened in us by our fellow creatures and mankind at large. It allays the sense of that irony of Nature which is so painfully felt when we see the exertions and the sacrifices of a life culminating in the formation of a wise and noble mind, only to disappear from the world when the time has just arrived at which the world seems about to begin the reaping of it."

Winthrop More Daniels.

MIRANDA HARLOW'S MORTGAGE.

WHEN Miranda Harlow, who lived some sixteen or eighteen miles "out," read in the city papers of the death of Bartholomew J. Plunkett, she sat her down and wrote to the widow. And when she saw, a week later, that the Plunkett will had been admitted to probate, she wrote again.

"Seven million dollars!" said Miranda Harlow, "and me a-slaving myself into my grave to keep up the interest on that mortgage! It ain't right. That woman can help me, and she's just got to. Help? Why, she could pay the whole thing off to-morrow as easy as turning your hand. What's fifteen hun-

dred to anybody with seven millions ? She'd never miss it."

"You won't get any of it," said her niece sourly. "She has n't answered either of your letters, has she? Well, then!"

"She's going to answer *me*!" retorted Miranda. "I can take the trolley and go in and get back again for twenty cents, and I'm going to do it!"

"Huh!" said her niece.

"If your uncle Joshua had lived another year or two, we should have had the last half of that mortgage paid off, and I should have been able to-day to call this house my own. I've worried on in the old way about as long as I can stand it, and now I'm going to try a new one."

"She has n't answered either of your letters, has she?" reiterated the niece.

No, Susannah Plunkett had not answered either of Miranda Harlow's letters, nor many out of the hundreds of others brought by the same mails. Miranda Harlow thought her mortgage the only mortgage in the world, but she was mistaken. There were at least nine others, as the same mail that carried her second request disclosed. It also disclosed six men of varying ages and degrees of hopefulness who needed a little money to start up in business; three girls who wanted to come to the city to cultivate their voices; two insistent housekeepers who requested the where-withal for clearing their furniture from the grip of the installment man; eleven miscellaneous persons who required different sums for unspecified purposes, and a twelfth who, to a very peremptory demand, added a threat. Altogether, a representative Plunkett mail, slightly augmented by the temporary conspicuousness of the stricken family. Small wonder that Miranda Harlow got no response to her appeals.

Miranda made her trip to town, but spent her twenty cents to no purpose. Mrs. Plunkett declined to see her; the

servant refused even to admit her into the house.

"What did I tell you?" said her niece, welcoming the disappointed old lady back to Wileyville. "You can't get anything from rich people unless you're rich yourself. The only way to get anything out of *them* is to show that you don't need anything. The only way to get *them* to give is to let 'em see you giving something yourself. I know that kind, let me tell you!"

Miranda looked at the girl with an intent frown; Hetty had spent two or three years in the city, and was supposed to be more or less familiar with metropolitan manners.

"Maybe you're right," said her aunt slowly. She fell into thought. "I'll bring that woman round yet—you see." She thought for another day. "Yes, sir, I'll risk fifty dollars on it, if I have to; or a hundred." She gave her head a series of short, quick bobs.

"Well, what is it?" asked her niece.

"I'm thinking of the time your uncle Joshua went into town to that hospital."

"Oh, are you?" said Hetty, puzzled.

"Hetty," spoke Miranda, with great decision, "you and me are going to the city to spend a week. I'll write in to-day. The board for the two of us can't be more than fourteen dollars. Get ready. Your poor old aunt is going to show out as a moneyed woman,—and a cripple, into the bargain, I think."

Two days later a wheeled chair began to haunt the opulent purlieus of Laplaine Avenue, moving slowly up and down the broad stone sidewalks under the shadows cast by the fresh June foliage of elms and cottonwoods. The chair contained an elderly woman who contrived to look more benign than she felt, and was propelled by a younger one, dressed more or less like a trained nurse, who looked crosser than any mere paid attendant would have dared. Every forenoon for two or three hours, and again for a shorter time in the afternoon, did the chair

travel up and down the checkered footway, with especial reference, however, to the corner on which stood the house of the Plunketts. The grumpy attendant in the cool striped gown paused now and then to rest herself by sitting for a few moments on the low brownstone coping that served the Plunketts for a fence, while the gray-haired occupant of the chair would look up at the Plunkett windows in a deprecatory fashion, as if to say, —

“Pardon this freedom; but pray have some slight indulgence for an unfortunate cripple.”

Then, assured of a satisfactory audience, Miranda Harlow — for it was she, as the story-teller is privileged to say — would take up, with a greater show of gusto than she felt, her coolly calculated part of Lady Bountiful. She was a hapless cripple, true, but such a rich one, such a generous one, such a gracious and warm-hearted one! Her laprobe was spread with flowers and sweets and toys, and the children of the rich came clustering round her chair as flies round a sugar cask. She dispensed her toys and goodies with a fine grandmotherly air that won the nurses along with their charges, and that presently made the dear lady under treatment at the hospital over in the next street a household word for two blocks up and down.

For nobody ever came into Laplaine Avenue to give anything away, — except boys with handbills, who were multitudinous and perennial. Give? To Laplaine Avenue? No; a thousand times no! On the contrary, it was get, get, get, the whole year through. Get somehow, get anyhow. Beg, steal, trick, wheedle: the hapless rich of Laplaine Avenue were a target for the whole town. Their façades must needs oppose a perpetual resistance to the onslaughts of the shiftless, the impecunious, the temporarily embarrassed, the impudently speculative. Their interiors were

held to be cumbered with gold and silver awaiting the hardy and dexterous miner that should have the luck to break his way in. Everybody's hand was raised against them: they were assailed by tramps, peddlers, canvassers, assessors; solicitors for charities, by wild-eyed anarchistic Germans, by compilers of “*élite directories*,” by superannuated professors with failing eyesight, by decayed French gentlewomen who wanted to play pianos at private musicales. And into such a *milieu* as this now came Miranda of the Open Hand.

And Miranda opened her hand and gave. But she was not firing for general results. She lost no time in singling out the particular children who best would further her object: it was the five-year-old Plunkett twins — Susannah Plunkett's granddaughters — who got the pick of things; and however darkly niece Hetty might frown upon the nursemaids in general, she was under strict injunctions to have nothing but smiles for Norah O'Neil.

“This will come out all right,” said Miranda, “if you can only contrive to look a little bit pleasant. And if it does n't, why, you'll buy your fall dress for yourself, that's all.”

Then dawned the auspicious moment when Susannah Plunkett, lumbering majestically down Laplaine Avenue, one fine morning, happened upon Miranda Harlow just as she was dividing a lilac spray between Ethel and Gladys, — a touching episode that required thanks to round it out. Miranda worked her shoulder blades against Hetty's knuckles, as a sign that the chair was to keep pace with Mrs. Plunkett's further progress if necessary. The board bill was running right along, and nothing definite had yet been accomplished.

“You are so kind to my grandchildren,” said Susannah, turning aside her veil, and dropping her humid eyes to the other flowers resting in Miranda's lap.

“She is that!” said Norah heartily.

"I am a grandmother myself," returned Miranda, — a fib, for her one child had died in infancy.

"You have newly come into our neighborhood, I believe?" queried Susannah.

"The hospital," said Miranda simply, with a vague motion toward the other side of the street.

"With friends?"

"Alone," replied Miranda. "I have not a relative in the world." Disinherited Hetty gave the chair a sudden jolt. She forgot she was only a nurse.

"A widow — like me?"

"A widow, yes." Miranda did not say to this widow of a fortnight's standing that she herself was one of three years' standing, — time enough to have conquered her sorrow and to have readjusted herself to the world.

"You are confined to your chair?"

"As you see," replied Miranda. Hetty gave a gasp.

"What a pity!" said Susannah, with a slow sweetness. In her loneliness her heart warmed to this detached yet cheery stranger, and she felt a sudden impulse to set all social conventions aside. "If you could have come to lunch with me" —

Miranda bit her lip with vexation. There was another jolt of the chair. "You've overreached yourself finely!" it said.

"Perhaps I might send you some delicacy or other," suggested Susannah.

Miranda smiled again. "I should ever remember your kindness," she said artificially.

"If I might call upon you at the hospital" — Susannah suggested further.

"Please do," said Miranda, with undisguised eagerness. "But I'm not — not *in* the hospital, — only next door to it."

Susannah resumed her sombre way, and the children strolled along with the nurse.

"Sort o' nice woman, after all," observed Hetty grudgingly, as the Lady of the Seven Millions passed on.

"So she is," assented Miranda ruefully. "I 'most wish she was n't."

Susannah Plunkett came to the invalid's boarding-house, carrying a plate with a napkin over it. As a further source of consolation, she had Norah O'Neil bring along the twins. Susannah talked amiably to the pretended cripple. Miranda had never felt so miserable in her life.

"Well, I must say she's a pretty pleasant lady," declared Hetty, on her departure.

"She is," moaned Miranda. "I wish she was n't; I wish she was n't!"

Hetty looked at her aunt narrowly. "I s'pose I'm going to have my fall dress all right?"

"I don't know whether you are or not!" snapped Miranda.

"Well, then, I s'pose you're going to pay off that there mortgage?"

Miranda averted her face. "I don't know whether I am or not," she returned, with some diminution of spirit.

"I'll tell her about it!"

"If you do!"

But Hetty did, — the next time Susannah Plunkett called. Miranda, when aware of the fact, groaned in spirit and drove the girl out of the room.

"Don't believe her!" cried the conscience-stricken old soul. "It's all an odious lie!"

"There is no mortgage, then?" asked Susannah.

"I mean that I'm a lie; I mean that she's a lie. That girl is not a hired nurse; she is my niece. And I am not a cripple; I'm just as sound and just as able to walk as you are. And those flowers and toys were all lies; and my stopping in front of your windows and my petting the children. It was all just to take your attention and rouse your sympathy. But the mortgage is real; oh yes, that's real enough, and it's the

only real thing in the whole hateful business!"

Miranda got out of her chair and stepped across the room, to demonstrate what an utter humbug she was; and then she dropped her head on Susannah Plunkett's broad black shoulder and burst into tears. It was the best thing she could have done.

Susannah was interested; she had met many sorts of the financially embarrassed, but never one just like this. She was touched, too, and shed a few tears herself, — what were a few more after so many?

"You may think I'm rich, with my giving away all those things," proceeded Miranda, not fully aware how completely the character of her quarters negatived this notion; "but I'm not. I'm

as poor as Job's turkey. As for worry, though — well, I've had enough of that to put me into a *dozen* hospitals!"

Susannah heard her out, to the last sordid detail. "I will at least look after your interest for you," she said. "As for the principal itself, that requires consideration."

Miranda and Hetty took the trolley back to Wileyville.

"She'll pay the whole thing," said Hetty. "She's that kind of a woman."

"I want her to," replied Miranda; "and yet, somehow, I don't. If I had n't" —

"Well, anyway, I look to have that new dress," insisted Hetty. "If things fall through, after all, 't ain't 'ny fault of mine. I've earned it, and I want it."

Henry B. Fuller.

ILL-GOTTEN GIFTS TO COLLEGES.

ALL over the country, a tide of criticism is rising against the acceptance by churches, charities, and colleges, of wealth won by methods which the moral sense of the community is beginning to distrust. One need not use a misleading phrase such as bad money, one need hold no quarrel with monopolies, to feel that there is cause for the scruple. No one questions that the mammoth fortunes which are coming to be a distinctive feature of American life are sometimes made by methods which are cruel if not technically dishonest, methods pushed perilously near the limits of what even the crude conscience expressed in common law considers legitimate, — pushed some say, though the fact can rarely be proved, beyond those limits. Wealth exists which has been piled together by means unscrupulous and unchristian. It stands in the public mind as a symbol of unrestrained self-seeking

and greed; it has to the knowledge of many left behind its shining heaps a ravaged desert track of despair. There is a growing tendency on the part of owners of money of this kind to spend lavishly on works of public utility, on the endowment of churches, charities, universities. It is a paradoxical situation. With the one hand, the owner of such wealth thrusts his competitors into the abyss of commercial ruin, or grinds the faces of the poor: with the other, he hands the resultant gain to the Christian institutions of the land, which gratefully accept it, and rise to chant the pæan of democracy triumphant.

This seems to some persons a spectacle distinctly injurious to the morals of our republic. Churches and colleges represent what is best, most unworldly, most disinterested, in our democracy; it were useless to deny that wealth of this order represents what is worst.

The juxtaposition of the two is unfortunate. It excites suspicion, often doubtless unfounded but none the less harmful, lest the noblest things in America enter, consciously or not, into subjection to the less noble, lest their freedom be hampered, their independent witness to righteousness and social honor impaired.

It is time that this situation were clearly faced. No one, by discussing the criticism upon the acceptance of suspected money, invents it; it is here already; it increases in volume every day. It occurs to the foreigners visiting our shores, to the laborers in our streets. "I thought," said a young German Ph. D. lately, "I thought, learning in Europe is the slave of the state; in America it is free; I will go to America. What do I find? Your learning is not free. It is more slave than in Europe; it is slave to the millionaire." For the academic and religious world to ignore this criticism is not only wrong, it is inexpedient. A conference on this subject was lately held in Boston, attended by many persons of significance; the whole course of the discussion made evident how widespread a perplexity and trouble of conscience were already aroused. Courage and candor are emphatically called for, to define and analyze, if not to decide, the issue.

Two extreme positions on the subject are possible. The first holds that ethical scrutiny of the sources of wealth is wholly uncalled for, since use sanctifies the gift; it considers that the endowment of churches and colleges is so important that money should be accepted without question from any source; that if this money has been made by dishonest means, the sooner it is reclaimed to honest uses the better; that when the Lord declares that the wrath of men shall praise Him, and we see flowers grow where blood waters the earth in battle, it behooves us to remember that we should never refuse to let any one help to do the Lord's work in this world.

This was the common position of God-fearing men in the past. We need not refer to the Middle Ages and the spoils gratefully accepted by the mediæval Church; the American Board has accepted gifts from Western gamblers for the Indian missions, and American colleges were in more than one instance founded in prayer and holy aspiration from the results of lotteries. The position remains logical and deserving of respect. Few, however, will hold to it to-day, when it is pushed to its ultimates, and question is raised concerning money made by a gambling house, or worse.

On the other extreme are those persons who think that even a considerable degree of popular odium attached to money should make a Christian institution shrink from accepting it, as we should shrink from meat that makes our brother to offend.

Between these two views are countless shades of opinion. That any firm ground can be reached on which a number of people may stand together it is perhaps too soon to hope, but we may at least begin to feel our way. A few cases may be fenced off at the outset. We must obviously distinguish between the money of the dead and that of the living. All wealth must sooner or later be reclaimed to social use, and no object would be served in refusing money left by bequest or offered by innocent survivors. Moreover, all gifts offered with the avowed purpose of expiation should of course be gladly welcomed.

A good deal of ground will be cleared in this way; but it would be absurd to claim that in remaining cases the issue is plain. Seldom indeed is it granted us to discover in the confusion of modern life the sharp antithesis of an absolute logic. The modern mind rarely finds the satisfaction of a Choice of Hercules:

"Les siècles en passant ont fait leur grande route
Entre les deux sentiers, dont il ne reste rien."

The ceaseless ethical struggle by which we live will consist more and more in a sensitive balancing of considerations. Diverse, indeed, will be the answers to a problem made up, like this, of different elements in each separate case. One thing, however, is sure; the way to find a true and noble answer is not to cast about in one's mind for justification in receiving any money that may be offered. One would not depreciate the value of money in helping the life of the intellect. Libraries, laboratories, large salaries, museums, add efficiency as well as dignity to Learning; they are in a way her essential servants. Yet it is also true that institutions, like men, live not by bread alone. In a civilization like ours the forces tending to materialism are notoriously young and lusty; we must keep jealous watch lest the very life centres which should foster our more spiritual activities be subtly invaded, unconsciously to themselves, by those very forces which they exist to counteract. Bare were the walls of the old New England colleges, cold their recitation rooms and dormitories, narrow their curriculum, small the salaries of their professors. But from these colleges came forth a race of men whom we, apparatus-equipped, apparatus-hungry though we be, delight to honor.

There are two broad positive reasons why churches and colleges should at least exercise far more caution than they have been doing of late, in the acceptance of proffered gifts.

First, to ignore a scruple is to help suppress it. Every institution which accepts without explanation money under suspicion or indictment weakens the awakening demand for ethical scrutiny of the sources of wealth. If we regard this demand as morbid and unwise, we shall not consider such a result unfortunate. If, however, we believe it to be one of the most healthful signs in the democracy, we shall feel otherwise. Institutions of religion and learning lead

always a curious double life. On the one hand, they swing free of the established fact, are hot centres of new thought, and send forth young men and women with faces set to the East. On the other hand, they are imbedded deep in the existing order of things, draw their sustenance from it, and fear to disturb it. Forces of progress and of conservation coexist in them more dramatically than in society at large. In a college, the faculty, as a rule, includes representatives of the first set of forces, — woe to the college in which it does not, — the trustees are usually solid exponents of the second. For the ordinary run of things, it is well that the two forces unite to form the organic whole. But there are times when one longs to see the forces of advance conquer. As soon as a new ethical instinct quivers into existence, its very presence gives it a presumption of authority. To be on the side of inertia, apathy, and custom, when such an instinct is thrilling across the nerves of the community, is to lose the finest opportunity that life affords. These are the times when one grieves to see the colleges unresponsive; if they cannot set the pace, one would have them at least keep it. Slowly the moral instinct moves into wider fields: slowly it conquers the outlying regions of life political, industrial, social. Slowly indeed! But if we did not believe the process to be vital and continuous, we should lose courage for living, for this is the history of the advance of civilization. Our duty is to be, as Maeterlinck puts it, in a constant state of moral expectation; to watch the moment when the new principle is surmised; and dauntlessly and joyously to range ourselves on its side. In this advance toward the future, the Church and the University, standing as they do for the subjugation of the gross automatic instincts of the race by conscience and reason, are our most safe and natural guides; and ill betides the country where

they hold the rear rather than the van. The attitude of self-justification in which certain institutions find themselves to-day is in itself a grave public misfortune. For a college or church which accepts questionable money as a matter of course injures far more than itself. It stifles the breath of new life in our civilization, and the higher its standing and the stronger its influence, the more fatally does it effect this end.

Another reason, equally practical, equally cogent, should impose caution in the acceptance of money, the danger lest our colleges forfeit the respect of the people. Learning, half apprehended, is too often a dividing force. It creates an intellectual aristocracy, it increases the difficulty of understanding between class and class. In a democracy, it should be, on the other hand, a uniting force. "The men of culture," said Matthew Arnold, "are the true apostles of equality." The ideal of American learning is surely that our scholars, our intellectually chosen, who possess what cannot yet be the heritage of all, should at least be the representatives of all; that our colleges should be the expression of the will of the whole people, a vital part of the national life, schools of civic virtue and social honor. How unfortunate, how fatal, is it then, when these colleges come to be regarded as dependencies of a single class! Yet this is precisely what is happening to-day. No one can move among working people in an informal and intimate fashion without realizing how entirely they lack confidence in the integrity of our academic life, how honest and sincere is the scorn with which they view it. It is said by the head worker of one of the largest settlements in New York, that economic argument with the clever young socialists of the East Side is rendered useless by their contempt for the traditions she represents and the authorities she cites. "Of course Professor This and Professor That hold such views; they have

salaries to draw," is the constant rejoinder. Whether this attitude be just or no, is not the question; that it is almost wholly unjust, any one who knows our academic life from within is of course aware. There is no lack in our colleges of moral courage or of intellectual independence. Yet a few cases where there is good reason to fear lest freedom of thought and speech have been inhibited by the conditions of the institution — and such cases exist — are enough to weaken confidence in the whole academic world. We cannot afford to disregard this lack of confidence, nor to treat it with contempt. It is a menace. It places dangerous emphasis on that intellectual cleavage between classes which is far more alarming than mere divergence of material interests. There is little enough in America to spiritualize this vast democracy, to harmonize its clashing elements and bring them into higher unity. If the great throng of the unprivileged come to distrust the centres whence these unifying forces should proceed, and to view them as class-institutions, where is our hope for the future? Better than this, let poverty be the portion of our colleges, as it has been the portion of some of the strongest centres of intellectual life that the world has known.

It is by no means clear, however, that the refusal of gifts from a dubious source would entail such a destiny. Surely, the gifts of the millionaire are not the only means by which a great country can support its colleges. It is conceivable that the first institution to refuse an offer of ill-gotten money might draw to itself students from the length and breadth of the land. Countless eager contributions from the modest means of many might flow in upon it, and bring within its reach those riches which it had shown itself strong to do without.

It is, however, clear to very few that mere suspicion or popular odium constitutes in itself sufficient ground

for refusing money. Obviously, wealth draws to itself an immense amount of unjust criticism. Hesitation to accept a favor, or even courteous refusal, is by no means, to be sure, equivalent either to accusation or to condemnation; yet it may of course involve injustice of a subtle kind. In the opinion of many, not even definite and unanswered indictment should justify refusal. But indictment, odium, suspicion even, are, if not a call to refuse, assuredly a call to consider. At present, the public has no reason to believe that American colleges recognize any responsibility toward the sources of the wealth offered them. But the time will surely come when to accept suspected money without investigation or explanation will be regarded as a clear violation of morality. Let once the public be reassured on this point; let the principle of responsibility be established, and faithfulness to it demonstrated, and the acceptance or rejection of individual gifts will be matter of detail.

What if a college, after due investigation, were to refuse, with all courtesy and gentleness, the offer of money won by notoriously unscrupulous means, stat-

ing that it judged no man nor corporation, but that it owed to its constituency and its public to keep its right of witness to social and national honor unchallenged? Can any one doubt that by such action that college would appeal to the best instincts of our democracy, or that its power as an ethical teacher would be increased fourfold? Such an act would distinctly help to create ethical standards which might render the accumulation of wealth by unscrupulous business methods as impossible to the rising generation as the methods of pillage by which the devout robber barons of the Middle Ages endowed the mediæval Church are to us to-day. There is no duty before the academic and religious world in America more pressing than the duty of strengthening the demand that methods of acquiring wealth come wholly under the dominion of the moral sense. There is no opportunity more significant, more in danger of closing forever, than the opportunity of convincing the public at large, by definite sacrifice of worldly advantage, if need be, that the intellectual life of the country, as represented by its organized centres, is disinterested, honest, and free.

Vida D. Scudder.

THE PRODIGAL.

III.

It was windy, white-cloud weather, high tides, and a full moon. The Parthenia lay at Mission Dock loading with wheat for Liverpool. She was one of Ward and McAlpine's steamers.

A week or so before she sailed, Day was down at her agents' office, engaging a stateroom aboard of her for the wife and sister of one of the firm's correspondents in Honolulu.

The ladies had just arrived, on their

way to England, and were visiting friends in the city. It happened, as we say, — not knowing whether anything ever does happen, — that Clunie Robert was with him. They were kept waiting while a round little pony-built Mexican woman was taking passage on the same ship for herself and child. Her back was toward them, but there was no mistaking her accent, or her hair, — or her hat, with its artless reds and greens. Her voice was low, and she laughed continually over her efforts to translate her business into

English. Fred Dowd, the shipping clerk, did his gallant best to meet her halfway in Spanish, and by his civility and the giddy way in which he wasted his time — and theirs — the young men concluded there would be one pretty woman, at least, on the Parthenia that trip.

Strictly speaking, it was Day who made these reflections, for Clunie had retired, according to a habit of his, noticeable of late, whenever he caught the Mexican-Spanish inflection. One of the rudimentary lessons of a lifetime had been bitten into him in that tongue; and some lessons, like vaccination, do not "take" at once. He had waited by the door and was watching the woman's child, for he was always interested in the young of any species. The little one had slipped down from a chair where its mother had left it, and was playing with the pattern of the cane seat, exploring the meshes as pitfalls for a tiny forefinger no bigger than the stump of a lead pencil. Presently the finger slipped through too far and stuck by reason of its fatness. Day made a step forward expecting a howl, but Clunie said: "Let him be. He's game."

It was a baby in frocks, but Clunie had dubbed him a boy by the way in which he conducted that affair of the finger. He tugged and twisted and hung on by it, till it was rasped crimson; he set his brows, casting indignant glances at the strange spectators who smiled and offered no help.

"Hey," said Clunie, much diverted, "his cap is over his starboard peeper, and his face is as red as a beet. He'll yell directly." And he did. The mother turned with a flash in her big, dark eyes, and the young men drew off rather guiltily.

The child threw itself with sobs upon her bosom. Its cap slipped off, and showed a fine, broad-topped head, pink with rage, and shining all over with curls no longer than a lamb's fleece and yellow as seed grass.

Day turned, with some remark about the handsome little hybrid; but Clunie looked at him as if he had been the wall, and walked out of the place. They were on their way further to keep an appointment, which was Clunie's more than Day's. Morton followed his friend as far as the sidewalk, and saw him standing on the corner below, staring straight before him with a fixed, expressionless face, the external consciousness knocked apparently clean out of him. The matter looked too serious for jocular meddling. Day did not hail him, but let him go, and finished their joint business alone and not in the best of spirits.

He met the mother and child face to face again as he was returning to Mc-Alpine's office. She was a rather handsome young woman, chiefly eyes, the grave, soft, animal-like eyes of her race, — the Indian half of it. Her natural suppleness was spoiled by stays, and of course she could not wear the hat of civilization, — but she did, with the effect of its making her look bold and hard. She was a pretty piece of degeneracy, a child of Nature in the fatal transition stage.

On the shadow of a hint, Fred Dowd would have satisfied his curiosity concerning her; but Day had a strong disinclination to know more than he could avoid knowing, in this case. If Madam Nemesis had looked at Clunie out of that woman's dark eyes, what she had to say to him was a matter for them to settle. A year ago, Clunie would hardly have paid her the tribute of a pale face and a hasty retreat. Conscience had never made a coward of him before.

Day rebuked himself duly for assuming that it was conscience, but having yielded to suspicion, little confirmatory suggestions were not wanting. He found himself a trifle constrained with his friend when they met next day. But Clunie was indifferent and preoccupied.

The Bradshaws' outside man was down about the docks a good deal while the Parthenia was loading. He noticed that

her people seemed to be taking big chances on getting her to sea. A few days before she was to sail, he said to Clunie: "Do you know what I have done? Persuaded those ladies to wait over for the Roscommon. I took their names off the Parthenia's list to-day."

"What for?"

"Well, she is a new ship in the Pacific trade. Grannis has never taken her out from the Heads before. And he is one of these banner freight-captains, — almost too clever about getting ahead of the inspectors. They have pumped out her water ballast, and are loading her, light as she is, down to her plimsoll mark. She is a very long, high-sided vessel, — top-heavy as she lies; and, to cap all, they are getting a deck load of extra coal aboard of her. Some of her coal bunkers have been used for wheat, the stevedores say. If she happens to strike it rough, going over the Bar, she will turn turtle before they can get the water ballast back into her compartments."

"Are you the only one who says so?"

"I am not the only one who thinks so. But Grannis knows it all! And, of course, the trick has not been tried — with that vessel. She may go out all right."

"But the general opinion on the water front is that she won't?"

"The water front does n't know nor care."

"If you believe this, great Scott, *you* ought to care! Why don't you set the law on her? Talk it up where it will do some good."

"These things are not done in a corner," Day retorted. "The law, or the public, is at liberty to use its eyes. I have no inside evidence; and I may be mistaken. Go and see for yourself."

"What is it to me!" Clunie answered, with a goaded look. "If you can wash your hands of it" —

"I did n't wash my hands till I had

used what influence I have, in the only quarter where I'm likely to have any. Sometimes I believe it, and then again I don't. I give you — or any friends of yours," Day added deliberately, "the benefit of my doubts."

Clunie did not thank him. He flushed as if stung. "If you have gone the length of warning those women," he said huskily, "you've no right to stop there."

"What would you have me do?"

"Go to the Board of Underwriters. Wake up the water front, somehow."

"You are welcome to the job," said Day. "Go, and inform against the Parthenia, and get her unloaded. Who can tell she would n't have gone out all right? Every one will say it was done out of meanness, at the instigation of our bosses, and the Old Man will jump on us for getting the house into trouble with a rival line."

Clunie got up with a furious look. "This whole business of going to sea in ships is rotten!" he swore; "and your trade etiquette is the rottenest part of it."

"It is all that keeps us from flying at one another's throats," said Day.

"Oh, well! Whip the devil around the stump! You'll get on, my son."

As he spoke, Clunie's face turned red and rigid. A girl's voice could be heard asking, at the wrong desk, for Mr. Day; and Morton went forward to speak to Annie Dunstan.

She had come for her monthly draft on the balance Captain Speke had left with the firm in her name. Usually they dispensed with the forms, and Clunie had saved her the trouble of coming. Day fancied that she glanced about her rather wistfully; she must have seen Clunie where he stood, but he did not move. He remained as if paralyzed until she was gone, when he rushed out, and Day saw him go tearing off in an opposite direction, with no excuse for leaving the office, and no apology on his return.

The Parthenia was advertised to sail on a Thursday. On Tuesday evening Clunie came to his friend's room and took his favorite seat on the table with his foot on the nearest chair, tilting it back and forth in a manner most objectionable. But there was that in his face which cried for mercy.

"I cannot find her in the city," he said. "There are forty of the name in the Spanish quarter."

Day made no pretense of asking to whom he referred.

"You could get the address from Dowd," he said, without looking up.

"I won't go near the brute!" said Clunie. "You know the style of his inferences. Will you get it for me, old man? You are superior to inferences, you know."

Neither of the two smiled at this familiar sarcasm. "I am the author of the scare," said Day. "Suppose you let me peddle it about?"

"You have taken care of your friends; these are my crowd. It's on me, this time," answered Clunie.

His wretched willingness to meet the issue Day had raised made it impossible not to relent.

"You should know best," he said. After a pause he added:—

"Did you notice how she was dressed, Clunie? And they don't travel, as a rule. Somebody is taking care of her. I don't want to be a cynic, or discourage anybody's good intentions, but I don't see where you propose to come in—on the present arrangement. As a question of taking chances on that ship, it is simple enough. *I* can see that she is warned."

"You are simplifying things rather late, it strikes me. Why did n't you think of this before? Are you getting alarmed about me?"—

"I don't know why I should n't be," Day replied. "Have you looked in the glass lately? You are looking very sick, Clunie—as you ought to look, for you

are throwing away the greatest thing on earth! Heaven does n't stoop to a man twice in his lifetime."

"If I had a heaven," said Clunie bitterly, "I should n't want it to stoop. It is possible that I know what I have missed, and why I missed it."

"But if you had n't missed it? If you had won it, God knows how! and could have it for the asking, would n't you rate your responsibilities a little differently? You can't take in fresh cargo with the old stuff rotting in your hold. Unload, man, unload! Tell her the truth. You never knew you had a conscience till she found it out for you. Go to her, and she will teach you how to use it."

"Go to her—with that story! The girl a man could tell that to, and not forfeit his right to know her—she would n't be the kind to help him much."

"That is a matter of opinion," said Day. "I have known some good women, but I never knew a really good one who would want to spare herself the truth about a friend, if she could help him by knowing it."

"Assuming that she cared one way or the other!"

"She does care; you know that perfectly well."

"So much the worse for me, then."

They sat in silence after that, but for the infuriating bumping of the chair which Clunie kept up unconsciously. The owner pulled it away from him, and his foot came down heavily on the floor. Day was angry with his friend, doubly angry because he had put the test before him and could not save him from its logic, or prevent his headlong acceptance of its issues.

"Go to the devil your own way, then, but you shall not jog that chair!" he said roughly.

Clunie laughed, and sat swinging his foot in the air. "If I don't go to the devil, it won't be your fault, old man. I suppose you know whose side you are

on! Those arguments — don't I know 'em all by heart? Been over them a thousand times.

"Did you see me that day I struck their trail? Did n't I cut and run, by the fine instinct you advise me to follow? And what came of it? What comes when you're called up for a caning and you duck? You get it worse, that's all."

After a moment he said more gently, "I don't know what I shall do, Mort; don't know what there is to do. Seems some mistake about 'Never too late to mend.' But we don't duck this time, and we don't pass 'em by on the other side.

"Come, Missus!" he rose, and Missus came forth from beneath the sofa where she had been investigating a hole in the wainscot. "We have explained ourselves to our friends, and our friends don't approve of us."

"It's your fight, old man," said Morton, "but I wish — I wish I had n't stumped you to it! What name shall I ask for beside 'Concha'?"

The change in Clunie's face was not pleasant to see. Day opened the door for him, with an impulse to bid him farewell. A high, pure hope was dead. What remained was the letter of the law, — a lie to be lived for life. This was another man's way of seeing it. Men of the English race are not happy in living a lie, or in seeing one fastened upon a fellow man, though it were the clog of a righteous punishment.

At Ward and McAlpine's, Day searched the Parthenia's passenger list. The name he looked for was not found. There was no Mexican or Spanish name on that list.

He sang Hallelujahs to himself, and Dowd, perceiving he was happy, asked if he had recognized the name of a healthy creditor among the outward bound. But his information seemed to afford neither comfort nor relief to Clunie.

"It gives us less time," he said.

"We shall have trouble stopping her now. She has taken another name."

"What's the matter with her taking her husband's name? She is married, or she is n't going."

Clunie shook his head. "You saw her take her passage. And if she had married he'd be a Mexican. You don't know the place. Nothing stops there but the Pacific Mail, and no one goes ashore but the purser. I know every purser on the line."

The palpable aspects of life are hard to gainsay. On the dock next morning, amidst the stir of the steamer's departure, Day lost the clue to his previous fears. The Parthenia herself was such a huge, convincing reality. Where was there any suggestion of tragedy about her, or her crew getting in the lines, or her cool-eyed officers directing them! Her freight was all on board; only the passengers' trunks remained to be handled.

He saw Clunie walking fast toward him up the pier. He was pale, fresh-shaven, and soberly aware of himself. There was that in his look which made one think of a conscript who has just got his number. For whatever he was about to do, Day felt himself deeply responsible.

Clunie looked at him strangely. "They are on board," he said.

"For God's sake let them stay there! We have been stirring up a mare's nest. Wake up," said Day, "and look about you. Are all these people mad?"

Clunie passed his hand back of his friend's arm and let it rest a moment on his shoulder. "You are nervous, Mort. It is all done now. But ten to one if I can fetch them off!"

"You never can in the world. You can't make those people decide. 'Poco tiempo,' she will say."

A light came into his face. "Then it is 'poco tiempo' for me. If they go, I go with them."

"You don't, if I can help it!"

"But the ship's going out all right; you have just said so."

"Not with you on board."

"Wake up yourself, Mort. You don't want to make a scene here! But if you want to help me there is a thing" — Clunie lowered his voice and looked away. "If she should ever — Well, don't — don't let her think it was *what I wanted*. Tell her it came hard; tell her why. Hands off, now! You'll see me again. Good Lord, if this were the end of it!"

He shook himself free, and Morton watched his tweed shoulders and the fair, boyish back of his head disappear in the press around the gang plank.

The voice of Black Jake hailed him as, steering a loaded wheelbarrow, the big stevedore lurched past.

"Say, boss, ain't that Mist' Robert goin' aboard? Old man send for him after all?"

"He was sent for," said Morton grimly, "and he went."

"Let those trunks be. They belong ashore. That's what I said! You leave those boxes where they are!"

It was the voice of Clunie, close beside him. Morton turned, and there stood the late penitent, offensively alive and safe, with the woman and child he had chosen. He had come back to boast of his choice, apparently, for his face was ablaze with happiness. So amazing was the transformation that Day could not at first take in its full import; then he wanted to strike the shameless front of him so lately pretending renunciation and self-sacrifice. He thought of an unquotable text about the dog that returns — as is the nature of dogs to do, but should not be the nature of men.

That poor girl in her childish finery, with her big, black, sensuous eyes — what a judgment day for Clunie! And the fool was content! — nay, triumphant, with a countenance of solemn, almost holy joy.

"Day," he said distinctly, with a stud-

ied deliberation as if forced to think of every word, "please be presented to Mrs. — the Señora Reynolds. She is going to Liverpool to meet her husband who is steward on the new Australian line, between Liverpool and Sydney. I have persuaded her to wait for the Roscommon, as you advised." (As *he* advised!) Then to her in Spanish he explained that his friend, naming Day, would have the honor to escort her to her train, while he himself would see that her luggage was detained ashore and sent after her with the utmost expedition. And what might be the señora's address?

She gave it, and with all grace and gravity assured him that her husband and her father and all her male relations were his servants for life. She was then transferred with her child and numerous portables to the dazed Morton's care. He made a scattering retreat with her across the tracks to a safe corner, where she entered into an animated exposition concerning her child, in answer to some obvious question of his, explaining that he was *muy grande* for his age. And he could walk — see! She put him down upon his cushiony feet to prove it, where he rocked perilously and clung to her skirts. Then she held up four fingers and tapped her own white teeth, laughing, to show how advanced he was in dentition also. And was it not most horrible to think of those so many persons devoted to the deep — in that perfidious ship? Did the señor also believe it? She think some time she must be dreaming! Don Clunie had spoken with the face of conviction absolute. Would she not leave the ship? Then would he take passage with her to England, or to — She rolled her great eyes expressively. They would be drowned all together. Because of that obligation since two years which he owe to the house of her father. She did not seek to be drowned. Ah God! Neither did she wish to be followed to England. She

was between fire and water. Here she laughed hysterically. Don Clunie—he was the whirlwind. When the whirlwind take you, you go!

The car arrived, and Morton, helping her to mount the step, had the satisfaction to see upon her ungloved hand the authentic wedding ring. So the fortuitous Reynolds was no myth.

Clunie was still in the thick of the battle of the trunks. Bad language was flying about his ears; every man belonging to the ship was angry with him, but he was superior to abuse. Also he was using a little money in subordinate quarters. At last, the señora's boxes were cut out and delivered to a grinning expressman. Clunie turned to his friend; he was wet with perspiration and pale about the mouth. The hand he held out was shaking. Day grasped it, and he raised his hat. The damp sea wind blew in his face and cooled his hot brow and dripping hair.

"Commuted!" He spoke low, with an awed look.

"It was Concha, then?"

"Concha, by all that's merciful! Don't you remember Reynolds? He was steward on the Colomba. I had forgotten that the stewards go ashore at Cape St. Lucas. They go ashore to buy green turtle."

Here was a blow to tragedy! So did Ariadne, after Theseus deserted her, turn to the good things of this world, and marry Bacchus.

But Day wisely refrained from calling attention to this parallel. His friend was no cynic, and at times he lacked a sense of humor.

In those days there were no trolley lines running from the ferries to the Cliff House. The young men were reduced to horse hire in order to compass the distance in time, scant time, for a last look at the Parthenia. As they were hastening to the nearest livery stable, a large female with a market basket held them up, and fixed her rolling eyeballs upon

Clunie. It was mother Egypt, awakened from her calm. Her manner to him was a mixture of the truculent and caressing.

"Go 'way, go 'way f'om heah! Dat ain' you! Youse on the Partheny, goin' off 'thout sayin' good-by!"

"Where did you get that yarn?" asked Clunie, without a change of feature.

"T ain't no ya'n. I knows when niggah lyin'. Jake say he seen you, an' I b'liebe him."

"Jake has got a head on him this morning," said Clunie; "and you are blocking the road. Make way."

"Ain't you goin' on the Partheny, fo' sure? Way is you goin', then?"

"Is that any business of yours?" Clunie stood with his hands in his pockets resignedly.

"Mist' Clunie! You scare me to deaf! You *ghos'* was walkin' up dat gang plang, fo' a wa'nin'. Youse goin' on dat ship some day, an' youse gwine be drown'!"

"All right," said Day. "It was his ghost! I saw it myself."

"Anyhow, you make me tell a big lie amongst you, an' somebody gwine feel bad. Black Jake tell me, an' I tell Miss Annie, an' she don' say nothin'. Her face tu'n gray like a li'l' stone image, an' she git her hat an' go out de house, an' I ain't seen her; an' I got to go back to dat chile right now. I lef' him 'ith that fool gal 'cross de street. Mist' Clunie—no foolin' now! Don' you ever in you' bo'n life set foot abo'd dat ship—dat Partheny. She ain't right, somehow. You been wa'ned!"

"I was warned, all right, and I took the warning," said Clunie. "Now get out of the road."

She wagged her head at him solemnly. "What fo' you ain' been neah us fo' two whole weeks? What you been doin' roun' town? Look like you been raisin' Cain wid you'se'f somehow."

"I 'll raise Cain with you if you don't step on."

She whacked him archly with her basket. Some loose paper fell out, which he made into a wad and tossed after her.

"That's how a thing flies in this world," he groaned. "God knows why I have to meet that old fiend at every turn!"

"There is a side to it that's not all bad," said Day, slightly embarrassed. They were urging their horse up Sutter Street, and talking against the noise of the wheels.

"What is that?" asked Clunie.

"Well, supposing you should ever feel the need of confessing yourself to — in a certain quarter" —

"I'm not likely to be taken that way very soon," said Clunie dryly.

"I'm supposing a case. I think our colored friend has probably saved you the necessity. Yet the lady is still your friend! Putting it in the case of another person — say myself — how would you argue from that?"

"How often must I tell you, Mort, that I don't consider myself in a position to argue, or to think, or to speculate in that quarter. So drop it, if you please!"

"All in good time," said the irrepressible young wiseacre. "What will you bet the Parthenia goes out all right, after all?"

"I'm not betting on human lives this morning," said Clunie. And the conversation dropped.

It was the old Cliff House, then, and the old cliff walk, before the pleasure dome of Sutro was decreed. It is well we should all be happy in our own way, — the democratic way, — but the happiness of crowds is a fatal thing in nature. There were no board fences then, cutting one off from following the old sea paths deep bitten into the wind-sheared turf.

They put their horse up at the hotel, and tramped out toward the Golden Gate, — the Gate of Eternity to many souls that day! The wind boomed in their ears, and laid the wild lilies flat in their

beds on the seaward slopes. In an instant they saw that every sign was against the ship: wind and tide opposing, and a strong tide running out; and the white-caps as it looked from shore were great combers on the Bar.

Already the Parthenia was far out beyond help. Her passengers were thinking of their luncheons. The two spectators watched her come nosing around the cliff. They marked how she wallowed and settled by her stern quarter. They were letting the air out of her, then; she was part in air and part in water ballast when she met the Bar. A beast of a Bar it was that morning. It clapped paw upon her, rolled her to larboard, let her recover once, then rolled her to starboard, as a cat tumbles a mouse, and the play was over. Her stern went under sideways, her staggering bow shot up, and she sank, like a coffin, with all on board.

So sudden and silent and prepared it was, she might have walked out there, a deliberate suicide, and made away with herself. And so strong was the ship's personality that it was quite a moment before the two witnesses of her fate could gather the sense that she was not perishing alone, but was digging the grave of living men and women.

Then they tore away for the life-saving station.

At some distance ahead of them on the narrow cliff path they saw a little figure running with arms outspread, — a girl, bareheaded, dressed in black. As they closed upon her, they saw her wild face turned to the empty sea. It was Annie Dunstan, white as the surf, sobbing against the wind, her skirts stroked back, the dark hair whipped across her forehead. She forced her way against the blast as if pulled onward straight for the spot where the ship went down. As Clunie called to her she looked back, swerved, and almost fell. He could not stop; he could not leave her. Hand in hand, he seized her, and half carrying her they ran on, all three, without ques-

tion, as if bound by invisible cords to the sinking ship. The girl's strength gave out soon. "Go on!" she gasped. "Don't wait for me."

"There is no hope!" Clunie knelled in her ear.

"Go on! There must be hope!" Day was now ahead of them.

"Will you wait, — Annie? Will you wait here for me?"

She motioned him onward; she flung him with her whole might, as it were, toward the spot where succor was needed. It was her own pure soul of helpfulness that she offered up in him, and he felt it through and through him. He knew he should save lives that day. Her strength in him should not be wasted.

Weeks had passed. The Parthenia's dead were buried, — all that the sea gave up, — the friendless and the stranger at company charges. For the Catholic seamen church rites and a place in consecrated ground had been purchased of the Fathers, at so many dollars per soul; the souls being many the price was somewhat abated. The Fathers had no wish to take advantage.

On a day about this time, Clunie was called into the private office and informed with considerable impressiveness, by his chief, that the London uncles had sent for him. No barks or brigs this time, but a first-class cabin passage on a famous greyhound line, and a handsome balance to his credit to cover all contingent expenses.

Clunie stood considering. There was less than the expected satisfaction in his face. "Would this money be mine?" he inquired, referring to the deposit. "Does it come out of my father's estate?"

"I think it would be safe to put it that way," the chief replied, with his customary caution. "Your uncles are evidently prepared to recognize your claim."

"Which I never made — on them," Clunie reminded him.

"Quite true. But the intention is, I fancy, to make it very pleasant for you over there. My brother," Mr. Bradshaw added kindly, "has been able to give a good account of you since you have been with us."

"I am very glad to hear it, and I thank you, sir. I could find use for that money, now," said Clunie, brightening, "but not to go to London."

Mr. Bradshaw looked the youngster over in amazement. "It is a fair wind; better take it while it holds."

"There is a fairer wind for me" — Clunie turned his ardent eyes away. "I am not ready to go to London."

Not ready to go — where an English family welcome awaited him, not ready to step into a fortune in trust! "I hope this has nothing to do with pride, or pique?" the old chief protested solemnly. "Your uncles are not young men."

"No, sir; and my father is not a young man. If he had sent for me I should go at once. But they say it is too late for that. The uncles have been in no haste to see me. Why should I be in such a hurry to go?"

"Will you tell me if you have any special reason for delay, — any claim upon you here?"

"I have," answered Clunie. "When I do go I wish to take my wife with me." He spoke fast; Mr. Bradshaw did not quite follow.

"Your wife!" he repeated dazedly. "Are you married, Robert? When in the world did you do that?"

"I am not married yet," Clunie explained, with his flashing smile; "but I hope to be by the time I start for London."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Bradshaw, his disgust plainly visible. "This puts a new face on the matter. I wish I could congratulate you. But why be in such a hurry? You are only a boy. You've a long life before you."

"I need a long life," said Clunie, "and it can't begin too soon. We are booked

for the voyage; it's a straight course, this time. There is nothing between us now — nothing but a trifle of money — between us and the stars of home."

Mr. Bradshaw coughed his dismay. "But where — where do you call 'home'? Not Auckland?"

"Rather!" laughed Clunie. His nostrils widened; his eye was far-fixed; he dreamed awake, and saw beyond the dingy maps on the office walls, beyond the fog in the street outside. The wash of sunlit seas was in his ear.

"Home first, London after, — if my father is still there. But I've a notion that I shall find him when we go home."

"When we go home!" So it was all settled. Mr. Bradshaw could not help his distrust of Clunie's wisdom in the direction of that confident "we." His fading smile expressed discreet but not unfriendly incredulity. "Well," he concluded sadly, "you ought to know which way is home by this time, — you have tried all the roads. But I would write to the uncles first, by all means. Write at once. And while you are about it, why not send a few words to your father through them. Just a line or two, quite simply — what you are doing — that sort of thing."

Clunie flushed, hesitating. Then he confessed, looking his chief in the eye, "I have been writing to my father —

on the chance, you know — regularly, for the past six months. Can't say what they did with my letters."

"Why, they read them to him, of course. The very best thing you could have done. No doubt it has had an excellent effect upon your prospects" —

"Do you think I did it for that?"

"Certainly not! But it was a good thing all around. It may have had something to do with the improvement they speak of in your father's condition of late. But whether it helped him or not it has helped you." The old chief's gaze dwelt mistily on the face he had learned to love: the rich dark coloring, the blue eyes, the mouth steady and stern. "*Something* has helped you," he pronounced, "and God knows you needed help when I saw you first!"

Hand clasped in hand, the two men confronted each other. "It's a sad pity your father cannot see you, Robert. On my soul, I believe it would finish his cure! It would make him young again. Don't wait too long, my boy. Find him, wherever he is. It is never safe to say, in this world, 'The time has gone by; it is too late.'"

Mr. Bradshaw touched a bell. To the office boy who answered it, he said: "Ask Mr. Wayland to make out a check to Mr. Clunie Robert. How much shall you want, Mr. Robert?"

Mary Hallock Foote.

AN ASTRONOMER'S FRIENDSHIP.

THERE are few men living with whom I would like so well to have a quiet talk with as Father Hell. I have known more important and more interesting men, but none whose acquaintance has afforded me a serener satisfaction, or imbued me with an ampler measure of a feeling that I am candid enough to call self-complacency. The ties that bind us

are peculiar. When I call him my friend, I do not mean that we ever hobnobbed together. But if we are in sympathy, what matters it that he was dead long before I was born? that he lived in one century and I in another? Such differences of generation count for little in the brotherhood of astronomy, the work of whose members so extends through

all time that one might well forget whether he belongs to one century or to another.

Father Hell was an astronomer. Ask not whether he was a very great one, for in our science we have no infallible gauge by which we try men and measure their stature. He was a lover of science and an indefatigable worker, and he did what in him lay to advance our knowledge of the stars. Let that suffice. I love to fancy that in some other sphere, either within this universe of ours or outside of it, all who have successfully done this may some time gather and exchange greetings. Should this come about there will be a few, Hipparchus and Ptolemy, Copernicus and Newton, Galileo and Herschel, to be surrounded by admiring crowds. But these men will have as warm a grasp and as kind a word for the humblest of their followers, who has merely discovered a comet or catalogued a nebula, as for the more brilliant of their brethren.

My friend wrote the letters S. J. after his name. This would indicate that he had views and tastes which, in some points, were very different from my own. But such differences mark no dividing line in the brotherhood of astronomy. My testimony would count for nothing were I called as witness for the prosecution in a case against the Order to which my friend belonged. The record would be very short: Deponent saith that he has at various times known sundry members of the said Order; and that they were lovers of sound learning, devoted to the discovery and propagation of knowledge; and further deponent saith not.

If it be true that an undevout astronomer is mad, then was Father Hell the sanest of men. In his diary we find entries like these: "*Benedicente Deo*, I observed the Sun on the meridian to-day. . . . *Deo quoque benedicente*, I to-day got corresponding altitudes of the Sun's upper limb." How he main-

tained the simplicity of his faith in the true spirit of the modern investigator is shown by his proceedings during a momentous voyage along the coast of Norway, of which I shall presently speak. He and his party were passengers on a Norwegian vessel. For twelve consecutive days they had been driven about by adverse storms, threatened with shipwreck on stony cliffs, and finally compelled to take refuge in a little bay, with another ship bound in the same direction, there to wait for better weather.

Father Hell was philosopher enough to know that unusual events do not happen without a cause. Perhaps he would have undergone a week of storm without its occurring to him to investigate the cause of such a bad spell of weather. But when he found the second week approaching its end and yet no sign of the sun appearing or the wind abating, he was satisfied that something must be wrong. So he went to work in the spirit of the modern physician who, when there is a sudden outbreak of typhoid fever, looks at the wells and examines their water with the microscope to find the microbes that must be lurking somewhere. He looked about, and made careful inquiries to find what wickedness captain and crew had been guilty of to bring on such a punishment. Success soon rewarded his efforts. The King of Denmark had issued a regulation that no fish or oil should be sold along the coast except by the regular dealers in those articles. And the vessel had on board contraband fish and blubber, to be disposed of in violation of this law.

The astronomer took immediate and energetic measures to insure the public safety. He called the crew together, admonished them of their sin, the suffering they were bringing on themselves, and the necessity of getting back to their families. He exhorted them to throw the fish overboard, as the only measure to secure their safety. In the

goodness of his heart, he even offered to pay the value of the jettison as soon as the vessel got to Drontheim.

But the descendants of the vikings were stupid and unenlightened men, "*educatione sua et professione homines crassissimi*," and would not swallow the medicine so generously offered. They claimed that as they had bought the fish from the Russians their proceedings were quite lawful. As for being paid to throw the fish overboard, they must have spot cash in advance, or they would not do it.

After farther fruitless conferences, Father Hell determined to escape the danger by transferring his party to the other vessel. They had not more than got away from the wicked crew than Heaven began to smile on their act, — "*factum comprobare Deus ipse videtur*," — the clouds cleared away, the storm ceased to rage, and they made their voyage to Copenhagen under sunny skies. I regret to say that the narrator is silent as to the measure of storm subsequently awarded to the *homines crassissimi* of the forsaken vessel.

For more than a century Father Hell had been a well-known figure in astronomical history. His celebrity was not, however, of such a kind as the Royal Astronomer of Austria that he was ought to enjoy. A not unimportant element in his fame was a suspicion of his being a black sheep in the astronomical flock. He got under this difficulty through engaging in a trying and worthy enterprise. On June 3, 1769, an event occurred which had for generations been anticipated with the greatest interest by the whole astronomical world. This was a transit of Venus over the disk of the sun. Our readers doubtless know that at that time such a transit afforded the most accurate method known of determining the distance of the earth from the sun. To attain this object parties were sent to the most widely separated parts of the globe, not

only over wide stretches of longitude, but as near as possible to the two poles of the earth. One of the most favorable and important regions of observation was Lapland, and the King of Denmark, to whom that country then belonged, interested himself in getting a party sent thither. After a careful survey of the field he selected Father Hell, Chief of the Observatory at Vienna, and well known as editor and publisher of an annual ephemeris in which the movements and aspects of the heavenly bodies were predicted. The astronomer accepted the mission, and undertook what was at that time a rather hazardous voyage. His station was at Vardö in the region of the North Cape. What made it most advantageous for the purpose was its being situated several degrees within the Arctic Circle, so that on the date of the transit the sun did not set. The transit began when the sun was still two or three hours from his midnight goal, and it ended nearly an equal time afterward. The party consisted of Hell himself, his friend and associate, Father Sajnovics, one Dominus Borgrewing, of whom history, so far as I know, says nothing more, and an humble individual who in the record receives no other designation than "*Familias*." This implies, we may suppose, that he pitched the tent and made the coffee. If he did nothing but this we might pass him over in silence. But we learn that on the day of the transit he stood at the clock and counted the all important seconds while the observations were going on.

The party was favored by cloudless weather, and made the required observations with entire success. They returned to Copenhagen, and there Father Hell remained to edit and publish his work. Astronomers were naturally anxious to get the results, and showed some impatience when it became known that Hell refused to announce them until they were all reduced and printed in

proper form under the auspices of his royal patron. While waiting, the story got abroad that he was delaying his work until he got the results of observations made elsewhere, in order to "doctor" his own and make them fit in with the others. One went so far as to express a suspicion that Hell had not seen the transit at all, owing to clouds, and that what he pretended to publish were pure fabrications. But his book came out in a few months in such good form that this suspicion was evidently groundless. Still, the fears that the observations were not genuine were not wholly allayed, and the results derived from them were, in consequence, subject to some doubt. Hell himself considered the reflections upon his integrity too contemptible to merit a serious reply. It is said that he wrote to some one offering to exhibit his journal free from interlineations or erasures, but it does not appear that there is any sound authority for this statement. What is of some interest is that he published a determination of the parallax of the sun based on the comparison of his own observations with those made at other stations. The result was $8''.70$. It was then, and long after, supposed that the actual value of the parallax was about $8''.50$, and the deviation of Hell's result from this was considered to strengthen the doubt as to the correctness of his work. It is of interest to learn that, by the most recent researches, the number in question must be between $8''.75$ and $8''.80$, so that in reality Hell's computations came nearer the truth than those generally current during the century following his work.

Thus the matter stood for sixty years after the transit, and for a generation after Father Hell had gone to his rest. About 1830 it was found that the original journal of his voyage, containing the record of his work as first written down at the station, was still preserved at the Vienna Observatory. Littrow,

then an astronomer at Vienna, made a critical examination of this record in order to determine whether it had been tampered with. His conclusions were published in a little book giving a transcript of the journal, a facsimile of the most important entries, and a very critical description of the supposed alterations made in them. He reported in substance that the original record had been so tampered with that it was impossible to decide whether the observations as published were genuine or not. The vital figures, those which told the times when Venus entered upon the sun, had been erased and rewritten with blacker ink. This might well have been done after the party returned to Copenhagen. The case seemed so well made out that professors of astronomy gave their hearers a lesson in the value of truthfulness, by telling them how Father Hell had destroyed what might have been very good observations by trying to make them appear better than they really were.

In 1883 I paid a visit to Vienna for the purpose of examining the great telescope which had just been mounted in the observatory there by Grubb of Dublin. The weather was so unfavorable that it was necessary to remain two weeks, waiting for an opportunity to see the stars. One evening I visited the theatre to see Edwin Booth, in his celebrated tour over the Continent, play *King Lear* to the applauding Viennese. But evening amusements cannot be utilized to kill time during the day. Among the tasks I had projected was that of rediscussing all the observations made on the transits of Venus which had occurred in 1761 and 1769, by the light of modern discovery. As I have already remarked Hell's observations were among the most important made, if they were only genuine. So, during my almost daily visits to the observatory, I asked permission of the director to study Hell's manuscript, which was supposed

to be deposited in the library of the institution. Permission was freely given, and for some days I pored over the manuscript.

At first the task of discovering anything which would lead to a positive decision on one side or the other seemed hopeless. To a cursory glance, the descriptions given by Littrow seemed to cover the ground so completely that no future student could turn his doubt into certainty. But when one can look leisurely at an interesting object, day after day, he continually sees more and more. Thus it was in the present case. One of the first things to strike me as curious was that many of the alleged alterations had been made before the ink got dry. When the writer made a mistake, he had rubbed it out with his finger, and made a new entry. The all important point was the suspicious record which Littrow affirmed had been scraped out so that the new insertion could be made. As I studied these doubtful figures, day by day, light continually increased. Evidently the heavily written figures, which were legible, had been written over some other figures which were concealed beneath them, and were, of course, completely illegible, though portions of them protruded here and there outside of the heavy figures. Then I began to doubt whether the paper had been scraped at all, though it looked as if some erasure or other had been made. But quite possibly this apparent erasure only arose from the folding of the paper and the defective edge. It occurred to me that a decisive test of the question was easy. The architecture of the observatory was such that it was easy to let a single ray of sunlight through a window into an otherwise dark room. I arranged the shutters of the room for this purpose, and then held the paper in the sunlight in such a way that the only light which fell on it barely grazed the surface of the paper. Then, examining the sheet with a magnifying glass, I was able to

see the original texture of the surface with all its hills and hollows. A single glance sufficed to show conclusively that no eraser had ever passed over the surface, which had remained untouched.

Had there been really any alteration in the figures? So far as could be judged, the little ends of the figures which protruded were really the same as those finally made; in a word, the same figures had been written twice. The true state of the case seemed to me almost beyond doubt. It frequently happened that the ink did not run freely from the pen, so that words had sometimes to be written over again. When Hell first wrote down the little figures on which, as he might well suppose, future generations would have to base a very important astronomical element, he saw that they were not written with a distinctness corresponding to their importance. So he wrote them over again with the hand, and in the spirit of a man who was determined to leave no doubt on the subject.

This, although the most important case of supposed alteration, was by no means the only one. Yet, to my eyes, all the seeming corrections in the journal were of the most innocent and commonplace kind, — such as any one may make in writing.

Then I began to compare the manuscript, page after page, with Littrow's printed description. It struck me as very curious that where the manuscript had been merely retouched with ink which was obviously the same as that used in the original writing, but looked a little darker than the original, Littrow described the ink as of a different color. In contrast with this, there was an important interlineation, which was evidently made with a different kind of ink, one that had almost a blue tinge by comparison; but in the description, he makes no mention of this plain difference. I thought this so curious that I wrote in my notes as follows: —

"That Littrow, in arraying his proofs of Hell's forgery, should have failed to dwell upon the obvious difference between this ink and that with which the alterations were made leads me to suspect a defect in his sense of color."

The more I studied the description and the manuscript the stronger this impression became. Then it occurred to me to inquire whether perhaps such could have been the case. So I asked Director Weiss whether anything was known as to the normal character of Littrow's power of distinguishing colors. His answer was prompt and decisive. "Oh yes, Littrow was color blind to red. He could not distinguish between

the color of Aldebaran and the whitest star." No further research was necessary. For half a century the astronomical world had based an impression on the innocent but mistaken evidence of a color-blind man, respecting the tints of ink in a manuscript.

It has doubtless happened more than once that when an intimate friend has suddenly and unexpectedly passed away, the reader has ardently wished that it were possible to whisper just one word of appreciation across the dark abyss. And so it is that I have ever since felt that I would like greatly to tell Father Hell the story of my work at Vienna in 1883.

Simon Newcomb.

READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A FEW generations ago, a distinctive literature for boys and girls was unknown. The Puritan boy was confined within narrow borders upon which Pilgrim's Progress and Foxe's Book of Martyrs stood as sentinels, although at times Robinson Crusoe might be permitted to join them. Possibly a few books of travel and the adventures of religious heroes were occasionally added, but the limitations were marked. The tastes of the boy of those days were, however, the same as in our own, and it is probable that could his elders have looked within his mind they would not have been entirely satisfied with that which they saw. The passages in the life and journey of the Pilgrim, which the lad most willingly read, were not always those which would have been selected by his stern parents; for the meetings and struggles with the adversary were not those which he least enjoyed. It is even to be doubted whether the lessons implanted by the saintly Foxe were those he designed to impart, for the contests

rather than the principles were foremost in the minds of the boy readers.

At that time the "masterpiece only" theory by virtue of necessity was in control of the field. It was the Spartan theory of training applied to literary matters, and perhaps those who thrived did so as much in spite of as because of it. It may have been an illustration of the survival of the fittest, but nevertheless stands out in marked contrast with the conceptions and desires of the present generation, who would not only have the fittest survive, but would also make many fit to survive. The present aim is the production of intelligent, appreciative readers as well as of a few gifted writers. For it is the writer rather than the reader who has been prone to attribute his success to the thorough mastery of a few standard authors in those days of dearth and poverty. It is forgotten that others shared the same privations, and somehow have failed to become either masters of a lucid, Saxon English, or students of the purest

literature. Something in addition to the familiarity with Bunyan or Defoe seems to be necessary to produce that desired result.

A little later there came a time when the ban against Scott and Shakespeare was removed, and while still there were almost no books written primarily for boys and girls, the younger readers turned eagerly to these great writers. And the numbers of those in our own day who, while still young, are familiar with these and other great authors have steadily increased.

The desirability of this condition is too apparent to require emphasizing here. In homes of culture to-day the familiarity of children with the strong, pure writers of healthful prose and poetry is one of the most hopeful, as well as most apparent, signs of the present times. No books written especially for boys and girls can ever supplant them, nor ought they to. The great dramas of Shakespeare may not be read critically, but at least a familiarity with the plots and facts is obtained at the time when the memory is most tenacious. The boy can apprehend what he does not fully comprehend. It is not necessary to be a botanist in order to appreciate the beauties of the rose or the fragrance of the violet. The philosophy of history may not be grasped in the perusal of Scott's tales, but heroic men and pure women are held up before his gaze, and there is also the indirect effect of contact with a literary style as simple as it is vigorous.

With all their excellences the masters do not, however, provide a complete diet for the child mind. Something besides bone and tendon is necessary. In most of the higher works of fiction, whatever their character, the "master passion" is ever present, and to the younger reader ignorance of this not only is bliss, but ought to be. Even the purest of books may be suggestive to him when he has a right to be free from its presence. Some

of the subjects which interest his elders interest him also, and, as has been said, no book can be called of value for a child which is without interest to his elders. But he has a right to ask that it shall be presented to him in a form which answers to his own demands, and these, as the writer has endeavored to show, are that action shall be more pronounced than contemplation or analysis, and that his fancy, his moral and receptive faculties are entitled to a just consideration. He requires that the same subjects which interest his elders, for him shall receive a different treatment, a different emphasis. His own sense of perspective must be considered, or the presentation becomes as flat as a Chinese picture. So, with the desirability of creating a taste for the higher literature in the younger readers, the fact cannot be ignored or denied that they are also entitled to books which shall appeal to their own mental qualities, and shall be presented in a form to which they can readily respond. The design of even the best of these is to supplement, not supplant, the works of the masters. It was, perhaps, the unconscious recognition of this truth which led to the production of books especially designed for the younger readers.

When they first appeared, and up to the time of about 1870, the so-called "Sunday-school books" flourished amazingly. These books are not yet dead, but they are dying. They presented parodies of boy-and-girl life, and abounded in monstrosities which not even the "moral" on the last page could entirely conceal. The hero was an angelic creature, not destined long for this present evil world, and accordingly soon departed, scattering benedictions lavishly about him as he winged his way to the regions in which he was supposed to feel more at home. His emblem seemed to be that of the "cherub," still seen upon some of the tombstones in the country graveyards, and consisted only of a head with

wings. Doubtless this symbol was selected because the cherubic hero was also lacking in bowels and flesh and blood. This parody upon sacred things has largely passed away, but many of the young readers turned from him to other classes of books which began to appear about that time, not even the promise of an early demise and a cherub carved upon their tombstones beneath the weeping willows being sufficient to hold them back.

The plot in these other works of "juvenile fiction" usually took one of three courses. The boy was left, as the eldest of a numerous progeny, the sole support of his widowed mother; and straightway upon the decease of his father, he resolves to make molasses candy, which he sells at a large profit to the waiting multitudes, and soon acquires fortune by his enterprise, and fame from having found a Homer as the proclaimer of his deeds. When the saccharine supply was exhausted, the author varied the plot by making the youthful hero become the defender of the feeble scion of some wealthy family against the assaults of "Ragged Dick, the Terror of the Bowery;" or else, he has him stand waiting upon the street corner for the runaway horse which is certain to come dashing down the street dragging the beautiful daughter of a millionaire behind him. He bravely stops the frantic steed, and coolly receives the thanks of the grateful father, who at once urges — nay beseeches — him to enter his office, share his millions, and prepare forthwith to marry the beautiful girl whom he has rescued from an untimely death. Occasionally the plot was still further varied by permitting the hero to shoot a few Indians, or discover the place in which some band of robbers had concealed their ill-gotten gains; but these were abnormal types, and departed from the orthodox standards of fame and fortune acquired through saccharine means, or by the protection of the weak, or the rescue

of the helpless. The fact that fortunes are seldom acquired by the sale of molasses candy, that the biceps of Ragged Dick is prone to be unnaturally developed, or that fond fathers do not usually stand upon the corners of the streets and urge unknown orphans to enter their offices and families, apparently made little difference. These books were read widely, and it is to be feared are not without readers to-day. Their appeals were oftentimes stronger than those of books of greater excellence, or even of the platitudes of the Sunday-school tale, or of the promise of an early cherubic state.

Why was it? There is a philosophy in it all if we can only perceive it. These books responded to a certain demand of the youthful mind which can never be safely ignored. They provided action without contemplation or analysis. The improbable was no barrier, for young life walks by faith. The sympathies of the young readers were touched by heroism, although it may have been a parody upon life. The imagination was appealed to by a hero who in some ways was a supplement of the reader's own character.

In the study of the problem of books for younger readers the qualities of mind and heart in which the boy and girl differ from the adult, and yet in which to a certain extent they also share, must be considered, for it is safe to assume that a normal, healthy childhood is the very best preparation for a normal, healthy manhood, and that the growing boy and girl are entitled to a literature which shall not eliminate all their experiences, or ignore their natural impulses and desires.

The first of all demands of the younger reader is for a story. In this particular he does not differ materially from his elders. The greatest of all teachers clothed his profoundest truths in the garb of the parable, and the stories of the Prodigal returning to his father's house and of the shepherd wandering over the

mountain side in his search for the lost sheep appeal even to thoughtful men when they become weary of the more obscure doctrines of the Teacher's pupils. The world's greatest poems are its epics, and the loyal Æneas and the wandering Ulysses will not soon cease to be cherished. The demand for a story, expressed almost as soon as the dawning intelligence finds utterance, does not depart until life itself is gone.

Another demand of the young reader is for action rather than for contemplation. He is aware of the feeling of hunger, but the process of digestion is something of which he is not conscious, and in which he has no interest. Analysis and introspection are words outside his vocabulary. His instinctive feeling is one of indifference, if not of revolt, against bringing to the light that which Nature herself would keep concealed. There is a prison at Sing-Sing, but it is as unnecessary, as it is unwise, for all to know the history of every crime of its inmates, or the process of degeneration in the souls of the prisoners. The study of disease, crime, sin, in which so many writers for adults apparently delight, lies all outside the realm of normal, healthful, young life. Its demand is for action, not analysis; for heroics, not contemplation; and even mock heroism is not lost upon it.

One of the most profound of the English students of the child mind has recently said, "All those who have made a loving study of the young human animal will, I think, admit that its dominant expression is gravity, and not playfulness." And most careful observers will agree with him. The games and plays are more than play; they call for the exercise of all the skill and power the boy possesses. Into them he enters with might, mind, and strength. They appeal to him because they demand action. He responds because it is his nature to act. And when he sits down to his book the same impulse is still dominant. The questions in his mind which

must be answered begin with "What" not "Why;" "How" not "Wherefore." The first question, then, of a boy concerning a story is, "Is it true?" If not true, most boys care but little for it, that is, unless there is a basis of truth upon which the narrative rests. The imagination is not the faculty to which the appeal is most easy.

In the case of young children the condition is slightly different, but still the predominant faculty is fancy rather than pure imagination. Boys and girls of the age referred to in this article usually repudiate fairy tales, but with their younger brothers and sisters they may be instruments of great power, and the writer ventures the assertion that the great danger is not that the imagination will be unduly developed, but rather left dwarfed and withered. The commercial spirit and the cry that everything shall be practical, sentiments abroad in our land to-day, demand an antidote. And where shall it be found if not in the books we place in the hands of our boys and girls, books which rest upon a basis of truth, or at least are not untrue to life, which bring before their vision the sight of the possible and the ideal, and appeal to them, in a language they well know, to attempt better and greater things?

"Oh, for a man to arise in me
That the man I am may cease to be."

In the moral faculties there is a radical difference, as well as resemblance, between the young readers and their elders. Boys lack mercy, but abound in a sense of strict justice. In all this world there is no place in which one will pass exactly for what he is worth as in a school or college. There wealth, position, name are reduced to their lowest terms, and the judgment of boys upon their mates, and not infrequently upon their teachers, is the nearest approach to exact justice to be found in this world. A normal boy can be trusted to hate a liar and a coward. He may be merciless, is frequently cruel, and oftentimes hard, but neverthe-

less he is governed by a sense of rude justice, and is honest and brave. He admires strength and courage, and utterly repudiates all the finespun distinctions of the casuist. His faith, strictly speaking, is not faith, but credulity. I know that Eugene Field voiced the cry of many a troubled soul when he sang, —

“Oh, for childhood’s faith sublime!”

But was it “faith”? The boy believed implicitly all the stories of the mother and grandmother concerning the Old Testament heroes, and had never a question as to whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch, or whether there were two Isaiahs or not. But when he first went forth from home to enter the school, he also believed all the stories of the older boys until he brought upon himself woes as innumerable as the well-greaved Greeks suffered under Achilles’ wrath. He believed, but he believed anything, everything, until the reaction came, and in his haste he regarded all men as liars before they were proved true. Even then he did not lose his sentiment of reverence. The reverence for a boy, of which Juvenal wrote, is not so great as the instinctive reverence of a healthy boy for higher, better things. He also has the power of conviction. He hates with an intensity his elders might well envy, for a good hater is seldom found, and what he admires and loves, he cherishes with his whole heart, although he is seldom demonstrative, except, perhaps, to his mother and sisters.

The moral faculties of the girl do not differ fundamentally from those of the boy, although a divergence may be found in a few manifestations. Her conscience may be more tender, but it is not so tenacious. The writer was at one time the principal of a large high school, in which both boys and girls were pupils. Occasionally he assembled the girls by themselves, and brought to their attention lapses in discipline which had been reported by the various teachers. He

would endeavor to explain the loss which came to all through the departure from the rules of the school, and after emphasizing the common interests of pupils and teachers, would ask for a promise that the trouble should not occur again. The promise would be readily given, but, alas, in the majority of cases be almost as readily forgotten. A similar promise from the boys was more difficult to obtain. “They didn’t want to make a promise for fear they could n’t keep it;” but if the promise was once given it was held to with a greater tenacity. The sympathies of the girl are more quickly aroused, and the sight of physical suffering stirs her pity; still, the taint of the ancestral cruelty is not entirely wanting, although the wounds she inflicts are more like those caused by the needle than by the club her brother might use. To both, right and wrong are absolute, not relative, terms, and a youthful misanthrope is as much of an anomaly as a youthful grandfather.

In the matter of sentiment both classes of young readers share, the difference between them consisting more in the manifestation than the fact. “The sentimental age” through which young people, especially girls, are supposed necessarily to pass, as much as they are expected to have the measles, is commonly spoken of in a light and flippant manner. But the sentiments of patriotism, of maternity or grand-maternity, are certainly not wanting in beauty and power, and what is needed in the case of the younger readers is not the ignoring of the propensity, but its proper and well-balanced development. Courage, tenderness, sympathy, compassion, regard for the rights of others, patriotism, reverence, are qualities not lacking in the hearts of boys and girls, and in the unreal world of books, peopled with living characters to the young readers, the end to be sought is not to ignore or to belittle these elements, but the best training of them into usefulness and power.

In general, too, it may be said that the receptive, rather than the perceptive, faculties are stronger in the youthful mind. Memory, unlike all other good things, seems to be at its best soon after it is born, although for some reason, which no one but the theologian is able to explain, the evil is retained somewhat more easily than the good. Fancy is at work preparing the way for the imagination, the emotional life is stronger than the will, and the moral faculties are vivid, though undisciplined and misleading. The youthful mind is not analytic, is receptive rather than perceptive, and seeks the reasonable more than the process of reasoning.

In the attempts, conscious and unconscious, which have been made to meet these demands, much yet remains to be done, for literature for the young may be said to be still in its preliminary stages. Its beginning dates back scarcely more than two generations. Before it is considered in detail, it may be well to note one change which has already become apparent, and that is the disappearance of the distinction between books for boys and those for girls. A few years ago this difference was marked, and books for girls were almost as numerous as those for boys. To-day the latter far outnumber the former, and there is every prospect that the distinction will almost, if not completely, disappear. And the explanation is not difficult to find.

To-day, while few boys can be found who will read books written especially for girls, the converse is markedly true, and the sisters read their brothers' books almost with the avidity of the boys themselves. And the cause is plain. The days when girls remained indoors and worked samplers and guarded their complexions have ceased to be. Over the golf links and on the tennis courts the boys and girls contend together. At every college game girls are present, and follow the contestants with an interest and understanding as keen as that of

their brothers. In schools and colleges for girls, crews and basket-ball teams are common to-day, while in the use of the bicycle the girls certainly are not far behind their companions and friends of the other sex. All this has had a marked effect upon the character of the books they read, as well as upon the lives they live, and as a natural consequence the literature which appeals to the one class is not without interest to the other.

As an illustration of this fact, one of our most prominent librarians recently issued a list of the sixty-eight "favorite books" of a young maiden of twelve. In this list of sixty-eight titles, twenty-seven were of books written especially for boys, only eight were of books for girls, and all of the others were of works equally well adapted to either class. It is altogether probable that this girl instead of being an exception is fairly representative.

A recent conference with several prominent librarians concerning the books most in demand by boys and girls reveals the fact that two classes appeal most strongly to them. Foremost in demand is the historical story, and this seems to combine most of the elements required by the American boy. Its basis is truth, and yet it appeals to his love of action, it stimulates his imagination; in it his own unexpressed longings and desires find utterance, and it instructs without the appearance of talking down. It provides legitimate excitement, recounts adventures, and clothes the dry bones with flesh and blood. And the book appeals almost as strongly to his sister as it does to him. Even the street boys are reading these books, and one librarian informed me that he had discovered that George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte were the most popular of the heroes of the bootblacks and newsboys in his own city.

A close second was the story of school life. The story of American school life has not yet been written, however, chiefly

because the distinctively American school has not come into existence. Shall it be the high school, the boarding school, the academy, or the fitting school? Until that question is answered, the Yankee cousin of Tom Brown must wait to make his bow to an American audience. Numbers of good stories of school life have been issued, but the great story is yet to appear.

In this article, the writer has dwelt upon what boys and girls read, rather

than upon what may be read to them. Frequently, it is by this latter method that the best introduction to the higher literature is given. When to the beauty and uplifting power of the book is added the charm of the familiar voice, then boys and girls will listen to that which they might not read for themselves. For sometimes the pathways of literature require a guide to point the way as much as do the slopes of the mountain side we may be ascending.

Everett T. Tomlinson.

SIR ROBERT HART.

THE most famous man in China to-day is Sir Robert Hart, K. C. B., the Inspector General of Customs. Throughout the Chinese Empire an import and export duty is levied on foreign and native goods arriving at or leaving the treaty ports, and the revenue from these duties forms one of China's principal sources of income. The organization which is responsible for the collection of the revenue is the Imperial Maritime Customs. Its management is entirely in the hands of foreigners, and has been since 1859; that is, for more than forty years foreigners representing the leading Western nationalities have served as employees of the Chinese government in collecting its maritime revenue at the treaty ports, and during that period the Customs Service, which began in a small way, has steadily developed, and become a great and complex organization. Its successful growth and uniform record for so many years are mainly due to the uncommon abilities and remarkable qualities of Sir Robert.

He has had a most singular career. It began in 1854 when he went out to China as a student interpreter in the British Consular Service. In a little more than five years later he was for-

mally appointed by the Chinese government to the position of Inspector General. The service was in such a state of confusion that the outlook was disheartening, but Sir Robert, then only twenty-eight years old, applied himself vigorously to the work of permanent reform. He could speak the language fluently, and from the beginning understood how to deal successfully with the Chinese; he carefully observed the details of official etiquette, respected native prejudices, and, instead of bullying, used the graces of tact and persuasion. The organization of an efficient national service in China, of all countries, the home of conservatism and suspicion, and where the treaty rights of foreigners are jealously guarded, involved many intricate and serious problems. The young Inspector General, however, felt his way step by step; he was patient, for he had learned the art of waiting from the Chinese, and by perseverance, untiring industry, and a genius for perfecting arrangements in detail, he succeeded where success seemed impossible. He has not only organized and developed the Customs Service, but has brought about the establishment of the Imperial Postal Service, the reform of the Cus-

toms in Corea, the founding of a European university in Peking, the maintenance of lighthouses, lightships, and buoys on coasts and rivers, the policing of harbors, and prevention of smuggling by a fleet of revenue cruisers. All these achievements have been made possible by the master mind whose works are a marvel throughout the Far East.

In bearing such heavy responsibilities, and standing between the Chinese and foreigners, Sir Robert's position has been both difficult and delicate. It was his first duty to be truly loyal to his imperial employers, and yet as a Westerner he has been expected to promote modern ideas of progress. On the one hand, therefore, he has had to overcome prejudice and lead toward reform without exciting suspicion or impairing confidence in himself, and on the other, he has had to satisfy the pressure of foreigners by introducing the thin wedge of reform as fast as conditions would permit. His duties have brought him into close and confidential relations with the highest Chinese officials. When important questions arose, especially those of an international character, the officials of the Tsungli-Yamen would invite him to consult with them; that meant that they would ask for his opinion, and what he advised they would accept, but to the world at large it would be announced in the usual form that in regard to the point at issue the Yamen had ruled so and so. His words and acts inspired such confidence that the Chinese have trusted him as they have trusted no other foreigner, and with good reason, for he has never deceived them. With characteristic tact, he has never presumed upon his rank and importance. When asked to sit down he might have seated himself at his ease before the officials, and felt that he was within his rights in doing so. Instead, however, his habit was to sit only on the edge of the chair, — a position implying deference and submission, — the very thing to win favor

in Chinese eyes. This quiet, dignified man, so simple and retiring in manner, has by sheer strength of character exercised an important influence in all the leading questions, and guided China's officials with a steadying force through every crisis that the country has faced for the past quarter of a century until the Boxer rebellion of 1900. In appreciation of his services the Chinese government has conferred high rank upon him, and as a special distinction ennobled his ancestors as far back as three generations. In 1885 his home government offered him the position of British ambassador to China, — a flattering tribute to his successful record as administrator, and for three months he hesitated. He finally decided, however, to stand by the service, and declined the office.

So absorbed is he in his work that he seldom allows himself a holiday, and in fact takes most of his exercise within the limits of his own compound. In 1878 he returned to England for a short visit in connection with the Paris Exposition of that year; with the exception of a hurried trip to Shanghai and Hong-Kong in 1886, and a week at the seashore in 1898 and 1899, he has since then remained uninterruptedly in Peking. Lady Hart returned to England in 1881, and for the past twenty years Sir Robert has lived practically alone. There were reports as far back as 1890, when he began to pack some of his books, that he would really retire and enjoy the rest of an easy-chair at home, but each recurring year finds him still in his accustomed place. It is not in accordance with Chinese practice to withdraw from office on account of increasing age; an official is expected to remain at his post so long as he is able to work. Wearing the same old leathern apron that he has used for years, he habitually stands at a high desk during office hours, and in the quiet of his inner retreat works fast and thoroughly at the questions in hand.

Sir Robert is of medium size, not striking in appearance, and, like many other great men, is modest and unassuming, and of an amiable disposition. But he is a man of firm poise and iron force of will. The keystone of the extraordinary organization which he has created is discipline: no laxity is permitted. A copy of the rules and regulations governing the service is given to each new member, so that he knows what is required of him, and what the result will be if he should prove delinquent. The duties are not severe, but they must be done thoroughly and well. Precisely at ten o'clock a line is drawn, and the attendance book at every office in the service is closed. The late comers, if there be any, sign underneath the line, and thus make themselves liable to notice and reproof. At four o'clock the book is opened again so as to note the time of departure. Dispatches for Peking must be free from erasures and errors. A dispatch sent unsigned, or inclosed in the wrong envelope, would indicate a degree of carelessness such as to be counted against the offender. The quarterly and annual accounts and returns, containing long columns of statistics and accompanied by versions in Chinese, must be correct in every detail. If mistakes are discovered, the documents are returned for correction with a note of censure. The hard and fast doctrine of the service is, that if a man does his duty faithfully and well, he need not expect any notice to be taken of it, but only if he errs; for Sir Robert has caused it to be distinctly understood that the men under his control are not paid to make mistakes. The Inspector General's handwriting can hardly be read by one who is not used to it, and his signature is undecipherable, but the dispatches which are sent to him must be written in a special round hand, free from flourishes, and almost as easy to read as if printed. He rarely visits the ports, and many men have served for years and

not seen him. His commissioners, however, act as a well-equipped intelligence bureau. They report to him regularly in both official and confidential dispatches, and so keep him minutely informed in regard to the qualifications of the staff and all local questions of importance.

The Inspectorate General is at Peking, where the resident staff consists of Sir Robert, or the I. G., as he is always called, his secretaries and their assistants, both foreign and native. His official residence is in the centre of a spacious inclosure, and is well arranged for the dinners, luncheons, and garden parties which he enjoys giving as a welcome relief from business cares. He is particularly fond of music, and has his own band of native musicians, who wear the I. G.'s uniform, and, under the leadership of a foreign director, play classical and popular pieces remarkably well. Sir Robert's personal and official influence is so dominant that the Customs employees wherever stationed may be regarded as standing in an expectant attitude with their faces and thoughts turned toward the I. G., a just and strict employer. The principal dispatches and reports are sent to him, and the various orders and instructions which he issues in regard to salaries, transfers, promotions, and settlement of pending questions, must be accepted and obeyed without delay. The field over which Sir Robert holds sway is extensive. From New-Chwang in the north to Canton in the south there is a foreign custom house at each treaty port on the seacoast, as well as at the ports on the river Yangtze, on British territory near Hong-Kong, in Corea, and at several stations on the Tonkin frontier, thirty-two in all. The staff at each point is proportioned to the local requirements. It consists of a commissioner and a corps of foreign assistants and native clerks who have charge of the indoor clerical duties; and a force of examiners, tide-waiters, watchers, and weighers who are

stationed at the wharves and on board ship to prevent smuggling, and to examine and appraise goods. The office hours for the indoor department are from ten to four o'clock. Vessels are entered and cleared in the usual way, and the various processes of levying and collecting the tariff duty and clearing goods through the Customs are, in general, the same as are practiced in other countries.

The entire Customs staff is now 1000 foreigners and 4700 natives. It is a large body to be under the autocratic control of one man for civil purposes, but fortunately Sir Robert has used his authority wisely and well; he is often referred to as the benevolent despot of China. Notwithstanding the amazing growth of the service and his increasing years (he is now sixty-three), he has retained complete mastery of the inner working of each department. He still directs the movements of the whole staff, and sends from Peking precise instructions for the guidance of his commissioners, and decisions on local questions at the most distant ports.

The foreigners under him are a cosmopolitan body, as many as eighteen different nationalities being represented. The best positions are held by the commissioners and indoor assistants. They are gentlemen of education and culture, and are in the service because the work and surroundings are congenial, and the rate of pay extremely liberal. Men of this class are seldom engaged in China. There is a branch office of the Inspectorate General in London under the charge of a permanent secretary, and the rule is that an applicant for an appointment must first present his credentials and apply through the London secretary for a nomination from the I. G. If successful, he must next pass a civil service and medical examination at the London office; he then receives his official appointment, and a liberal allowance to provide for his outfit and traveling expenses to China. This rule, however, does not ap-

ply to Americans, of whom, by the way, there are only a few in the service all told. As college graduates they are picked men, and have owed their appointments to demonstrated fitness, and to special recommendations from college presidents and professors. Of the American commissioners now on duty, the majority, namely, Messrs. Drew, Merrill, Morse, Spinney, and Clarke, are Massachusetts men and Harvard graduates. It is a pleasure to record that they have all filled their positions with distinguished success. Each incoming member is expected to apply himself diligently to the study of the Chinese language, — not one of the local dialects, but the official language as spoken at Peking. For this purpose he employs a native teacher for, say, one hour a day, and has also the aid of textbooks specially designed for beginners. A working knowledge of the language is positively necessary in order to be able to read Chinese dispatches and converse with the officials, very few of whom know a word of English. The commissioner examines his staff annually to discover what progress has been made, and the degree of proficiency as shown in his report to the I. G. influences successive promotions.

The conditions of living are comfortable. The commissioner and married members are provided with houses rent free. Comfortable apartments, also rent free, are assigned to the unmarried men, who form a Customs mess of their own, and enjoy the freedom and unconventionality of bachelor quarters. Medical attendance is also furnished without charge. Both the senior and junior members fare well, and, in common with other foreigners in the East, take life easily, in true accord with the traditions of an ancient country which has no place for modern hurry and its resulting nervous tension. The houses are built and furnished in foreign style, the food supply is sufficiently varied and abundant, and it is within bounds to say that all of

the usual material comforts are present in ample variety. Another feature which relieves the stress of living so far from home is the pronounced satisfaction which the Chinese give as domestic servants. They are well trained, obedient, and faithful, and the rate of pay, too, is so comparatively small that a foreigner commonly has from three to ten in his employ. With a staff of such servants at command the cares of housekeeping practically disappear.

The Customs Service ranks socially with the consular and diplomatic services, and secures for its members a ready admittance to the society of the port which includes in every case well-educated and refined people of several nationalities. In comparison with the overwhelming majority of natives, the foreigners number only a few in all, and as they are living temporarily in a strange land, they are naturally drawn together by a common bond. They live in the foreign concession, and the tendency is to keep largely by themselves, and to maintain in China the same family customs that they had observed at home. The social side of life is particularly prominent. There is seldom any political or national movement to excite special interest, and the residents find recreation and pleasure in frequent dinner parties, picnics, and luncheons, and other society functions of an informal or elaborate kind. At four o'clock business closes for the day, and it is a part of the established order to turn to some form of diversion or healthful exercise. The ladies serve tea and toast, and make duty visits between the hours of four and seven, while the men, disregarding the heat of the climate, practice their favorite athletic sports of riding, boating, cricket, football, and tennis. The indoor members of the Customs enter fully into the life of the port. Even the latest arrivals soon adapt themselves to local conditions, and if they chance to be happily accomplished in respect to

social and athletic qualifications, they are regarded as an acquisition to the community, and are heartily welcomed to its membership.

There is no fixed limit to the length of time which a Customs assistant may spend at a port. It depends entirely upon Sir Robert, who takes no one into his confidence, gives no explanation of his purposes, and will not tell his plans in advance. The average period is about three years. The chances are that then a man in a southern port will be ordered to the north, or that one on the Yangtze will be sent south. Such transfers involve separation from friends and the discomfort of moving and settling in new quarters, but they have also some agreeable compensations. Promotion to the next higher grade often accompanies a transfer, and there is also the change of climate and the opportunity to see and learn more of the land, its customs and people. In the north the foreigner has an excellent chance to collect a variety of curios consisting of old coins, pieces of porcelain, antique bronzes, and choice bits of embroidery, while on the Yangtze and in the south he can suit a critical taste in selecting silk piece goods, silver and gold articles of native workmanship, and wood and ivory carvings. At the end of seven years a member of the indoor staff completes his first period, as it is called, and is entitled to go home for a two years' holiday, and also to receive one year's full pay as a gratuity. Upon his going back to China for further service the Customs pay one half of the cost of his return fare. He then serves for five years more, when he completes his second period, and can again go home on two years' leave and receive a second gratuity, — and so on for as long as health and inclination may permit. Mr. Drew, for instance, has served since 1865, and is still on active duty. The conditions of an engagement in the Customs, as they become known and are compared

with those of other services, are considered unusually attractive on account of the generous salary, security of position, and prospect of sure advancement. Resignations rarely occur, and there are always more applicants than there are vacancies. The position, while not difficult to fill acceptably, is one of trust and responsibility, and is held in general esteem by the foreign communities.

Under Sir Robert's administration the customs revenue has risen from \$6,000,000 in 1860 to over \$20,000,000 in 1899. Of late years it has been China's financial mainstay, for with this income as an international guarantee it has been easy for the central government to make large loans in the foreign market, and to meet its maturing obligations promptly and in full. In addition to the collection of revenue, an important work is done through the medium of the statistical department, — a valuable arm of the service which is maintained at Shanghai. It circulates in printed form the I. G.'s instructions to his staff, and compiles and issues various series of publications containing statistics in regard to the trade of the country as a whole, and to such specialties as tea, silk, opium, and rugs. Bound in covers of the national color, these publications are the yellow books of China, and provide an accurate account of the country's resources. In his capacity as Inspector General, and holding a commission from the Chinese government to act as its special agent in the department of customs, Sir Robert has been in reality the chief ruler, dictator, and autocrat of the service. Certain questions he would at times refer to the Yamen for decision, but to all practical intents and purposes he has had a free hand in his work, and managed it with careful provision for integrity and harmony. For example, in each day's doings at a port there are sure to be large financial transactions, and yet throughout the Customs history the foreign staff has been secure against

any possible suspicion or charge of dishonesty. It is so arranged that foreigners have no part in the actual handling of Customs money. Every assessment of duty is first computed and checked by Chinese as well as foreigners, but the money which is tendered in payment is not received at the custom house. No foreigner touches it. It is paid into the Haikuan Bank, a Chinese institution with a branch at each port. An exact record, however, is kept of all the duty so levied, and at the end of the quarter each commissioner provides a check upon both the bank and the Customs by sending to Peking for the I. G. and the Yamen a detailed return in both English and Chinese of all the receipts and payments during that period. Again, between the Customs and Chinese merchants, questions in values of goods and meaning of regulations would be likely to cause friction were it not for coöperation with the local Chinese officials. The commissioner has entire charge of his staff and the operation of the customs at his port, but the resident native official, or *taotai*, is given an equal rank with him in the service. The commissioner and *taotai*, therefore, are colleagues, and consult together as occasion may require. While the *taotai* takes no active part in the conduct of the daily routine, his association in rank with the commissioner is the means of insuring his interest and support.

In the empire of China where the ruling classes have so steadfastly resisted the introduction of foreign ideas, and where the government has the reputation of being too often served by corrupt and reactionary officials, it is a striking fact that so important a department of state has been so successfully controlled and operated by foreigners according to foreign practice, and that its record has been marked by conspicuous and unassailable integrity. Through all the troublous times which the empire has passed in recent years in connection

with local uprisings and foreign complications, this department has not changed in character, and has stood throughout as a shining example of the best kind of foreign administration.

In the construction of a new China,

which may be reasonably hoped for as an outcome of the present situation, there will be an exceptional chance to introduce another permanent reform by establishing a native civil service, using the Customs as a model.

H. C. Whittlesey.

THERE WAS ONCE A WOMAN.

I.

THERE was once a woman who lived in a large house, but it was built for others, and she had no home in it. So she said to herself one day, "I will take a little room here and make a happy place for myself, and thither I will bring those who love me, that they may know me as I am."

Whereupon she clothed the four walls of the room with tapestry, that shaded duskily in the morning sunlight, but gleamed redly golden where the flames of the flickering firelight danced over it; and in between the tapestry she inlaid mirrors, that the light and shade might play across them, and weave the whole room full of wavering fancies.

And in the centre of the room she placed for herself a chair of ebony with a golden covering that shone redly like the tapestry, and everywhere were great jars in which grew red and yellow lilies that filled the air with perfume. And between the dusk and the dark the woman came into the little room and sat in the ebony chair, and the firelight wove in and out of the golden tapestry through the mirrors into her soft yellow trailing gown, and in and out again, and the red and yellow lilies leaned toward her, and their subtle perfume kissed her dusky hair, and she said:—

"I am myself at last; this is my home. When one comes in here I may look into his eyes, and not fear, for he

will know that it is I, and I shall be happy."

And even as she thought, a hand lifted the tapestry, and a man came in, and he smiled eagerly when he saw the woman, and went and knelt beside her, and he said:—

"I perceive that you are a very fair woman, and plainly made for love. Let me kiss you, first on your hand, then on your lips, then on your white throat,—for this is happiness, that I should love you."

So she held out her white hand, saying doubtfully, "It may be true." But when his hot lips touched her soft palm it was as if a coal had burned into her heart, and she drew away her hand, and fled from the room, crying very bitterly, "You do not know me, oh, you do not know me!"

And it happened thus again when another came on the morrow, and yet again; so that at last she tore down the golden drapery, and threw out the red and yellow lilies, all but one jar (and that she hid), and went around the house in homely garments and with drooping head.

But there came a time when she hoped again, for one must either hope (or love) to be able to live. So she hoped, and she went into the little room and clothed its walls with books, and pictures, and instruments that had made music in times long gone, and in one corner she placed the pot of red and

yellow lilies. And each person who came in could find the instrument he loved best to play on, and the book he loved best to read, or the picture his eyes most loved to rest upon, for the woman was very wise, and changed these things for each one who entered. For she said to herself, "If I show each man himself, surely some one will see me, for in blessing I shall be blessed." But each was glad only that he himself was satisfied.

So when many days had passed she wept over the lilies, and said, "My soul, I am alone." Then she took from the room all that had filled it (save only the jar of lilies), and she put within it homely things, — low couches with soft cushions for weary bodies to rest on, balm for aching wounds, and playthings for little children before bedtime. And she kissed those who were tired, and comforted those who sorrowed, and played softly with the children, and sung to them until their little eyelids closed contentedly, and one lay asleep in her white arms, and she said peacefully, "I am a woman." But then she smelled the perfume of the red and yellow lilies, and she laid the child down tenderly that she might not wake it, and she stretched her arms upward and cried: "My God, I am more! Where can I find a place for my soul?"

And later she whispered, "Do I dare?" and she answered herself, "I will dare anything!" and she plucked a branch of the lilies and thrust them into the belt of her gown, so that they rested against her heart, and she left the little room, and went out into the night, and the shades of strange beings flitted past her in the moonlight, and cast their darkness over her, but she heeded them not. Always her arms reached upward, although her feet stumbled, and the shades said, "She is dark, like us," not knowing that it was their own gloom that shadowed her under the moon; but she heeded them not. And when she

had walked all night she stood upon a mountain top, and called upon God. And she waited for the dawn, and there was a great silence, for the mountain top was too high for the singing of birds; and slowly, as the light traveled upward, she saw coming toward her as it might be an angel, strong and beautiful, with eyes that dwelt upon her, and he said, — "Is it thou?"

And she answered, "Yes, it is I."

And suddenly the soul within her body shone as a living flame, and transfigured her, and a flame ran through the red and yellow lilies in her bosom, and they blossomed into little waves of fire. And the angel shaded his eyes, for even an angel may not behold the naked soul of a woman.

But he said: "I have a message to thee. Thou shalt walk alone among men all the days of thy life; yet sorrow not, for the best has been given to thee, and it is this: *Wherever thou goest, the undying flame within thee shall meet the undying flame of God.* And I have another message to thee: '*The Lord hath set thy feet in a large room.*'"

Then the woman bowed her head, and the angel listened for her voice replying, but he heard nothing, for even an angel may not hear the inmost prayer of a woman.

Then she raised herself and said: "I have the best; what further need is there?" And she smiled, and her face had the beauty of those whom God has answered.

And the angel went from her, and she lay in the clouds and in the sunshine on the mountain top until night, and then she journeyed back to the house from which she had come, and slipped into her place with the dawning (and everywhere the red and yellow lilies were blossoming), and no one knew that she had been away. But she leaned from the barred window, and cried to herself in an ecstasy: —

"It is the same dawn here as on the

mountain top, — it is the same dawn! Lord, 'Thou hast set my feet in a large room!'"

And the flame within her touched the flame of God.

II.

Once there was a woman who loved a man, and he died, and she sought some way to reach him where he was, and could not. And One came to her, and said: "I have been sent to help thee, for thy crying has been heard. What is thy need?"

And she answered, "That I may find the soul of my husband, who is dead."

And the Shining One said to her, "That may be done only if there is a bond between you that Death could not break."

And she said: "Surely there is a bond! I have lain in his bosom, I have kissed his dear hands over and over for love of him, and my lips still tremble with the passion of his kisses."

But the angel shook his head, and said, "There is no bond."

Then she raised her head proudly, and said: "Surely there is a bond! I have held his children in my arms; with their innocence have they bound us together. By the sorrow in which I bore them, there is an enduring bond."

But the angel said very sadly, "Even this will not suffice."

Then the woman paled, but she said: "My spirit and that of my husband were one; in naught were we separate. Each answered each without speech. We were one. Does not that bond hold?"

But the angel answered very low: "It does not hold. In the domain of Death all these bonds of which thou speakest crumble to nothing, — the very shape of them has departed so that they are as if they never were. Think yet once more before I leave thee if there is one thread to bind thee to him whom thou lovest, for if not he has passed from thee forever."

And the woman was silent, but she cried to herself desperately, "He shall not go from me!" And the angel withdrew a little way. And the woman thought and thought, with deep inward communing, and after a space she raised her pale, drawn face, and gazed with timid eyes at the pitying angel, and she said, though her voice was as the last whisper of the dying waves upon the shore, "Once — but it was long ago — he and I thought of God together."

And the angel gave a loud cry, and his shining wings smote the earth. And he said, "Thou hast found the bond, thou hast found the bond!"

And the woman looked, and lo! there lay in her hand a tiny thread, faintly golden, as if woven from the strands of the sunlight, and it led into the darkness.

Mary Stewart Cutting.

"OUT OF THE SILENCE, SPEAK!"

OUT of the Silence, speak!

Could you come through the waiting door,
With your eyes aglow, and your heart on fire,
As in days that are no more;
Could you enter the wide old hall,
And the chambers fresh and fair,

"Out of the Silence, Speak!"

And wander from room to room
 In the sweet, flower-scented air;
 Could you tread the garden paths
 Where your own white lilies grow,
 And the rose you planted blooms
 As in Junes of long ago, —
 Would you be glad to come
 Back to the world of men,
 Back to your wonted place
 In its busy ranks again?

Out of the Shadows, speak!
 O tender heart and true,
 Could you return, return,
 All would be changed for you!
 For others sit at your board,
 And others warm at your fire,
 And over your walls strange shadows flit
 As the flames leap high and higher.
 The boys that you knew are bearded men,
 And the bearded men are gray,
 And the weight of years has touched them all, —
 You would know them not to-day!
 There are children born of your line
 To whom you are but a name, —
 A name, a dream, and a shadow,
 A phantom they scarce can claim.

Out of the Glory, speak!
 From your high heaven afar,
 Where you need no light of sun,
 Nor ray of moon or star,
 Would you come to earth if you could
 To face the changes here,
 The sense of a strange new world
 With its alien atmosphere?
 For lo! as the Century dies
 It spreadeth its mighty hands,
 And a change comes over the deep
 And over the waiting lands,
 As the youngest born of the Nations
 Lifts Destiny's proud gage,
 Accepting for weal or woe
 Life's lofty heritage!

Out of the Glory, speak!
As your changeless years roll on,
Would ye return if ye could,
O ye who have lost and won?

Julia C. R. Dorr.

VOYAGERS.

I BADE two friends of mine farewell to-day.
One sailed at noon; and while the shores around
Echoed reverberant with mingled sound,
Voices and bells and iron-throated bray
Of enginery, the great ship moved away,
And less'ning outward passed our vision's bound.
Then while her trail yet stained the skies, I found
A chamber where a wan-faced pilgrim lay,
Bound home. No voices stirred the tranquil air;
In silence loosed he from this alien sod,
And, smiling backward, forth alone did fare,
Yea, while we watched, Death's waiting decks had trod,
Sighed twice, and, ere we knew him gone, was there —
So near is Heaven, so short the road to God.

William Hervey Woods.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

WHEN I was a child the moon to me
Through the nursery curtains seemed to be
A thing of marvel and witchery.
The slim white crescent floating high
In the lucid green of the western sky
Was a fairy boat, and the evening star,
A light on the land where the fairies are.

When I was a woman the moon to me
(Whose life was a pledge of what life might be)
Was a thing of promise and prophecy.
When from my window I saw it set,
In the twilight my lashes with tears were wet;
Yet my heart sang ever because I knew
That from your window you watched it too.

And now, O my Love, the moon to me
(Who think of what was, and was not to be)
Is a thing of heartbreak and memory.
When I see its crescent white and slim,
The empty present of life grows dim;
And its pale young gold is the hoop of troth
That, stronger than Death is, binds us both.

A. E. F.

THE SLEEPER.

ABOVE the cloistral valley,
Above the druid rill,
There lies a heavy sleeper
Upon a lonely hill.

All the long days of summer
The low winds whisper by,
And the soft voices of the leaves
Make murmurous reply.

All the long eves of autumn
The loving shadows mass
Round this sequestered slumbering-place
Beneath the cool hill grass.

All the long nights of winter
The white drifts heap and heap
To form a fleecy coverlet
Above the dreamer's sleep.

All the long morns of springtime
The tear-drops of the dew
Gleam in the violets' tender eyes
As if the blossoms knew.

Ah, who would break the rapture
Brooding and sweet and still,
The great peace of the sleeper
Upon the lonely hill!

Clinton Scollard.

I SHALL ARISE.

You doubt. And yet, O you who walk your ways,
Glad of your very breath,
Look back upon the days:
Have you not tasted death?

What of the hour of anguish, overpast,
So fierce, so lone,
That even now the Soul looks back aghast
At sorrow of its own:

The piercèd hands, and stark,
The eyes gone dark?
You who have known,
And trodden down the fangs of such defeat,
Did you not feel some veil of flesh sore rent,—
Then wonderment? . . .
Did you not find it sweet
To live, still live, — to see, to breathe again,
Victorious over pain?
Did you not feel once more, as darkness went,
Upon your forehead, cold with mortal dew,
The daybreak new? —
And far and new, some eastern breath of air
From that rapt garden where
The lilies stood new-risen, fragranter
Than myrrh?

“Death, Death, was this thy sting,
This bitter thing?
Can it be past?
Only I know there was one agony,
One strait way to pass by, —
A stress that could not last.
And in such conflict, something had to die. . . .
It was not I.”

Josephine Preston Peabody.

IN PARADISE.

A LIFETIME here of sweet familiar things
Shared — loves and joys and sorrows — all with me,
Then in one breath her wondering spirit springs
To that unknown and vast eternity.

I knew her every thought and she knew mine,
We loved small piping birds, fair spreading trees,
Green meadows, singing brooks, the reddening vine —
Instead of these she knows all mysteries.

Yet on those pleasant pastures where her feet
Wander beside still waters, through my tears
I see her gathering asphodels, and know
She waits for me through all the timeless years.

Constance Grosvenor Alexander.

ROADSIDE REST.

SUCH quiet sleep has come to them !
 The springs and autumns pass,
 Nor do they know if it be snow
 Or daisies in the grass.

All day the birches bend to hear
 The river's undertone ;
 Across the hush a fluting thrush
 Sings evensong alone.

But down their dream there drifts no sound,
 The winds may sob and stir —
 On the still breast of Peace they rest,
 And they are glad of her.

They ask not any gift — they mind
 Not any foot that fares ;
 Unheededly Life passes by,
 Such quiet sleep is theirs.

Arthur Ketchum.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IN sorting out some old letters, the other day, I came upon one **How Ramona was Written.** from the pen of that ardent and brilliant woman who wrote one of the two great ethical novels which dealt severally with the wrongs of the American negro and the American Indian. Mrs. Stowe has left on record, in some degree, the circumstances under which she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* ; and this letter portrays yet more vividly the mental conditions under which Mrs. Helen Hunt — afterwards Mrs. W. S. Jackson — was led to write *Ramona*. She had nearly broken herself down with hard work in libraries, preparing *The Century of Dishonor*, of which she had sent a copy, at her own expense, to every member of Congress ; and she had been guided at the most important points by the coun-

sel of regular army officers of wide Indian experience, her late husband's friends ; yet in spite of all this care in preparation she had seen its plain statements set aside by mere civilian critics, such as Theodore Roosevelt, as being merely feminine sentimentalism. Finding her laborious historical work thus jauntily classed with fiction, she seems to have been tempted into writing fiction that should illuminate history, and the immediate result was *Ramona* ; the remoter consequence being her appointment, by the Commissioner of Affairs, with Coates Kinney, Esq., to prepare a report — published in 1883 — on *The Condition and Need of the Mission Indians of California*, in which she returns to literal history again. The letter which preceded this, and which explains the

origin of *Ramona*, is here first printed, as follows:—

THE BERKELEY, February 5, 1884.

. . . I am glad you say you are rejoiced that I am writing a story. But about the not hurrying it—I want to tell you something. You know I have for three or four years longed to write a story that should “tell” on the Indian question. But I knew I could not do it; knew I had no background,—no local color for it.

Last spring, in Southern California, I began to feel that I had; that the scene laid there—and the old Mexican life mixed in with just enough Indian to enable me to tell what had happened to them—would be the very perfection of coloring. You know that I have lived six months in Southern California.

Still I did not see my way clear; got no plot; till one morning late last October, before I was wide awake, the whole plot flashed into my mind,—not a vague one—the whole story just as it stands to-day,—in less than five minutes, as if some one spoke it. I sprang up, went to my husband’s room, and told him; I was half frightened. From that time, till I came here, it haunted me, becoming more and more vivid. I was impatient to get at it. I wrote the first word of it December 1. As soon as I began, it seemed impossible to write fast enough. In spite of myself, I write faster than I would write a letter. I write two thousand to three thousand words in a morning, and I *cannot* help it. It racks me like a struggle with an outside power. I cannot help being superstitious about it. I have never done *half* the amount of work in the same time. Ordinarily it would be a simple impossibility. Twice, since beginning it, I have broken down utterly for a week—with a cold ostensibly, but with great nervous prostration added. What I have to endure in holding myself away from it, afternoons, on the days I am

compelled to be in the house, no words can tell.

It is like keeping away from a lover, whose hand I can reach.

Now you will ask what sort of English it is I write at this lightning speed. So far as I can tell, the best I ever wrote! I have read it aloud as I have gone on, to one friend, of keen literary perceptions and judgment, the most purely intellectual woman I know—Mrs. Trimble. She says it is smooth—strong—clear. “Tremendous” is her frequent epithet.

. . . The success of it—if it succeeds—will be that I do not even suggest any Indian history,—till the interest is so aroused in the heroine—and hero—that people will not lay the book down. There is but one Indian in the story.

Every now and then I force myself to stop, and write a short story or a bit of verse; I can’t bear the strain; but the instant I open the pages of the other, I write as I am writing now—as fast as I could copy! What do you think? Am I possessed of a demon? Is it a freak of mental disturbance? or what.

I have the feeling that if I could only read it to you, you would know.—If it is as good as Mrs. Trimble, Mr. Jackson, and Miss Woolsey think, I shall be indeed rewarded, for it will “tell.” But I can’t believe it is. I am uneasy about it; but try as I may—all I can—I cannot write slowly for more than a few moments. I sit down at 9.30 or ten, and it is one before I know it. In good weather I then go out, after lunching, and keep out, religiously, till five,—but there have not been more than three out of eight good days all winter,—and the days when I am shut up in my room from two till five alone—with my *Ramona* and Alessandro—and cannot go along with them on their journey are maddening.

Fifty-two last October—and I’m not a bit steadier-headed, you see, than ever!

I don't know whether to send this or
burn it up. Don't laugh at me what-
ever you do.

Yours always,

H. J.

IN a wide-winged old farmhouse,
A Spanish where I was a guest during
Burden. the past summer, the children
of the family brought and showed me an
hereditary treasure in the shape of an
hourglass. Clumsy it was in its struc-
ture, and at some luckless but now im-
memorial period it had been broken,
and somewhat rudely patched together.
Some former possessor, with a taste for
languages, had inscribed upon its stan-
dard the following legend, —

Hay mas tiempo que vida.
(There is more time than life.)

The children proposed that we should
measure off an hour; and, accord-
ingly, the ancestral timepiece found itself
in unwonted occupation. Meanwhile, I
resumed the book I had been reading,
and the children went to their play.
From time to time I glanced at the
slender gliding stream of golden-brown
sands. From time to time back came
the children to indulge in conjecture as
to the portion of the hour already passed.
How long to them — but how short to
me! And when the last atom had slipped
through the upper glass, while the lower
contained a little umber tumulus like
the hour's grave, of freshly heaped
sand; and when the children, relieved
of the tedium of burying time, had gone
back "for good" to their play, certain
lines built around the inscribed legend
began to join themselves together in my
mind. They might be called *The Bur-*
den of the Hourglass; else, *A Ballad of*
Sliding Sands, but their inspiration, such
as it was, must be credited to the un-
known scholar with a taste for Spanish
proverbial lore: —

I.

Would that some Power, when our life is
done,
Might do as the hand that reverses the glass

When the sliding sands of the hour are run;
That we out of Age into Youth might pass!

But no — ah, no:

Since ever as time shall grow
Dwindles our stay beneath the sun, —
Mas tiempo que vida.

II.

Time was the mocker that did contemn
Thrones antique and the pride of man;
Nor Valor nor Beauty might ever stem
The desert that flowed from the sands that
ran

So still, so swift, —
Though they strove with the covering
drift;
Yes, there was more time than life for them —
Mas tiempo que vida.

III.

Out of the gloom of the years, where they lie,
How they beckon and smile, who were blithe
of old!

Borne on the wind they go wavering by,
And converse strange with our spirits hold;
For, as they fade

Into realms of Silence and Shade,
"There is more time than life!" they cry —
Mas tiempo que vida.

IV.

Would that our life like the flower's might
be —

The flower of an hour, which the morning
steals;

For, the while it lasts, it liveth free
Of the cankering fear that each heart con-
ceals.

Yet the rose, the rose,
Seemeth to sigh, as it goes,
"There is more time than life, thou 'lt see," —
Mas tiempo que vida.

WHEN the Poet came (for he comes
to all children), we called
"Words, Words, Words," him by no name. He might
have been one, or he might
have been many; with a finer instinct
than that of the bookmen, we took what
he gave us without question. With a
catholicity which has never been ours
since, we assigned him to no race and
to no clime. If there was one thing
more than another with which we con-
nected him, it was music. He was like
Christina's playing.

Christina was old; she wore tails to
her gowns; she pushed her shining hair

to the top of her head, and fastened it with combs; she had lovers. There was a little carved organ that stood in the little front parlor, and out of its keys Christina could wring most heavenly melodies. We used to sit out in the hall at the foot of the darkening staircase, and listen, and resolve never again to forget to say our prayers, and listen, listen. And all the things that had been, and all the things that were to be, came gliding out of the corners, and stood about us.

And the Poet? Our farthest recollection in regard to him begins with Christina. She had been saying over some foolish and jingling verses to us, when of a sudden out flowed a line that was strange and different.

"Over the hills and far away," said Christina.

She went on with the foolish other words, and we heard them, and forgot them, but these we remembered:—

"Over the hills and far away."

What was it like? It was like the dusk when the rain is beginning to fall, very softly indeed, and in the pale west a gleam from the sunset is still lingering, and there is no one in sight. It made us feel a little sad, a little older, and alone in the world. We created for ourselves a long and fading highway, and down it in the soft rain went trooping many people, and not one of them ever came back again. It was a highway that was always full, and yet always empty.

Our next recollection gathers about the Sea Captain. This was a bronzed and worthy veteran who had designs upon Christina. He could be told a long way off by the hearty fashion in which he took our winding country lanes. They seemed too narrow for him.

Once he had fished up out of his pockets a handful of sweet-smelling nuts, and presented them to us. We had cracked them, and found them much to our taste. One afternoon we followed

this seafaring friend into the house, and stationed ourselves at that angle of the hall stair which would first catch his eye when he looked up. We yearned for more sweet-smelling nuts.

Christina was long in coming. It was hot weather, and the captain fanned himself with his hat. We looked mournfully on from the staircase. Presently, still fanning in the lazy and loose fashion that was his, he picked up a book and began to read. A word floated to us now and then. All at once he rose to his feet:—

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

There was a wail in that voice. We trembled. This was another, a far-off, a glorified sea captain. He had no place in our little worldly front parlor.

"Had I but served my God"—

And then in came Christina.

We were sent away richer than ever before. For this was more than Mystery. It was more than rainy dusk or lonely highway. It shook us by the heart. It was Revelation. We forgot all except the first line, but the impression left by the whole was so moving and so great that we did not need more to bring it to mind. We gathered together what we remembered, and that greater remnant which we did not, and wrapped it around a splendid central figure, that of one who lamented and was alone. He walked before us, set in cloud, without a name, without a country, a Shape, a majestic spirit.

Another time, with our left arm nicely bandaged up in lily leaves and alcohol, we were taken to hospital on the parlor sofa, where we lay smelling like Araby the blest. The Sea Captain found us there a little later.

For a while we stared at him with unblinking eyes. We were remembering. Then we lifted up a strident voice, crying out, with a flourish of our sound arm,—

" 'Had I but served my God with half the zeal ' " —

"Hello!" said the Sea Captain.

A sincere, old-fashioned love of verse seemed the possession of our kind nautical friend, an instinct for *sound*, which is often quite as rare as an instinct for *sense*. Word after word rolled out upon the air, and beat down upon us, and beat away again. Sometimes a single, expression, like the note of a bugle, broke along our way, and, before it had a chance to fade, became our very own. "Cavernous" was one of these. We did not take counsel of any printed page, but we knew, as well as we knew we smelled of lily leaves, that "cavernous" meant all the hollows in the world gathered into one place. It was a dark place, and the wind was making a great noise. A good word to take to bed with us at night. We used to whisper it softly out in the silence, and then draw up the sheets over our reckless head, while we waited for the ghostly step that we knew was creeping by.

"Words, words, words." Not always those of the Poet, but always vague, great, alluring, with something of the wind, and something of the sea. Grave ones out of Pilgrim's Progress concerning shepherds and swelling hills; and thereafter, for many a day, we saw a singing spirit in every dusty drover, and gave immortality to his flock of sheep. Stray ones out of hymns shrilled along the hot Sunday afternoons; far-off ones out of memoirs bound in gray cloth, and lying in the dust under the garret eaves. Triumphant ones swelling up out of catechism and creed, into an atmosphere bare of theology and doubt.

Even old Eli, the free negro who lived in the ramshackle cabin opposite our house, had a share in adding to our slowly increasing store of treasure.

He was a bent and withered creature, the gatherer and dispenser of simples to the entire neighborhood. Beside his skill in these sweet-smelling drugs he

had that of reading futurity by what lay at the bottom of a teacup, and by the hundred crossing lines in a trembling palm. He could foretell storms; he had the gift of tongues.

Once he hailed us as we hurried by.

"Come here, honey, an' I'll tell yo' fortune."

Afraid to run away, we advanced to the prophet's portal, and held our hands out across the rickety palings.

Old Eli kept utter silence for a moment. Then he spat on the ground. His lean black fingers began to trace out the lines upon our rosy little palm.

"Honey," he said, with a sort of rolling solemnity, "yo' ain't goin' to be rich, but yo' goin' to be good, *good*, and " — he made a triumphant flourish with his right hand — "and — *circumwigious*."

We took stately steps as we held our way across the dust of the pike. Filthy lucre had no allurements for us, and the paths of righteousness had often proved untenable to our wayward feet; but — *circumwigious*! It wrapped us around in an amber-colored cloud. It was books, and holidays, and kind, gift-bearing aunts, and any number of china mugs with pink rosebuds painted along the handles.

Circumwigious! Ah, we feel, even now, that we could storm the heights of fate with the very memory of the word!

"THE eighteenth century was an age of strong and brave men, and my father was one of the strongest and bravest of them," wrote John Stuart Mill of his father. The stoical character and level-headed idealism of the younger Mill doubtless gave him an understanding of the eighteenth century that was conspicuously lacking in such sons of thunder as Carlyle, Ruskin, and many other writers of our own period, who have all united in decrying the virtues and philosophy of that great epoch. We are by this time weary of being told that our forefathers reveled in an atmosphere of

In Praise of the Eighteenth Century.

cant, that they hated nature and loved artificial pleasures, and that their view of life was utterly prosaic.

If there were ever a century of cant, it is probably our own, — for the very reason that we are barely conscious of our own insincerity. The politicians of our time are disingenuous, because they are hypnotized by the mob into imagining that their catchwords mean something more than catchwords and our writers think confusedly because the echoing hubbub conceals from them their own lack of coherence. By a similar process of development, the limpid melodies of a Haydn or Mozart have been ousted by the grandiose discords of a Wagner. The older generation did indeed set much store on ceremony as the outward and visible sign of human dignity, but they clearly distinguished between what was conventional and what was not. They did not pretend, for example, as in modern England, to give posts to aristocrats on account of their being more competent than any one else, but frankly admitted that the exigencies of their society demanded a hereditary class of rulers, which would often achieve more through its collective traditions than through the capacity of individuals.

Who would seriously maintain that we enjoy simple pleasures? We rush madly from continent to continent in search of the more bizarre aspects of man and nature, rarely lingering in any one place, where a sojourn of a few weeks would give us an understanding of past or alien civilizations, which can never be gained from years of globe-trotting. We discard sunshine for electric light, the scent of warm grass for drawing-room perfumes, and the music of wood and stream for street noises that kill the nervous system.

What a dingy contrast to Walpole's delight in his Norfolk home, to Johnson's ecstasies in the rapid post chaise, to Voltaire on the Lake of Geneva, to Goethe in the Weimar woods!

"My regard for you is greater almost than I have words to express; but I do not chuse to be always repeating it; write it down in the first leaf of your pocket-book and never doubt of it again," was a typical reply of Johnson to the unfortunate Boswell. Such reticence is becoming unintelligible to our own world. Nothing can be taken for granted, unless, of course, it is printed in a newspaper; no emotion is too sacred to defy publicity. No eminent man may fly to the citadel of his own soul; for it has long been prostituted to the eyes of the vulgar.

In such melancholy retrospection as this, the English tourist may sometimes yearn for a vision of eighteenth-century America even more than of eighteenth-century England. Washington, writes Mr. Goldwin Smith, conforms more than any other leader of the Revolution (and he might perhaps have added any other President of the United States) to the ideal of the English gentleman, and few monuments excite such genuine veneration in the transatlantic visitor as the sight of Mount Vernon. The household relics and the Elizabethan garden leave him with a sense of real kinship and of pride in the common heroes of the English-speaking race, which is rather stifled than aroused by the cosmopolitan immensity of New York or Chicago. For there the very arts that have annihilated space and time between the two continents have also bred a new swarm of men who have now a nationality of their own, but whose aspirations have suffered more than a sea change. While we rejoice in the birth of new commonwealths and boldly face the vast activities of the future, we cannot help a wistful regret for our "strong and brave" forbears.

As it is one of the basic principles of idealistic literature that what is too good to be true really is true, no apology is needed for the republication of the following circulars. It seems incredible that a

**The Genius
Discovery
Company.**

method has been found by which genius can be detected instantly and forced to assume its natural port and form as if touched by the spear of Ithuriel, but an air of probability is given to the announcement by the fact that the discovery has not been heralded with advance notices and theoretical articles. There is something very practical about the tone of this intellectual cracksman who so confidently asserts that he can "penetrate the spiritual safe where poets are keeping their souls to-day," and it is not wise for ordinary people to be skeptical. I have been assured by several talented journalists that this is an age of invention, and it is a matter of universal comment that some of the greatest achievements were at first regarded with a bilious eye by many of our most trained minds. After all, is it any more remarkable that a method should be discovered by which genius can be detected in any form than that a knowledge of just what genius is, should be, and might become, is, and has been from time immemorial, the property of prolific essayists and after-dinner speakers "flown with insolence and wine"?

Although the circulars given here speak for themselves, a word of explanation may not be out of place. They emanated from the fertile if somewhat irreverent brain of a young promoter whose business it is to float all kinds of companies and corporations. He can see a potential trust in any form of human endeavor, from highway robbery to ruling a nation, and asserts that he has already floated several successful companies having much less basis in reason than the one on which he is now engaged. He gives it as his experience that nothing succeeds like a plausible absurdity. "You must blow your bubble to the point of bursting before you can see the rainbow colors in it," is one of his favorite maxims, and "Let there be a cheerful amount of comedy in your initial scheme; the receiver of the Com-

pany can attend to putting in the tragedy," is another.

The first circular is intended for the investing public, and is not without its attractive and convincing features.

WIDE-AWAKE INVESTORS

will do well to read this circular carefully. Wherever there is a long-felt want there is money to be made in filling it, and it is to fill just such a want that we have organized

THE GENIUS DISCOVERY AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.

This country needs more geniuses. Everybody knows it. Everybody admits it. Everybody laments it.

Geniuses we already have, but not in sufficient numbers to supply the demand. But we have enough to enable us to study their nature, habits, characteristics, possibilities, etc. Having devoted years of research to the subject, and spent thousands of dollars on experiments, mostly loans, we are now in a position to state with all confidence that it is entirely possible to make the handling of geniuses a matter of both credit and profit.

There is an impression in some quarters that geniuses are born, not made. Wrong, entirely wrong. Wrong on both counts.

Geniuses are neither born nor made.

THEY ARE DISCOVERED.

We know this because we have seen them in the act of being discovered by editors, publishers, and authors who have outlived their usefulness.

Moreover we have discovered several ourselves.

But the great trouble with geniuses discovered in this way is that they will not stay discovered, and sometimes they have been known to turn on their discoverers and make monkeys of them.

This has caused much annoyance to many of the eminent thinkers who now discover geniuses instinctively. After

having taken the trouble to discover one to the extent of several profitable magazine articles and syndicated reviews, the beneficiary has been known to refuse to be paraded in public as a find. He insists on going forth on his own responsibility without heeding the good advice that is so kindly lavished upon him.

With all friction of this kind we propose to do away. But to tell how would be to tell the secret that has been discovered before we have received our deserved reward. By our infallible method we are able to discover every kind of genius, after the payment of a moderate fee; and long experience in log-rolling makes us sure that we can successfully launch them all to undoubted social, financial, or any other desired kind of success.

But like everything else of importance this requires money to bring it before the public and get the Company in operation. We have a limited number of shares of common stock still on hand which we are willing to sell at par. For further information address, P. Gowanus McGruder, Canned Food Villa, Amityville, Long Island, N. Y.

The second circular is one that comes home to us all. Like the first it also has the trail of the money-maker upon it, but who would begrudge such a paltry sum as five dollars in return for having the question with which it deals settled beyond cavil?

ARE YOU A GENIUS?

Think of this carefully! There may be money in it! Examine yourself! Question yourself! Be honest with yourself! When you read articles in the magazines that tell what a genius should be, do you ever feel that they contain a more or less accurate description of your own abilities? If so you should communicate with us! If you are a genius, — and is there any reason why you should not be? — let not your

light be hidden under a bushel. You should shine before the world.

If you feel within you the promptings of genius do not hesitate. Send us your photograph, a candid sketch of your life and achievements, not exceeding five hundred pages of typewriting, and a fee of five dollars (registered letter or post-office order), and we will tell you the truth by return mail.

Don't be modest. Don't stand in your own light. Let us hear from you. All communications private.

In the third circular still another avenue for money-making is disclosed, and the imagination kindles at the possibilities that are barely hinted at.

DEAR MADAM, — Knowing that it is the ambition of all society leaders like yourself to have a salon graced with the presence of the brightest geniuses of their time, we make bold to call your attention to the business of our Company.

THE GENIUS DISCOVERY AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

is prepared to supply, at the shortest notice and at reasonable rates, properly attested geniuses of all kinds. Please examine our list of eccentric geniuses before looking elsewhere. Musical, poetical, artistic, and critical geniuses at cut rates.

Geniuses supplied for banquets, parties, balls, receptions, weddings, etc.

Send ten cents in stamps for our booklet on How to Successfully Flatter Geniuses. Press clippings supplied with all geniuses. Beware of imitations.

Whatever may be thought of this scheme, it certainly promises returns to the promoter.

Who has not felt the ineffable charm that lurks in names that hark back to distant lands and times remote from our own? Do we not all, however sophisticated, feel some sympathy with the old Scottish

*The Relish
of Dim
Names.*

cummer whose ear tingled with delight whenever she heard the great Doctor Chalmers ringing out that "braw word, *Mes-o-po-taw-mia*"? And who is there that has not sighed with Sir Thomas Browne in impotent longing to know what song it was the Sirens sang? The ear is certainly tickled sweetly by brave sounds that smack of mystery; and the unknown has ever the old, old spell for the heart of man. Distance and dimness are enchanters still, despite the telescope of archæology; nor has the world now for the first time to learn how it stirs the pulse of adventure to be challenged by the occult.

Surely Astolat is a more taking sound than Guildford, and Bernicia fills the mouth more refreshingly than the modern counties that mark where the ancient kingdom stood. The elder gods, whom men heard with throbbing ears in the cave of Trophonius, bore sweeter names and drew nearer to the heart of humanity than official Zeus and Hera. They were of Pan's kin; and Blake, had he chosen, could have painted them all, for he loved to paint what no eye but his could see.

When Ezekiel tells of his visions by the river Chebar, the very names he utters are mystic, and have a secret power over the soul. It is just so, too, when Coleridge sings of Kubla Khan:—

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea."

Alph has all the majesty and nameless awe that cling to that dread phrase in the book of Revelation, "I am Alpha and Omega." There is many a name in Marco Polo that swells with limitless grandeur, like the Jin released by the

fisherman from the fetter of Solomon's seal.

"Silken Samarkand" is a sound of far greater magic to me, who know it not in the flesh, than if I had lived there for half a lifetime; and the name of Basora acts like a mirage upon the mind, bringing before the inner vision amazing vistas of golden mists and shadowed waters and dreamy gardens, with barges at the marble stairs, in which veiled beauties are about to flee forth from the harem. Bagdad hums with the nocturnal adventures of Haroun; and Babylon still takes with its name the perfume of that great love which sweetened the eyes of Amytis the Mede with the sight of her native mountain foliage.

There are names that sound to me like the requiem for dead Templars, and there are names that whisper of treasure hidden in a garden; names that sing of wine quaffed on housetops in warm lands amid the murmur of soft voices, and names that linger long in the ear, chiming there with sweet sounds of the past, which somehow remind one of roses, smooth-petaled and fragrant. Others there are that flow gently over the lip with a serenity that brings to mind the daily walk and conversation of the tranquil children of God who call themselves Friends; and others again that sound a tocsin before they are fairly out of the mouth.

The memories that link these things together are too subtle for analysis; and yet too strong are the impressions that cling to such names to be mere creations of the fancy. Sometimes I am prone to believe that they are so real in their relations, dim, undefined, and unidentifiable though they seem to be now, that in the infinite leisure of the future they may suffice to reconstruct the past.



KIM and the LAMA. Illustration by J. LOCKWOOD KIPLING in "KIM," RUDYARD KIPLING'S longest and greatest novel which begins serial publication in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for DECEMBER